

ISSUE 120

4<sup>95</sup>

# DRUMMER

PRIVATE PORTRAITS  
OF PROUD MEN

IML Contestants  
let it all hang out!

## DRUMMER MAN:

JimEd Thompson  
remembered

**MR. DRUMMER CONTEST 1988**

The time of  
Judgement approaches

**Mud, Oil, Grease & Grunge!**

**GRUNGE**

by Michael Agreve

**GREASED PIG**

by Jay Shaffer

**HIGH PERFORMANCE**

by Bill D. Starwalt

**REX**

Story  
Contest  
1988

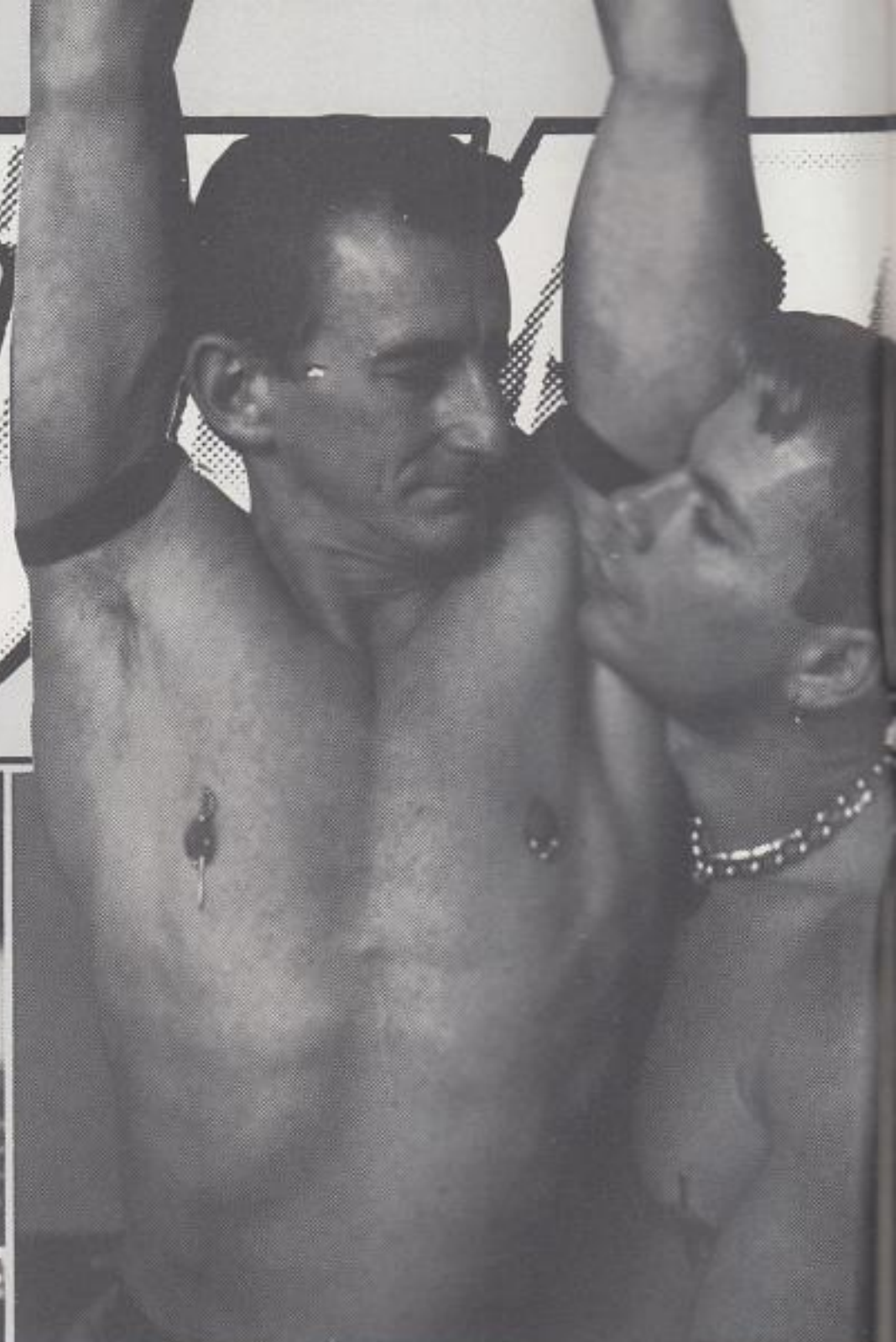
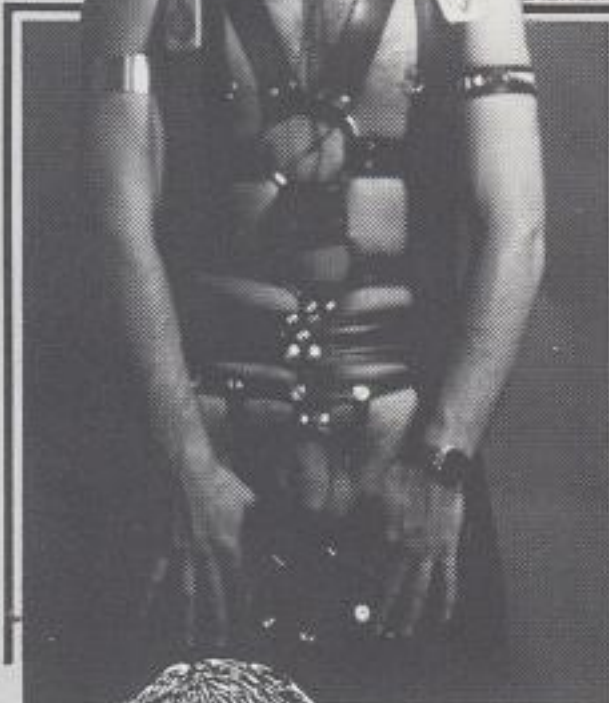
Put your mind  
and your hand to work!  
You could  
win!





JACK SITARI

LEON



THE HUN

## FICTION

- 20 Grunge** Long before I knew him I could smell him. The kind of man who responds mostly in grunts . . . Armpits to cheese.  
by Michael Agreve
- 27 Greased Pig** The door was unlocked—that's when I saw Mike. He was straddled on the big Harley buckfucking naked except for boots and a jock.  
by Jay Shaffer
- 36 High Performance** A lonely gas station attendant is left beaten, battered and brutalized—and begging for more.  
by Bill D. Starwalt

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Chris Burns & JimEd Thompson  
photo by Jim Moss

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# LEATHER

## ISSUE 120



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away." **Henry David Thoreau**

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# Timothy Patrick Barrus OFF THE TOP

## OFF THE TOP: THROWING DOWN THE CREATIVE GAUNTLET . . .

When "erotica" works there is an element to the mystery that is somewhat outrageously incorrigible. The most extravagant thing about being involved with *Drummer* on a day-to-day basis is the moral incongruity that goes hand-in-hand with holding down something called a job (work isn't supposed to be fun any more than sex is supposed to be pleasurable), where what you do all day gets you hard and horny. I am thankful that I have the kind of desk where you can't see if the Associate Editor is playing with himself. Orgasm is an occupational hazard. Incorrigible erotica as we know it is going through some repressive times, and currently the old girl needs all the outrageous incorrigibility that she can get. But then erotica has evolved through an awful lot of human history. It's this place where society's limits get stretched. And when you're out there dancing on the edge—stretching limits—you want to be putting out the best sexual razzle-dazzle possible. I want to continue *Drummer's* ability to open doors you never knew existed. I want to throw down a gauntlet and I want to invite you to contribute to this outrageous publication. *If you have the artistic gonads.*

*Drummer* is both a creative journey and an orgasmic destination which has experienced the impressive likes of Preston, Opel, Chester, Travis, Rex, Wigler, Ward, Etienne, Cavelo (the list, here, is extensive and unfortunately I am omitting many) who have all struggled/wrestled with the likes of *Drummer* in a collective relationship that resembles an exhaustive whirlwind of leather seduction. All of these people, this kaleidoscopic itch, have helped to polish the razzle-dazzle of the gay male experience into a brilliant sexual symphony. With our art and our message we are involved, here, in the process of creating our own cultural mythology. Our own heros. Our own sensibility around who and what—matters.

I have often wondered just exactly what it is many of the (tasteful) writers in such gay publications as let's say *Christopher Street* are trying to say. And I have often wondered if any of the "Lavender Quill" boys could write anything that might actually get my dick hard. It'd be somewhat interesting to lay down a gauntlet to them—hey, boys, have any of you got what it takes to reach out to gay

men in such a way as to turn them on and in the process—often—make them think.

The reality is that what separates *Drummer* from many other gay publications is the fact that at *Drummer* the bottom line remains how good the material is, whatever you've created, is it hot (?), does it reach out and relate to who we are, does it take us places we've never been or only been on the fringes of, does it make us laugh, does it reach down into us and grab us in ways only rarely touched, does it make us want to explore, expand . . . Does the work celebrate? Does it have a heart and a soul? Does it have a certain sort of darkness, roughness, balanced tenderness, sensuality? Will it get our tits all hard-and-nubby? Our focus is sex, sometimes it's in your face, or it might only be suggested, raunch-or-whispers . . .

In the next year *Drummer* will showcase exciting new erotic talent because we have a long-standing openness around developing, nurturing artists who grow. You'll read David May. You'll see hard-cock-and-handcuffs by Drew Nicholas, and we'll expose you to a leather-wild European photographer, Peter Van der Pers. We'll cover a week of leather-readings at A Different Light bookstore in San Francisco in November—an opportunity for writers of *Leatherlit* to receive some of the long overdue recognition they deserve. An opportunity for you to meet people whose work you have read and been moved by. In the coming year Desmodus will expose you to a new compelling Japanese illustrator by the name of Gen, and you'll see the publicly exhibited work of such artists as the Hun, Rex, and Chester reviewed on the pages of *Drummer* because this is the place where such brashly sexual contributions are valued and appraised. Stretching limits.

You'll find yourselves reading an ongoing series—"Beirut"—by Aaron Travis set in the Middle East; in the middle of men and chaos and war. You'll read an interview on piercing (you won't find one of those on the pages of *The Advocate*) with Master Piercer, Jim Ward. We will interview men on the erotic fringes of video—Christopher Rage, Michael Goodwin, Jack Fritscher, all creative madmen mixing up variations of erotica very much outside the mainstream point

of view. From the perspective of these folks the point of view (sex) seems radically different. You will see a vast sea of leather-clad sweating bodies when we cover the Mr. *Drummer* Contest.

You will be infused with hot fiction, hot action, hot fetish features, and the work of folks who are quite simply the best gay artists currently on the scene. We invite—challenge—our readers to contribute. Writers, artists, leather madmen, photographers, creative warriors out there on the fringes. Some of the most inharmoniously talented folks I know are also plumbers, construction workers, mechanics, blue collar basic, only they have something to say and in *Drummer* they say it. Our readers are our contributors. If the government-powers-that-be are going to work themselves into a censorshipsweat over what might or might not appear in *Drummer*, then let's give them something to sweat about. Something about obsession, something about rut lust, something about wrestled fuck, something about that one time you allowed him to tie you up, something about the scene where you were spanked because you deserved it; you had it coming, you wanted it you didn't want it but you wanted it. Give me something irresistible about the taste of a certain gag, something about ecstasy and strength and leather and luxuriant domination and the serious rapture of fathomless orgasm.

*Drummer* throws down the artistic-sexual gauntlet. Check out our Rex Story Contest. Let it turn you on because turning people on to the beauty inside them is still a radical wonderful thing to do. Send me work that makes *YOUR* dick hard. Stretch my limits. Challenge my imagination. Tease my crazy cock. Stick your hand into my brain, grab ahold, and twist. Give me your magnetic inner instincts, your voluptuous visions. When it comes to the madness of creativity I am ravenous. I am addicted. I want it now. Make me beg for it. Make me squeal like the literary pig that I am. Come on, Daddy, make me squirm and jism . . .

If you have the whopping balls.

—Tim Barrus

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# MALE CALL

## POTS & KETTLES

Your review of *Manifest Reader* (*Drummer 117*) seems to fit into that unique category of the pot calling the kettle black! A total of 15 ads in your own publication, out of 97 pages are for your own publishing company's various enterprises. Your company is woefully behind schedule in the publishing of the other "quarterly" magazines they tout. Much of your artwork, photography, and stories are alleged to have been redone from previous editions. (Just read your Male Call section!) And your complaint about more illustrations is echoed in your own publication.

Maybe it is time for the leather erotic publishers to stop beating each other senseless—and start cooperating and improving upon their own product—then we all would stop having publications/publishers/reviewers that exhibit such a lack of respect for their audience. Unfortunately for us you have us where you want us—you're the only game in town. But don't become too complacent.

F.W./Los Angeles

The above letter was addressed to Thor Stockman, author of the review. I must point out that Mr. Stockman has nothing more to do with Desmodus, Inc. than FW has. He is completely independent of *Drummer* and the other aspects of our company. He inquired if we would be interested in a review of the *Manifest Reader* and we said yes. We published the review he submitted. I think it is appropriate for us to have reviewed an important new contribution to Leather literature. I also think it is important to review it honestly, which I believe Mr. Stockman has done. (Victor Terry's review, also unsolicited, in *DungeonMaster 35* is quite similar in general view.) I think that both reviews are, overall, favorable and encourage the readers to buy the new product.

However, since FW wishes to compare the *Manifest Reader* with *Drummer*, let us do so:

*Drummer 117* contains 12 "house" ads (I don't know where FW found the other three to get his 15). These take up 9½ pages of the 100 page magazine. In the *Manifest Reader*, house ads occupy nearly 26 pages out of the 100. That seems to me to be a rather significant difference. All display ads in *Drummer 117* combined occupy only 24⅔ pages, just under 25% of the magazine. All display ads in the *Manifest Reader* combine to 297/12 pages, just under 30% of the total. In *Drummer 118*, the total number of pages occupied by house ads is only 5⅓ and there are only 18½ pages of display ads total in the 100 pages of magazine!

It is true that we are behind schedule with the publication of the quarterlies. However, the situation is considerably less "woeful" than it used to be. In the 22 months that we have been at the helm of *Drummer*, we have published 5 issues of *Mach* as compared to the 10 issues published in the 7 years from 1980 to 1986. (Actually I don't know when the first two issues were published, they do not have dates in them. #3 is dated 1980, #1 could have been in '79.) In the same 22 months we have published 4 issues of *FQ*, compared to the 5 issues published in the 3 years 1984-1986. We have also published four issues of *DungeonMaster* and three of *The Sandmudtopia Guardian*. Thus, in 22 months, we have published 16 issues of the various quarterlies. This is not nearly the frequency we want, but it is definitely moving in the right direction and is a considerable improvement over the previous situation.

The "allegations" of redone material are actually very sparse in our Male Call section, and are, I think adequately defended or explained when they happen. A reputation for the reuse of material that came along with the purchase is one of the images we have had to work to dispel. I do not criticize the reuse of material, good stuff can be good several times over. I do criticize its reuse without mentioning its previous incarnation. Good it may be,

"exciting new" it is not. By the way, the fact that there have been critical letters to this effect in our Male Call column is more a reflection of our willingness to publish criticism than any increase in the number of critical letters.

As for the comment about more illustrations, as you pointed out it is one that we ourselves have made, and as you can see starting with *Drummer 118*, it is an objective we are realizing, including not only more and better illustrations, but color nudes as well.

Man does not live by one magazine alone. I welcome the *Manifest Reader* to an all too small community of Leather publications. I praise John Embry for having founded *Drummer* and for making it THE Leatherman's magazine for the US and the world. We intend to keep it in that position. And I wish him good fortune with his new creations. We here at Desmodus, Inc. do most definitely agree that all of us concerned with leather publishing, including our readers, must work together, cooperate, to improve the status quo. But in doing so we must deal with each other honestly and truthfully, it is only by *not* doing this that we "show a lack of respect for our audience."

—Anthony F. DeBlase

## LITERARY TIRADE

It is an extremely unusual occurrence that a review article should elicit such a strong reaction in me. However, Tim Barrus' review of Edmund White's *The Beautiful Room Is Empty* created such a reaction. Mr. Barrus' entire review seems to be a bitter and vituperative attack upon Mr. White, rather than an objective review of the novel or its literary merit. It is also rather puzzling why the novel itself was selected for review, since it is not of particular interest to the *Drummer* readership and evidently was selected as a vehicle for Mr. Barrus' tirade. There does not appear to be much question at this time that Mr. White is one of the few stars of contemporary writing, Gay or



Otherwise. His literature is elegant, polished, urbane, technically smooth, and sparks with original wit. He deals with aspects of society both Gay and in general, which are of interest as a reflection of his own personal experience. Why one should force themselves to create a leather experience when it is not a part of their psyche, as Mr. Barrus seems to insist, is beyond one's understanding. Mr. Barrus also seems to be sadly lacking of a full knowledge of Mr. White's literature. In White's wonderful novel of social advancement in a mythical decadent society, *Caracole*, Mr. White describes aspects of captivity and S&M both from the physical and psychological points of view with a skill and insight rarely if ever achieved by the so called writers of the leather community. It is *Caracole* which should have been reviewed as a representative novel of interest to the *Drummer* readership. In *The Beautiful Room is Empty*, Mr. White deals with the experience of those who are now, shall we say, of a certain age in the gay & Leather S&M scene. There are other areas of evolution and these are the aspects with which Mr. White deals with such skill in *Beautiful Room*. I found personal animosity at Mr. Barrus' attack, because much of the experience which Mr. White deprecatingly described is indeed my own personal experience. The angst of coming out and discovering one's gay identity within that particular quite limited and privileged subculture is something of value, merit, and certainly worthy of consideration and presentation in a skillful literary style. The reaction is that Mr. Barrus is perhaps envious of both Mr. White's skill and success and inappropriately used the review as a vehicle for bitter spite.

Andrew V. Charles/San Francisco, CA

**FW of Los Angeles should need no further proof that Desmodus, Inc. allows its reviewers the "Academic Freedom" to speak their mind and think on their own. Their opinions are obviously not dictated or censored in any way by the management.**

—AFD

## REGIONAL EXCITEMENT!

Greetings from the newest member of the *Drummer* Jet-Lag set! Why didn't anyone tell me in all these years that a regional Mr. *Drummer* contest could be so much fun?! I've just returned from the Mr. Mid-Atlantic *Drummer* '88 Contest in Charlotte, NC, my head abuzz with the fabulous hospitality afforded me and the (otherwise) all-star panel of hunky, young, award-winning beef (I mean judges) by Robert E. Sheets and his coordinating staff! My goodness, does that young man know how to throw a party . . . and a contest! Made me feel like a

genuine artist instead of a some-time illustrator and story teller!

I know you must have said it many times, but keep getting the word out that these contests (either competing or attending) are not just for the small "leather elite" but also for us "ordinary" men on the sidelines—lightly converted, vaguely interested as we might be! If we attend in any capacity, we're going to have a great time. That's all there is to it!

Indeed, I am so overwhelmed with the delights of this past weekend that my devious (I mean fertile) mind is already working on ideas and suggestions to make next year's extravaganza in Charlotte even bigger and more successful than it already promises to be! Just wanted to congratulate and thank you for being at the helm of the boat that produces all the marvelous "ripples" of experience and fulfillment for so many! Keep up the good work! I'm proud to be a small part of what's happening!

The Hun/Portland, OR

## EXTENDS WELCOME

May I extend a personal "welcome" on Tim Barrus' appointment as Associate Editor. Your crisp, factual responses to the Male Call letters are a delight. As the man who runs the BALL CLUB and publishes BALL CLUB QUARTERLY, I especially resonate to your OFF THE TOP comment maintaining *Drummer's* "sense of balls." Indeed, I wish you well.

San Francisco, CA

## PONDERS PIERCING

As a fan of your magazine and knowing the type of magazine that *Drummer* is, I hope that you can help me find the information that I am looking for.

As I become more aware of my sexuality and more in touch with my feelings and desires, I am finding that I am attracted to men with pierced nipples and want someday to have at least one of my own pierced.

To date what I know about the subject is very limited. All I know is that I like it. I don't know what the history is behind this scene or how long men have been doing it or if it heightens sexual experiences or just looks good. Is it safe, and if so where would I go to have mine pierced?

If *Drummer* has in the past printed any articles on the subject or if you know of any books or organizations for people with similar interests I would like to know about them . . .

MB/Morgantown, WV

**As I write this I am in the process of putting together our TITS (!) issue (*Drummer* 121) which you might thoroughly enjoy as *Drummer* explores the eroticism of male nips. We will feature an interview with Master Piercer Jim Ward of the**

**Gauntlet, who makes it very clear that nipple piercing can be quite safe if it's done correctly in the appropriate (clean) environment by people who know what they're doing. The most recent issue of *DungeonMaster* also contains two personal perspectives on piercing to give you a sense of what it actually feels like, physically and emotionally. And, yes, having your tits pierced can, indeed, heighten sexual and sensual experiences. *Piercing Fans International Quarterly*, a magazine dedicated to the piercing enthusiast (everything you wanted to know about piercing), can be ordered through the Gauntlet, Inc., 8720 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.** □



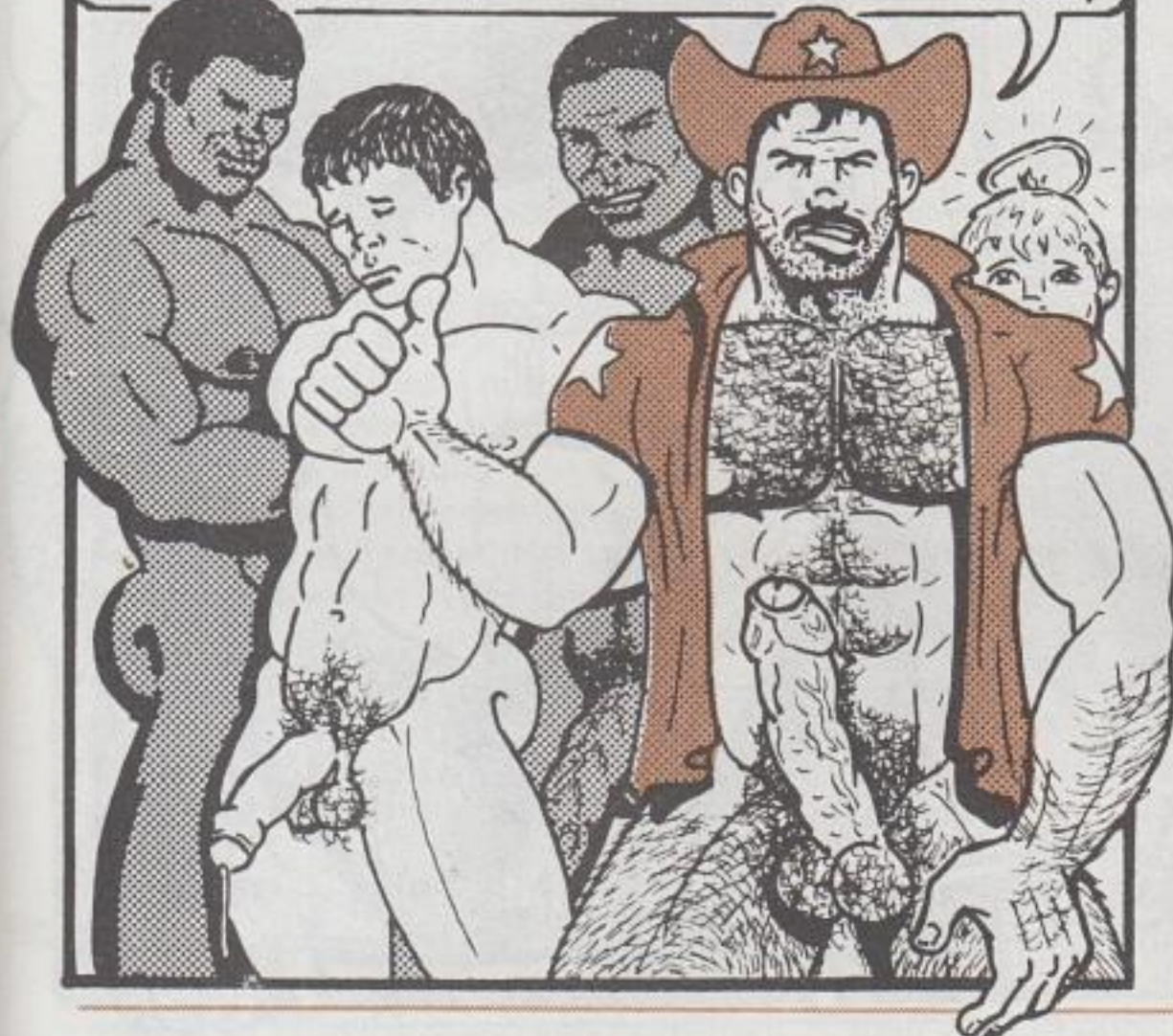
**CAUTION:** Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers.

While *Drummer* hopes to educate its readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally recognized safe-sex and safe-and-sane play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of *Drummer*, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in *Drummer*, or from other Desmodus, Inc. products. □



# DRUMMEDIA

THE SHED RAPIDLY FILLS WITH STRONG, SWEATY BODIES, NAKED & READY (AS ALWAYS) FOR A GOOD TIME...  
WULL, NOW, BOYS, WHUT'CHUH RECKON WE ORTA DO TO A FELLER WHUT WALK RIGHT IN 'N' COMMENCE MES-SIN' AROUND WITH ONE O' OUR LI'L "NOOKIES" 'THOUT AXIN' ME 'R NOBODY FER PERMISSION? HOW WE GONNA LARN 'IM NOT T' DO THET NO MORE? HUH?



SHOOT! EVERY INMATE AT SHADY NOOK KNOWS THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE, NO COACHING NECESSARY!!

HE NEED' A GOOD, HARD BEATIN', WARDEN!

STRING 'IM UP 'N' MAKE 'IM DANCE FER YER BULLWHIP, SIR! CUT 'IM UP!

BAMBOO, SIR! ALL UP 'N' DOWN HIS BACK!

YER RIDIN' CROP, SIR! 'CROST HIS TITS! TEAR 'IM UP!

LAY YER STRAP UP 'TWEEN HIS LEGS, LIKE YUK DOES ME, SIR!

HICK'RY STICK 'CROST 'IS ASS!

HANG 'IM BY HIS DICK 'N' BEAT HIS NUTS!

YER BELT, SIR! ...BUCKLE END!



## "HUN" REVIEW

by  
**Anthony  
Santos**

The latest Hun artwork: *Hun Comics* 2 and 3, *Kraut* 1 and 2, and *Great Inches* from *Myth*.

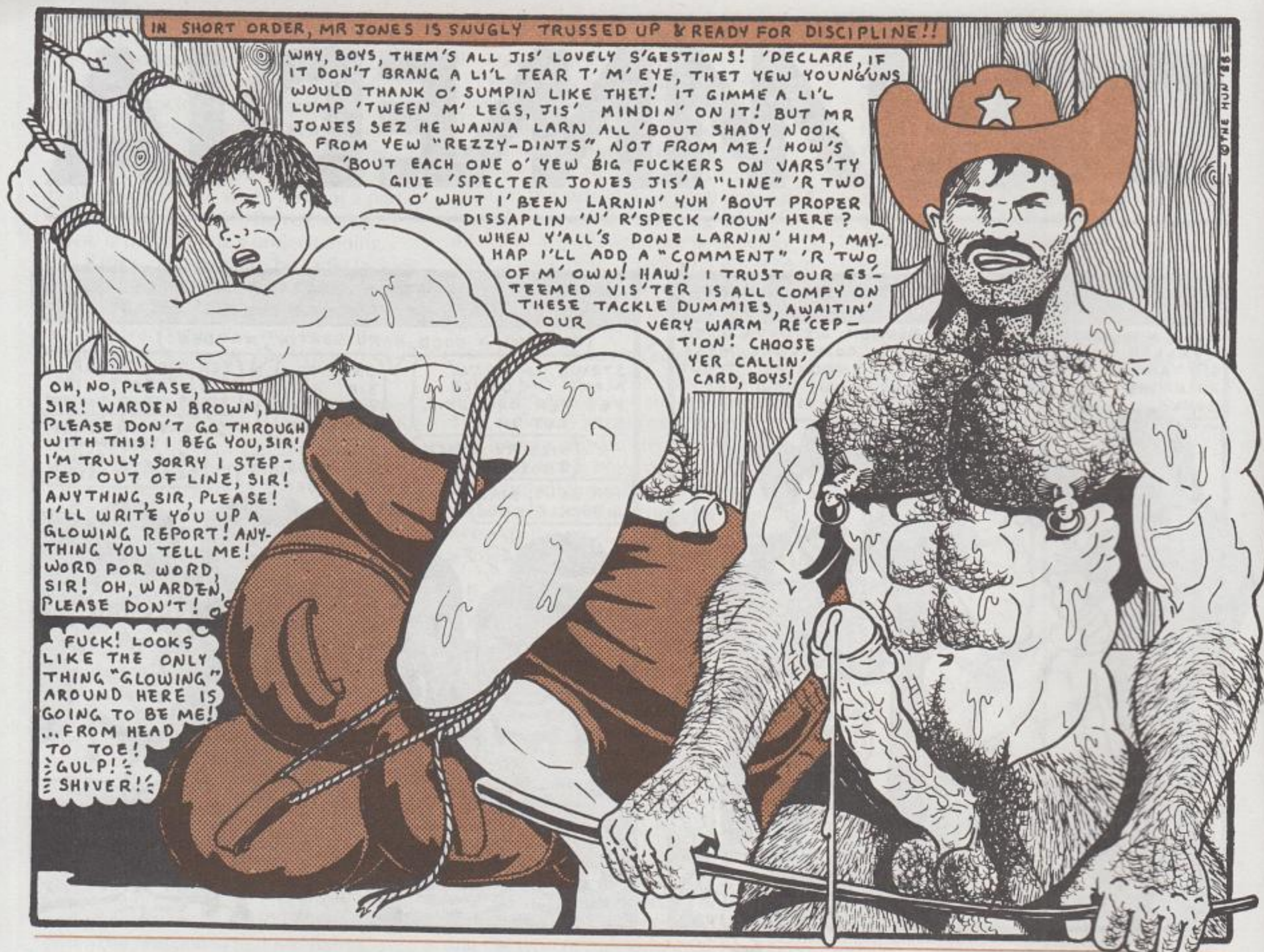
The comics are "pure" Hun, more of the adventures of Big Sig. The *Kraut* series—"A Trip to Remember" and "Revenge in Vietnam"—show Hun art drawn to a client's specifications. The *myth* series comes closer to "the fine arts," says the Hun.

Well, to me there's no "fine art" or "coarse art," just art, and these offerings are Hun art, erotic, s/m art. They're filled with sexual energy—it's astonishing how much energy, without letup, without pause, without mercy for the characters or for you, the reader.

In one of his introductions, the Hun says he has a natural affinity for comics. He does. His personal fantasies include 10-pound cocks, nipples erect like cocks, and huge-muscled studs with bull necks and balls like small grapefruit. Other s/m artists offer different pleasures.

So let's take the comics first. I've known the Big Sig type—young, blond, huge-muscled, and innocent. (In fact I've known a whole set of them, brothers; one brother had a cock almost Hun-size. No exaggeration.) Sig is down at Shady Nook prison farm, and the jocks' waterboy. "Just the typical, garden-variety, ugly, painful, dreadful, yucky, sweaty" great Hun material in *Comics* 2. Number 3, "Visitors," interested me even more—some nosy, well-muscled liberal comes to bleed his heart over the terrible conditions at the





prison farm, and finds he's got to experience those conditions himself.

Here's where the Hun shows how great he can be. The story line's simple. Young, naive, beautiful stud is surrounded, stripped, raped, enslaved. How often can you depict that story, draw it, vary it, re-tell it and re-draw it? Apparently, you can forever, to infinity. The Hun does. And not just with the art work, but with the captions. I thought they'd be distracting (sometimes he has so much to say, the figures are surrounded, hemmed in, by type), but they aren't. Perhaps that's the most astonishing part, the never-ending flow of words, of erotic stimulation.

The Kraut drawings are Hun art filtered through someone else's imagination. Kraut seems to be the best kind of patron—he stimulates the artist's imagination. Here you have "normal" nipples and cocks, and a lot of brutality. The "Trip" is toyroom-dungeon s/m: bondage, gags, dildoes, and so forth. "Revenge" carries the warning, *NOT FOR THE SQUEAMISH!*—torture: burning, cutting, the rest of the ways of agony, including a crucifixion.

The crucifixion scene is especially good—the Marine victim in agony, waiting for the spike to his feet, his body twisted in a graceful curve on the prone cross, his head thrown back to make his throat follow the curve of his body, his big cock lying on his meaty thigh, at an intersecting

curve, blood flowing from his hands . . . Really, beautifully done.

The mythological series is more consciously "arty." No brutality, almost no action, single figures, studies of the male anatomy. Maybe it's wrong to say "no brutality"—each of these figures dominates, especially the blacks, a result of each being alone on the page, and of the greater sense of bulk (created by shading).

Especially beautiful is (what else?) Eros, a black with closed eyes, head tilted away from the observer, his navel the center of composition. The cock is curved up, unsheathed, ready to shudder and begin shooting out its white . . .

To me the perfect Hun drawing appears as the opening of "Shady Nook." A young inmate is being auctioned off. He's going to be somebody's meat. He's stripped off his jock to give the crowd below a better look. A hand touches his leg, and a squared, powerful black hand reaches up to grab his big balls, to grab and squeeze and agonize. But there's no degradation in that—the stud stands defiant over them, his cock curved like Eros' into a thick curve, expressing power and sex and domination.

It's this union of domination and suffering that creates that enormous sexual energy the Hun depicts.

—Anthony Santos



# TIES THAT BIND

Guy Baldwin, M.S.

## PUNISHMENT:

### Proceed with Caution!

My object all sublime  
I shall achieve in time—  
To let the punishment fit the crime—  
The punishment fit the crime.

—W.S. Gilbert, *The Mikado*

We come into the SM scene by many routes: some by way of bondage, others through dominance and submission, still others through their child abuse experiences. For others, however, the association of "pain" with pleasure first occurred during or just following punishment(s) for misdeeds committed during childhood, adolescence, or, more rarely, in adulthood. A great many men also report being aroused while watching punishment scenes in movies, or reading about them in literature.

For these and other reasons, punishment themes will sometimes take a prominent position in SM sexuality. When these themes express themselves in relationships, however, all hell can sometimes break loose, because psychologically dangerous forces often come into play. I want to warn you about them now.

First, let's get clear which behaviors I am talking about. In the "bad boy" style, a masochistic bottom makes a mistake or bungles something and gets punished by a Top in some way that is physically painful or humiliating, and maybe even erotic. If the "mistake" is trivial or was blatantly unfair (according to the bottom), there can be lots of emotional pain and stress as well.

The Top counterpart is the guy who is always on the lookout for the error in a bottom's ways. If the Top doesn't find enough mistakes to justify a scene, He can make them up, or set the bottom up so that mistakes are inevitable. Usually, this is all done under the guise of "training" or "discipline".

Think about this for a minute, and you can begin to see the problems. First of all, in the bottom's head, he only gets what he desires (to be played with) when he fails—this rewards his ineptness, and does not reinforce skill and capability. Additionally, charges of ineptitude cause people to feel bad about themselves, whereas feeling capable and competent makes people feel good about themselves.

Following this dynamic to its logical conclusion, after a while a Top would end up with a bottom who couldn't do anything right ever! In fact, this some-

times happens. Other bottoms learn only to fuck up when they are horny. This then provokes (manipulates) the Top and a scene starts—maybe. The bottom then gets to play, but pays the price of believing that he has done something "bad," or is, himself, "bad." He must believe he has done something bad in order to take the Top and His punishment seriously.

In this way, many bottoms come to lose their self-respect and self-esteem in exchange for sexual fulfillment. Critical, punishing Tops make them believe that they can do nothing right, and that they are total fuckups. This view of themselves is systematically reinforced with sex and cumming—pretty powerful reinforcement, I'd say. To make matters worse, these bottoms can begin to get very depressed, and therefore not much fun to be around, even for the Tops who create them.

Interestingly, many of the "punish" Tops that I have worked with clinically have explained that it is all for the good of the bottom, and that He was teaching something important about life that the bottom had somehow missed earlier. None made any comments (initially) about their hard dicks as though that was unimportant to the explanation of their wish to punish.

Just for you psychology buffs, here are some ideas about what is often going on inside that allows all this to happen in the first place. For the bottom, punishment may recreate the situation in which he may have come to associate pain and pleasure in childhood. Suddenly, the whipping (or whatever) is justified and "makes sense" because he has been "bad." It feels bad emotionally and good physically, but he does like the attention—very confusing to the mind.

In the Top's own head, He may be recreating an identification with an admired, punishing or strict relative, or an identification with an admired character in a movie or book—the Sheriff of Nottingham, for example, or Captain Nemo.

Top understands that when He can find errors, He can do something that will make His dick hard—an idea with appeal. Psychologically, the most common reason that He goes through all this is to explain and justify His sadism to himself—"Well, after all, he fucked up again, and I just had to do something."

Numerous hours in the therapy room with "bad boy" bottoms and "punish"

Tops has led me to some interesting discoveries. For the most part, it seems that these guys can't permit themselves to let their needs for hurting or being hurt come out without first establishing a pretext which WOULD be acceptable to society in general. Otherwise, they might feel guilty for enjoying themselves in such an unconventional way.

The punishment setup provides both of them with the "excuse" they need to get down to it. So, unconsciously, we get, "I can hit him when he is bad," and "he can hit me when he thinks I have been bad." It's all OK then—there is nothing twisted or sick.

I suspect that these men go through these mental gymnastics because we are socialized into believing that it is only OK to "hurt" someone else when they have broken the law or committed a sin. We are also socialized into believing that it is only OK for someone else to "hurt" us when we have done a bad thing.

Sadly, for a smaller number of others, this is all just thinly disguised child abuse done with an overgrown child. Both Top and bottom suffer the associated ills when this is the situation.

It is truly hard for me to imagine a healthy relationship with a Top who is constantly scrutinizing his partner's behavior for mistakes, and a bottom who has (or thinks he has) figured out how to get played with by making mistakes. Or, if the bottom is not horny, or does not want to play, he must then go to the emotional trouble of trying extra hard not to fuck something up and bring down an unwanted scene on himself. (This is fun?) (This feels good?) (This is quality time?)

One reason I doubt the health of such an arrangement is that the "bad boy" bottom can't come to see himself as a competent, effective man in the world and still get his sexual needs met. I have stated my chief bias about SM sexuality in an earlier column: I support those behaviors that add to who we are and make us feel better about ourselves and oppose behaviors that do the opposite.

Put differently, research shows us that something called "cognitive dissonance" creates unhealthy psychologies. Simply speaking, this term describes a state of dangerous internal mental conflict which occurs when the mind tries to hold contradictory emotional information.

It is clear to me that the punishment scene can create cognitive dissonance in



## TIES THAT BIND

a number of ways. For example, the rest of the world gives us rewards when we do a good job—if we have to make an exception in our sexuality, that creates dissonance and the trouble that goes with it.

Another source of dissonance in the punishment game is that Tops do (occasionally) make mistakes of all kinds. More dissonance happens in both their heads when He does not get punished for His mistakes. He is confronted with His double standards, while the bottom must try somehow to look the other way. Couples report that their relationship takes on an increasingly unreal quality that makes it difficult to sustain the connected feelings that are essential to the maintenance of SM relationships.

Of course, everyone makes mistakes because we are all human, and no one is perfect. Mistakes are a natural part of living and an opportunity for growth, self-awareness and development. They need to be seen in a positive light because they afford us the opportunity to learn important things about the world. To hand out physical punishment or verbal abuse when "mistakes" are made is not supportive or educational except perhaps in the most primitive way.

Endless studies reveal that corporal punishment does not work to modify behavior as well as other more support-

tive methods. This means that the behavior modification excuse used to justify physical punishment for misdeeds, by calling it SM, just doesn't wash.

Lots of men get into the punishment scene because they cannot allow themselves to do this stuff simply because it feels so damn good all by itself. In their value system, pure pleasure is not considered sufficient justification to engage in what vanilla folks (both straight and gay) would call "hurting" behaviors. Sadomasochists call it fun, and for us, it is, when we do it right.

Most kinky guys don't feel the need to create a socially acceptable pretext for doing anything in their sexuality. They have freed themselves from vanilla values so completely that what society would say is just not important anymore—they play just cause it feels good.

My view of the punishment scene today is that it is the way that some SM people manage (*but don't resolve!*) an internal conflict between their sexual impulses and social rules. The emotional fallout is so great though, that I am not at all clear that it is worth it for them to pander to the internal vanilla values that tug at them.

Lastly, there is a punishment style that does not cause any of the troubles mentioned above, and it is remarkably useful in correcting unwanted behaviors. That

punishment consists of the varying degrees of abandonment/withdrawal—a bottom's worst fear, in my opinion.

Ignoring a bottom is a much clearer signal than a slap when a Top is unhappy. The slap is a mixed message—anything that is physical is a mixed message. To slap for punishment one moment and slap as a reward or an "I love you" message the next is sooooo confusing to the psychology of a masochistic bottom.

Reserving SM behaviors for horny times and feel-good situations sends a consistent message to bottoms and does not confuse them. If they are good, play with them and have a good time. If they are displeasing, tell them why and how, and send them away for a while, or go elsewhere and play with someone pleasing.

I feel strongly that anyone in the Scene who is committed to the principles of Safe, Sane, Consensual is in danger of violating the "Sane" part when He uses or invites physical punishment to correct unwanted behavior. Doing so constitutes a real threat to the self-esteem and confidence of many bottoms and thus places their mental health at risk. I can't support any scene that risks any kind of health, can you?

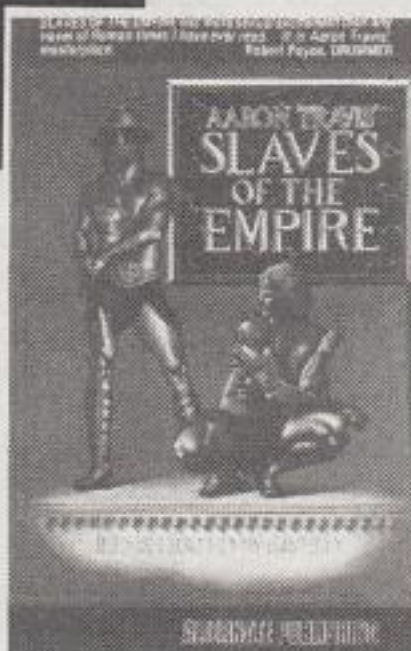
**Guy Baldwin, M.S. is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles, who works primarily with those on the sexual frontiers.**

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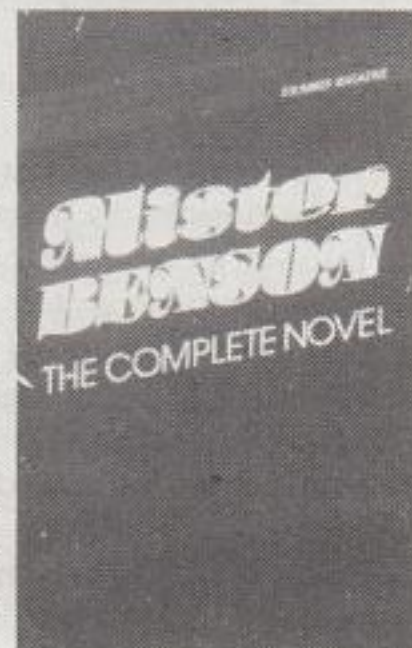
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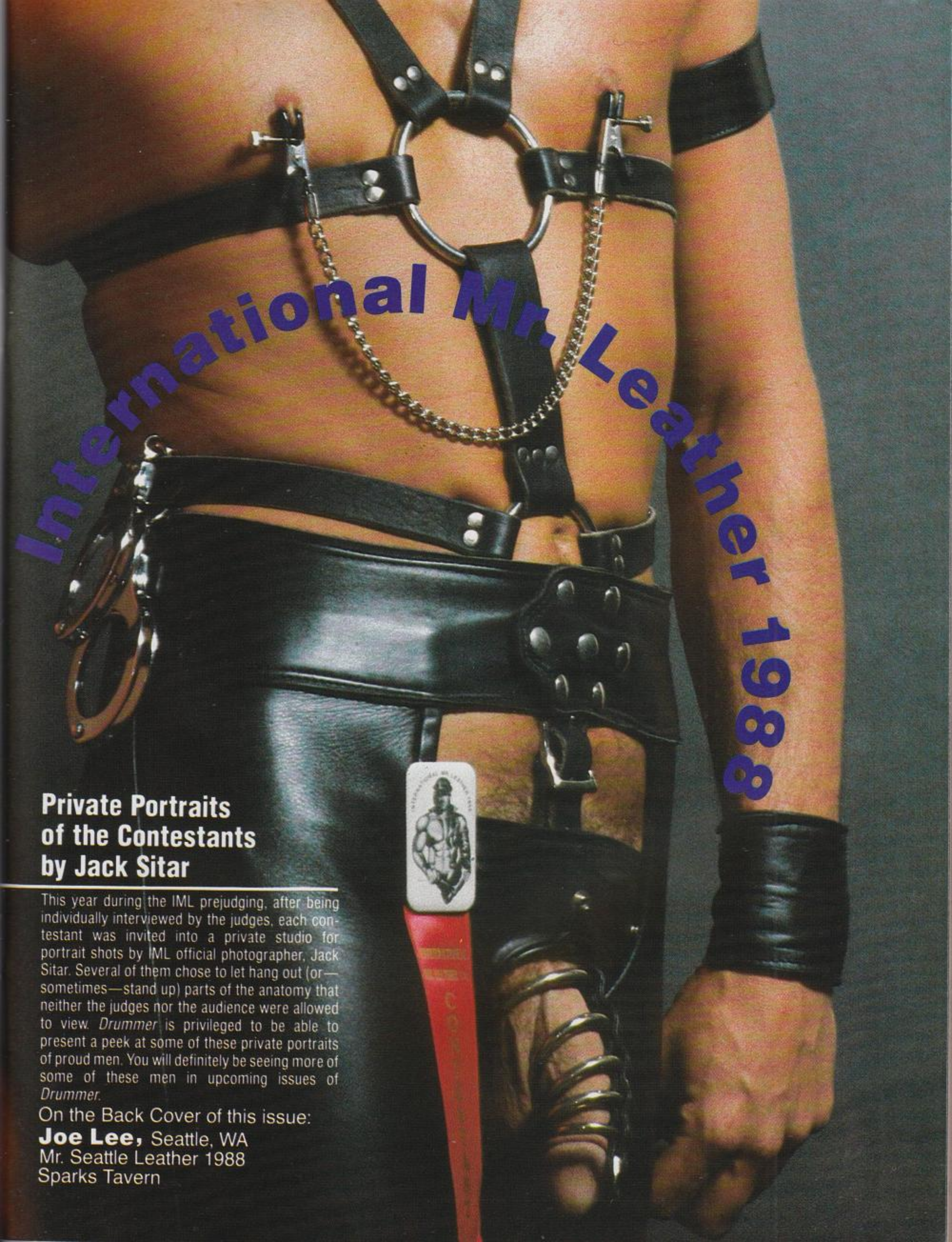
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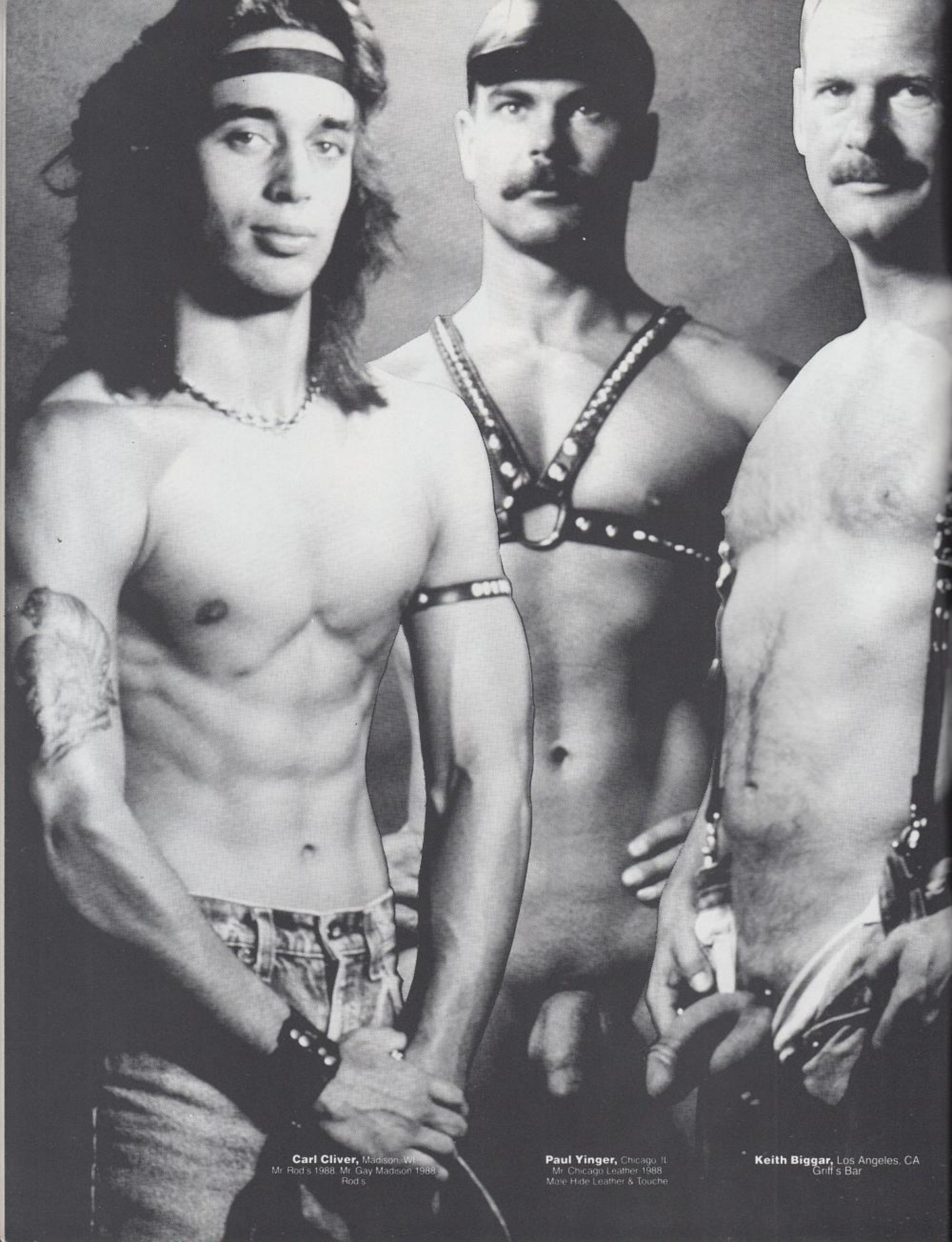
## Private Portraits of the Contestants by Jack Sitar

This year during the IML prejudging, after being individually interviewed by the judges, each contestant was invited into a private studio for portrait shots by IML official photographer, Jack Sitar. Several of them chose to let hang out (or—sometimes—stand up) parts of the anatomy that neither the judges nor the audience were allowed to view. *Drummer* is privileged to be able to present a peek at some of these private portraits of proud men. You will definitely be seeing more of some of these men in upcoming issues of *Drummer*.

On the Back Cover of this issue:

**Joe Lee**, Seattle, WA  
Mr. Seattle Leather 1988  
Sparks Tavern



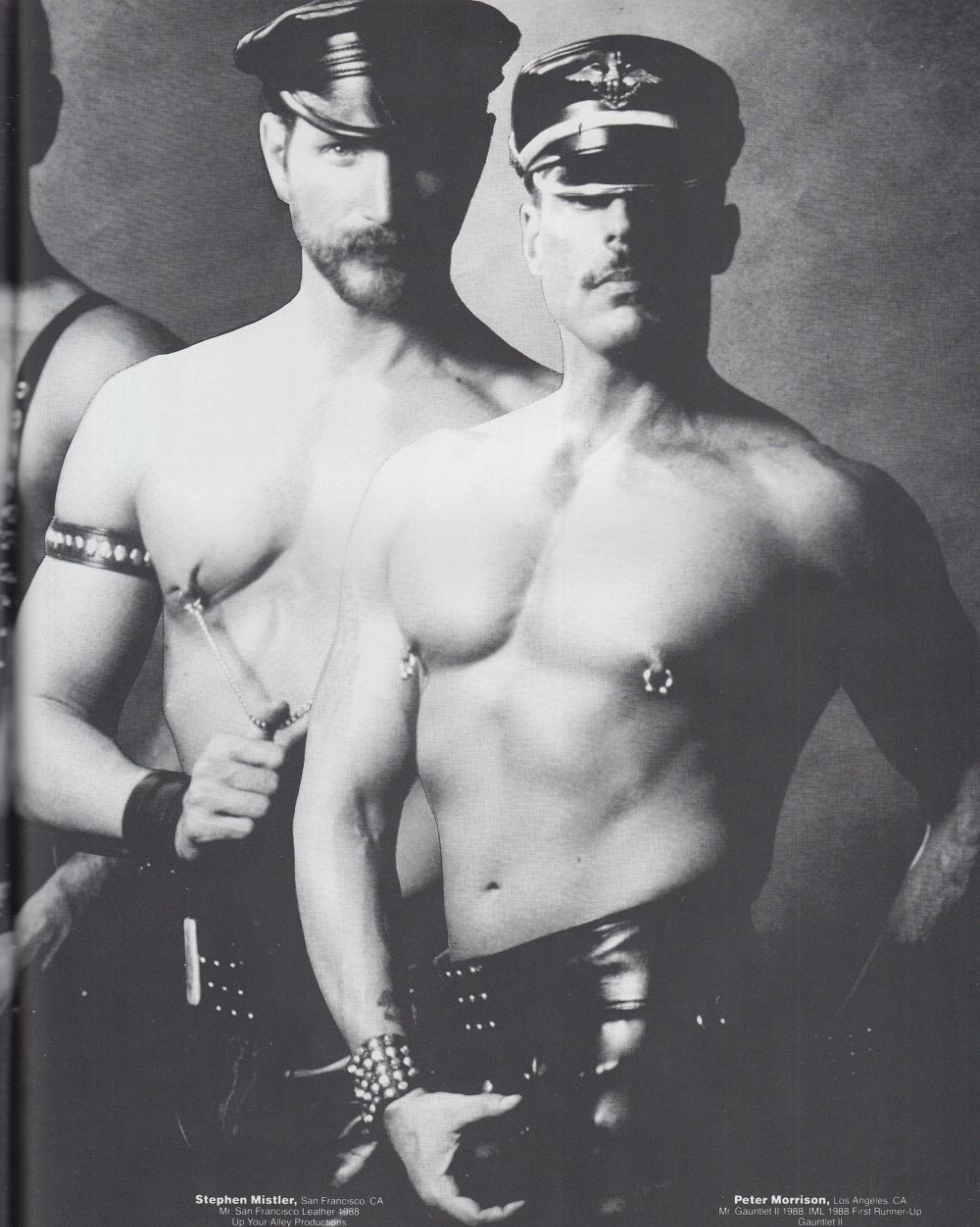


**Carl Cliver**, Madison, WI  
Mr. Rod's 1988, Mr. Gay Madison 1988  
Rod's

**Paul Yinger**, Chicago, IL  
Mr. Chicago Leather 1988  
Male Hide Leather & Touche

**Keith Biggar**, Los Angeles, CA  
Griff's Bar

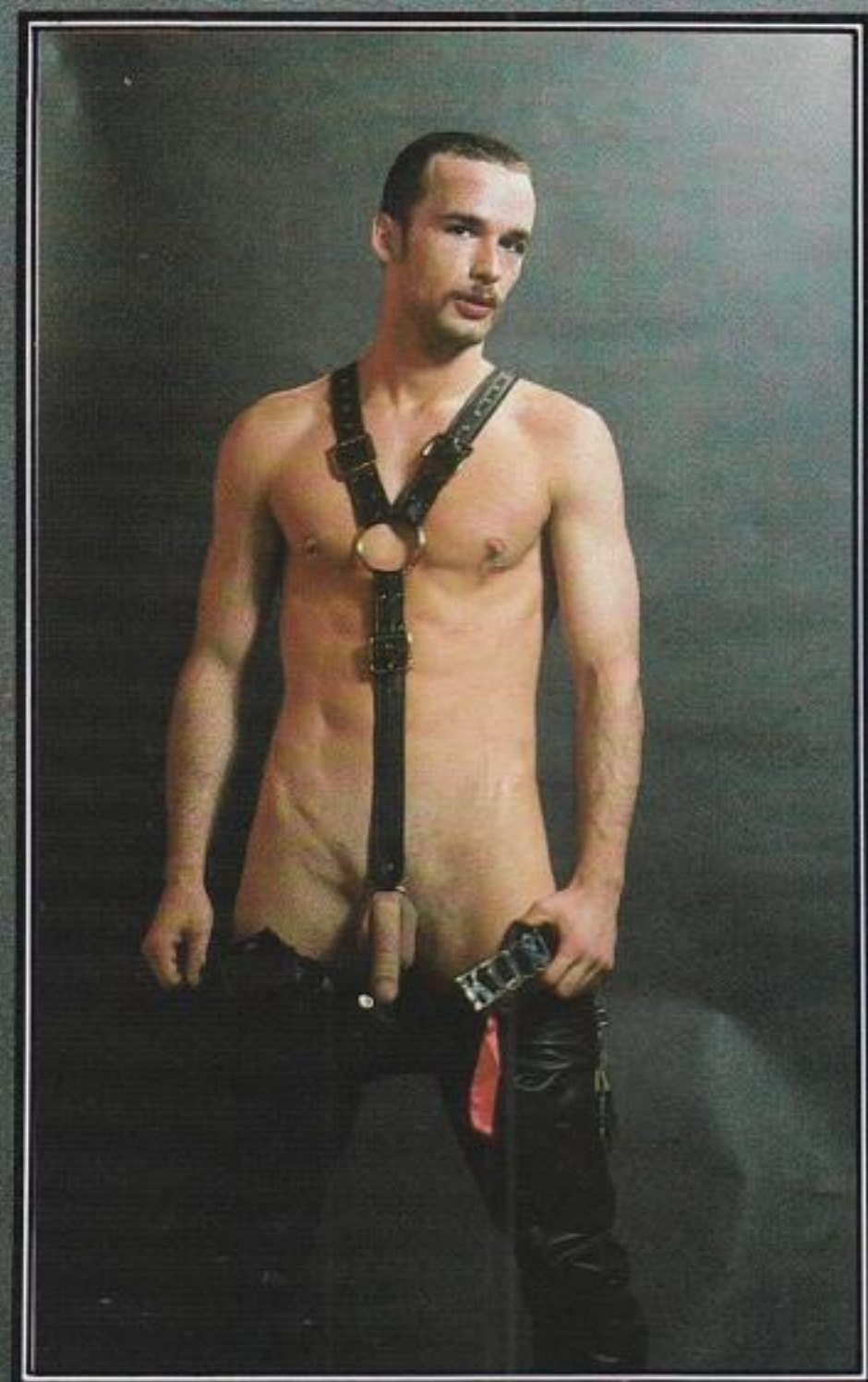




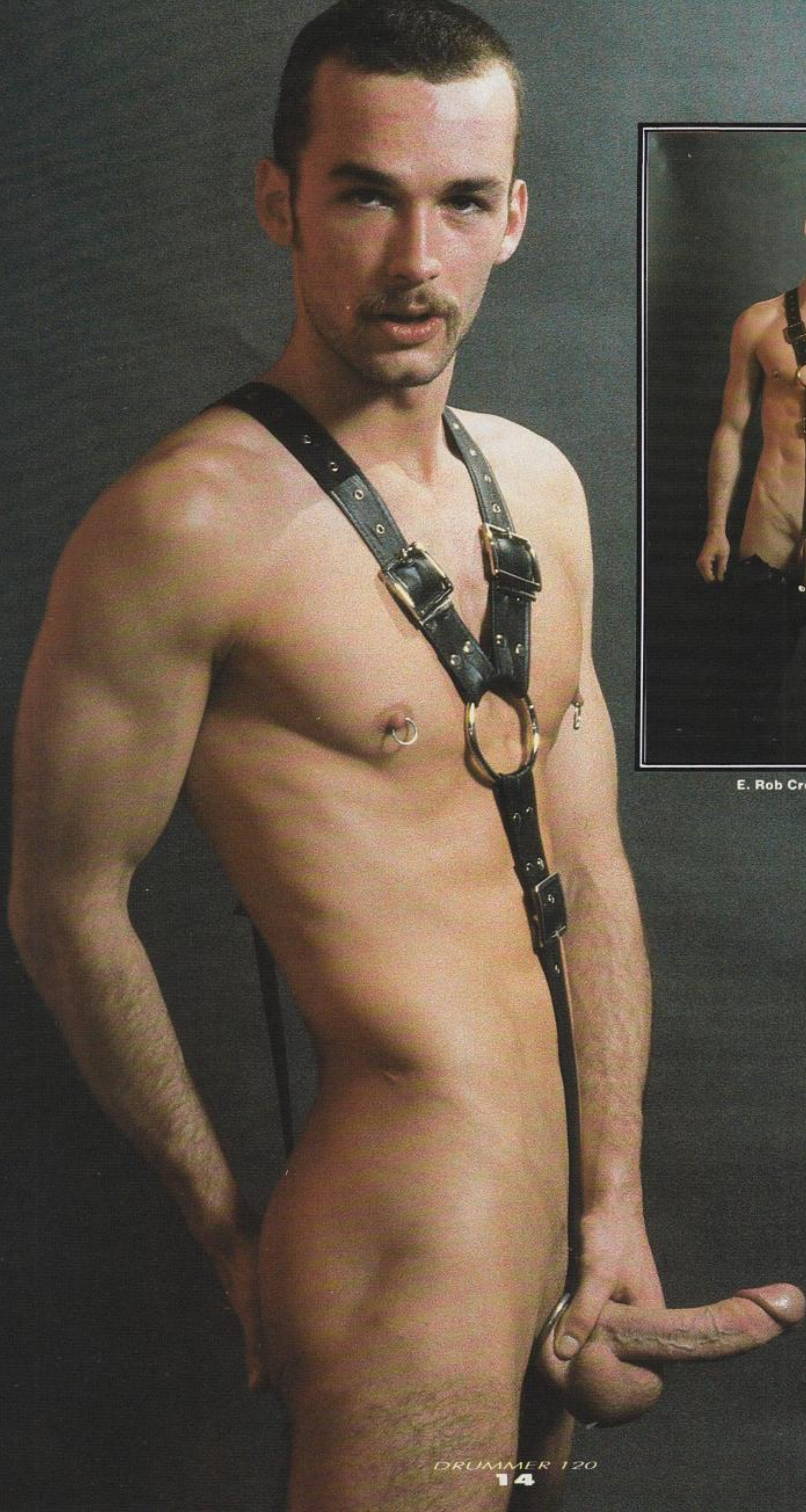
**Stephen Mistler**, San Francisco, CA  
Mr. San Francisco Leather 1988  
Up Your Alley Productions

**Peter Morrison**, Los Angeles, CA  
Mr. Gauntlet II 1988, IML 1988 First Runner-Up  
Gauntlet II

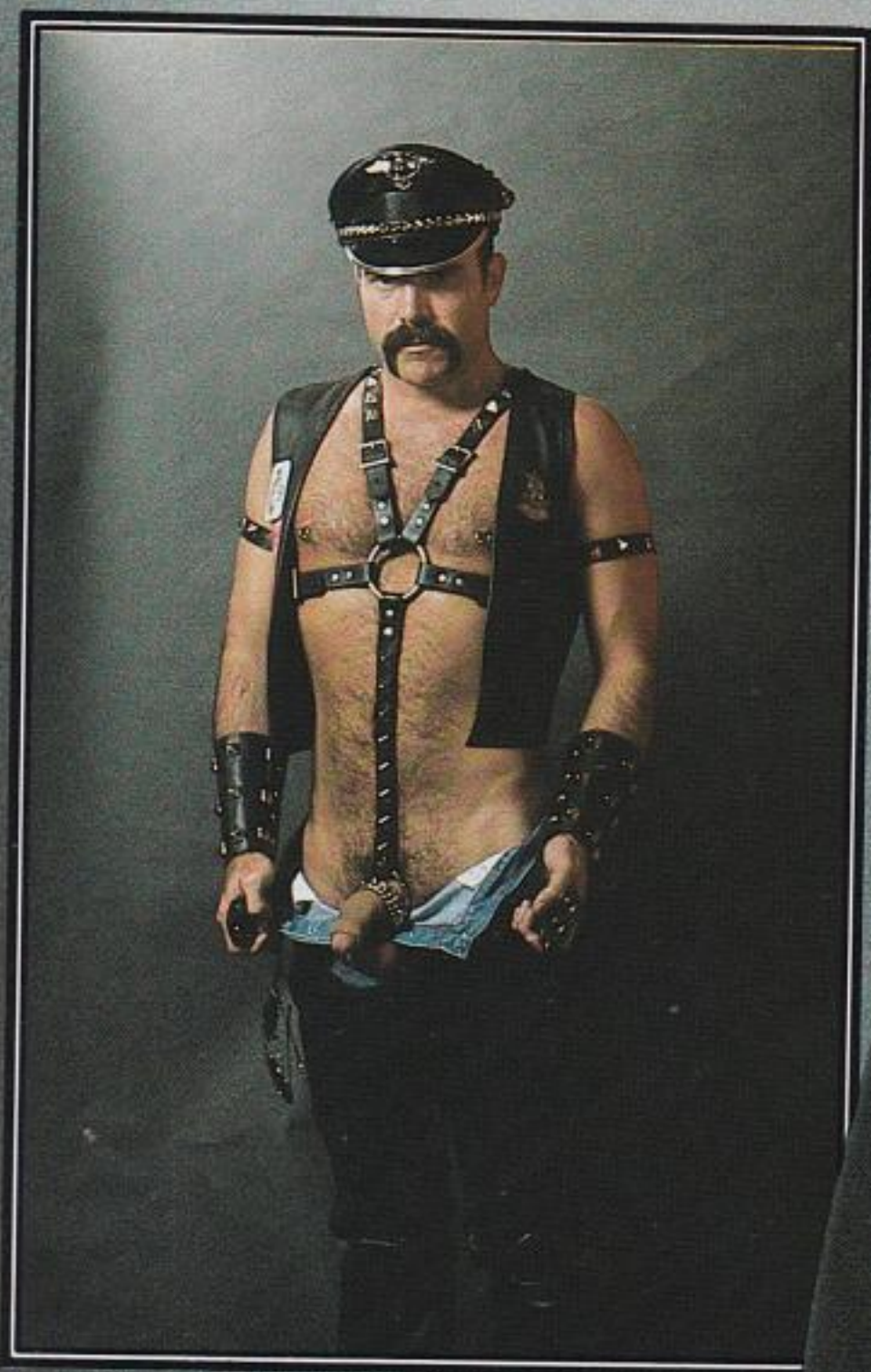




E. Rob Croteau, Montreal, Quebec  
K.O.X.



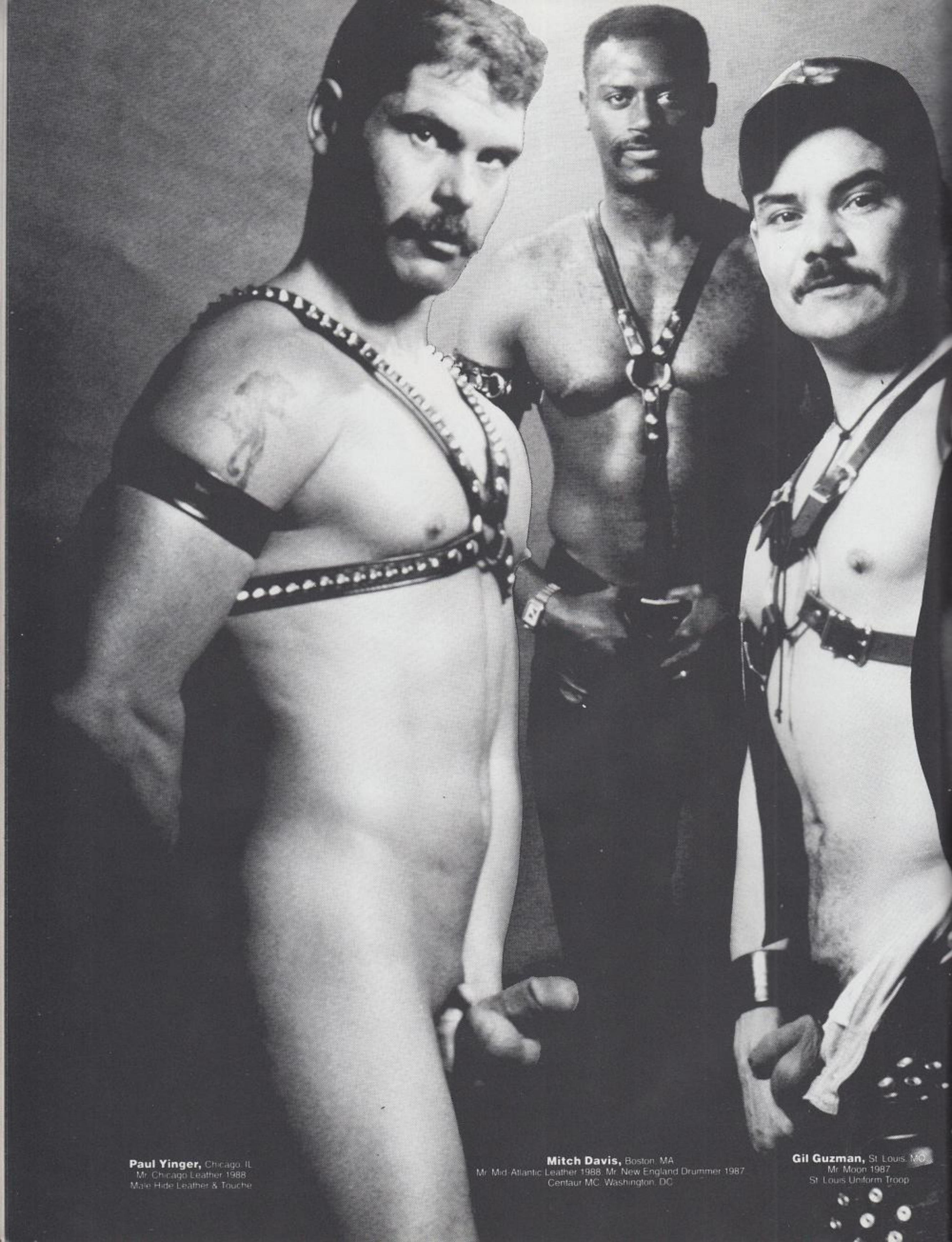




**Michael Frank**, Phoenix, AZ  
Mt. Leather Copperstate 88  
Tuff Stuff Leather





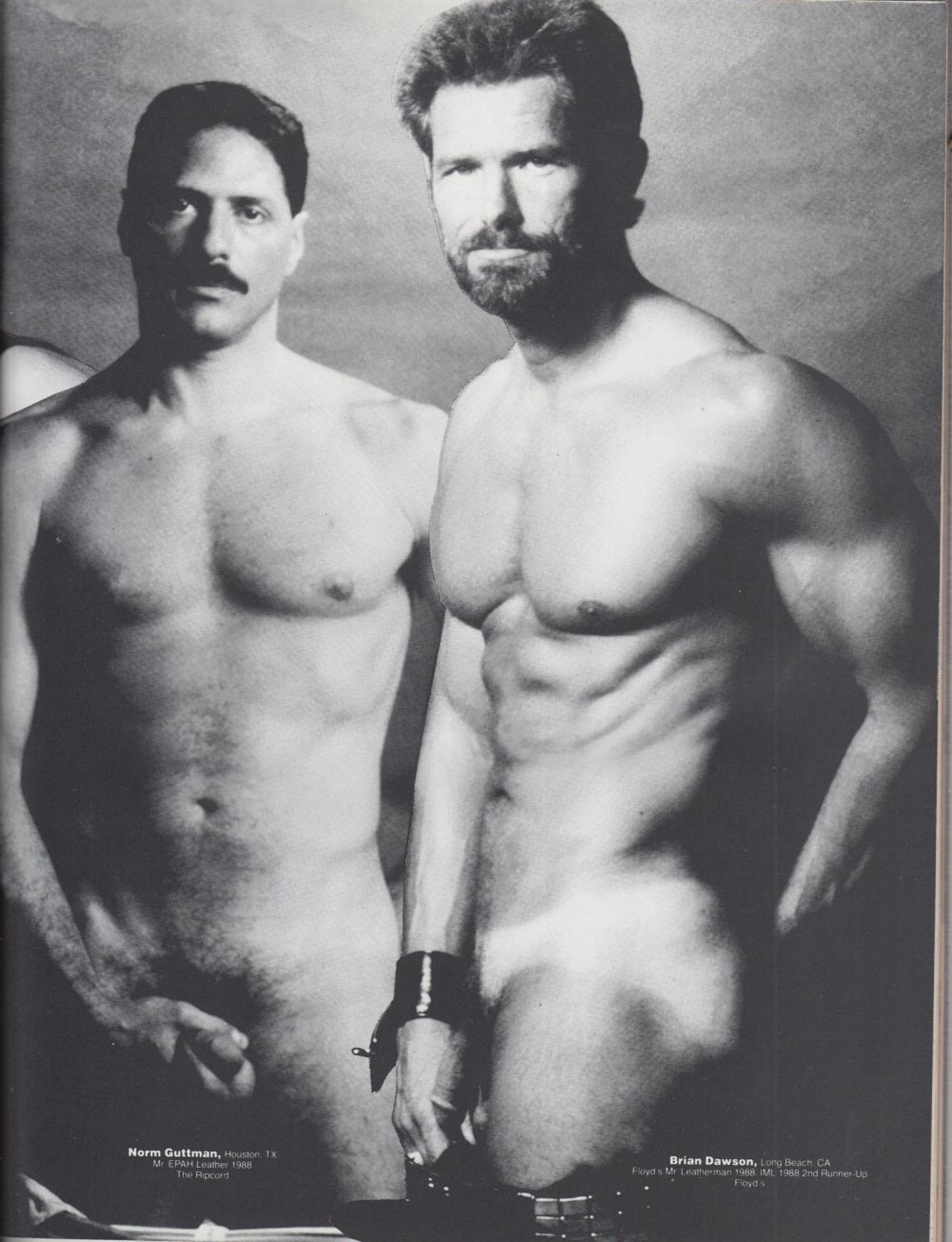


**Paul Yinger**, Chicago, IL  
Mr. Chicago Leather 1988  
Male Hide Leather & Touche

**Mitch Davis**, Boston, MA  
Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather 1988, Mr. New England Drummer 1987  
Centaur MC, Washington, DC

**Gil Guzman**, St. Louis, MO  
Mr. Moon 1987  
St. Louis Uniform Troop

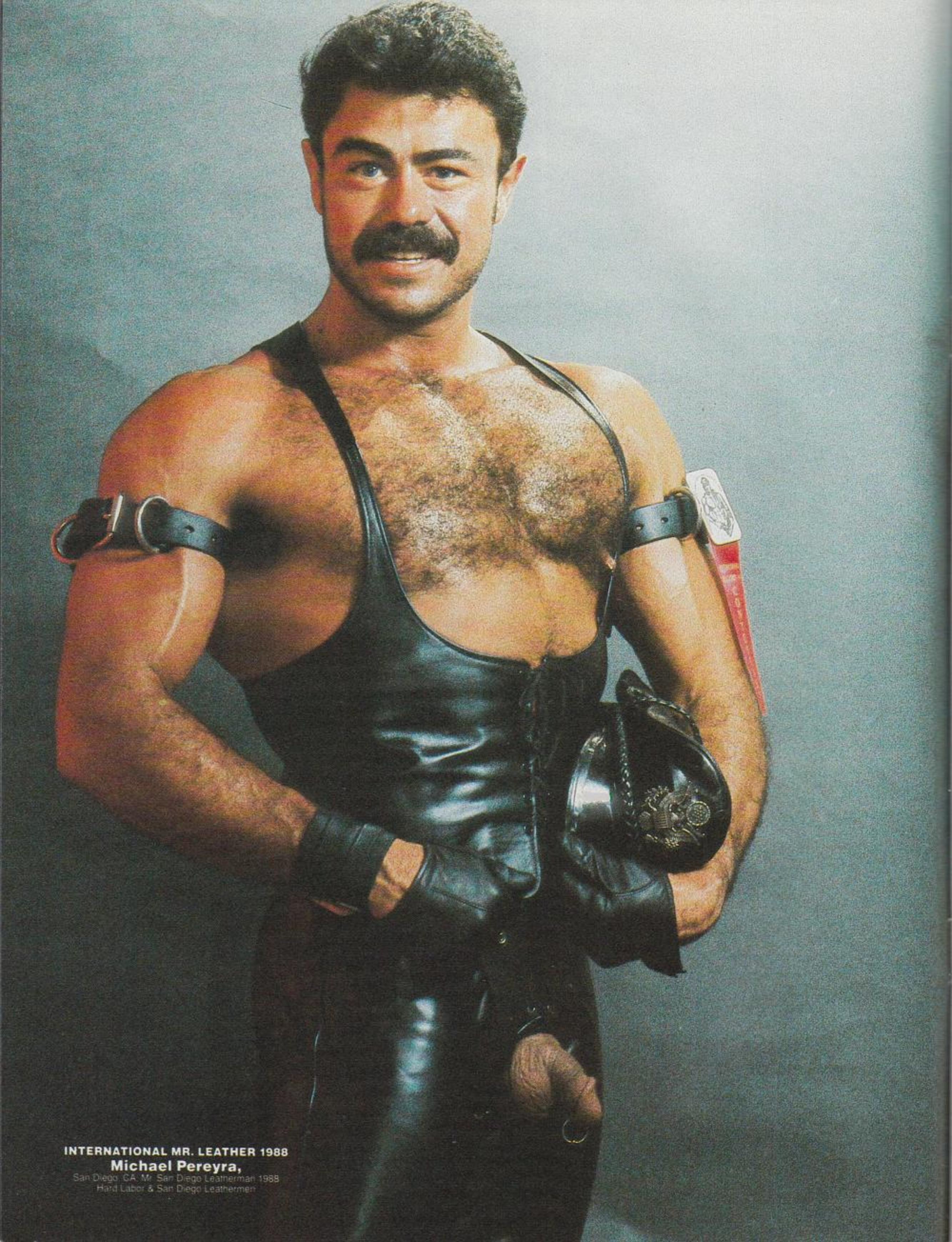




**Norm Guttman**, Houston, TX  
Mr. EPAH Leather 1988  
The Ripcord

**Brian Dawson**, Long Beach, CA  
Floyd's Mr. Leatherman 1988, IML 1988 2nd Runner-Up  
Floyd's





INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER 1988

**Michael Pereyra,**

San Diego, CA. Mr. San Diego Leatherman 1988  
Hard Labor & San Diego Leathermen



# MUD, OIL, GREASE, AND GRUNGE FETISH FEATURE

I bequeathe myself to the dirt, to grow from the grass I love; If you want me again, look for me under your boot-soles.  
—Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*

My older brother used to work on old jalopies—junkers mostly—car corpses that other mechanics (men who did not work in their parent's garage) would have had summarily towed away to the dump. My brother was an arrogant boisterous creative grease-monkey if there ever was one. His rough mechanic's hands seemed perpetually stained with a deep black combination of Quaker State Motor Oil mixed with glutinous amounts of gooey garage grunge. My brother's hands never did come clean. His hands and his appealing badness were literally beyond restraint, rebelliousness, or religious repair.

Greaseboy was a rather amazing natural sort of mechanic who could take apart and completely reassemble a Chevrolet engine, putting it into the jolted chassis of a Ford, with the adolescent belief that a Ford with a Chevy engine will run faster than a mere Chevy with a Chevy engine. Which is what usually happened when my older brother went-for-broke with our family's cars.

We never really knew for sure what it was we were actually driving; it was usually a compromised hodgepodge of Volkswagen parts connected to impossible gizmos designed to run on not much more than mechanical guesswork and greasejockey faith. Greaseboy always seemed to be elbow dirtdeep in the thick mysterious secrets of automotive sludge. I used to serve as his all too eager tool fetcher. And I'd stand there next to him in our garage, watching him repair his various junky vehicles, wondering h-o-w anyone's hands could possibly absorb not only the blackness of the inevitable grime, but my brother's hands even *smelled* like precious Porsche puke.

The most powerful of industrial cleaning solvents could not erase the provocative discoloration from my brother's lubricated hands. Eventually my parents just finally gave in to him by allowing the boy to live in his beloved garage—his grease-soaked environment—which only added to his fugitive desperado sensibility.

On any given evening I could usually manage to find Greaseboy jerking off in his cherished tool-cluttered grungepit. Once I caught him (he knew that I would) on his greasemonkey's dolly, pounding that big fat impulsive pink whopper he had with those amazingly black and filthy hands—pumping—as he teased me by flagrantly exhibiting/playing with his



Photo JEFF REDDING

## CLUB MUD

One of the most exciting (and somewhat bizarre—but then that's part of the outrageous fun) clubs to hit the club scene has to be the California-based Club Mud, which proudly boasts a membership of over 100 (many of whom are straight) mudfolks seriously into what can only be described as—wallowing. Club Mud publishes a quarterly newsletter filled with personal ads, photos, articles, erotic mud stories, and a feature called: "Mudhole of the Month." Club Mud parties—held in the Russian River area of Northern California during the summer—are notoriously full of mud-and-sport. You'll find mud events such as Tug of War, Auto Tire Scramble, Mud Volleyball, Mud Pole Pillow Fighting, and—what else?—Mud Wrestling. For more info on Club Mud, write: PO Box 277, Rio Nido, CA 95471.

moody erection.

The image of my working-class brother's soiled hands, wrapped tightly around his tempestuous piece of boner, beating greased beef faster than a Harley in a horrible heat, was at the time an unbelievably powerful erotic image that got burned into my subconscious more effectively and more permanently than anything brain surgery or a lobotomy could offer. Not only did I get to suck on my brother's agitated cock (which was usually hidden safely away under worn blue mechanic's coveralls) but somehow I convinced him to allow me to suck his cruel and relentlessly black hands as well.

The ironically bitter-sweet taste of garage grease and garage grunge was overwhelming—I came all over the back-seat of my brother's '58 Chevy Impala. We are told that cleanliness is next to godliness. Yet many of us have had occasional out-of-the-mainstream sexual experiences that transcend and surpass the constraining morality of Lava soap.

**Fuck soap.**

Grease and grime can set the sexual stage for the sensually indecent, the dirtier than dirt. If climbing into sleazy slimesex, complete with a Pennzoil scene (or an inviting pigpool of pigmud) intrigues or mystifies you or turns you on, let us tease you with a funky taste of oil outrage, mud mania, greasy gearshifts, and grunge galore. By the time you've finished reading this issue of *Drummer* you could very well be in dire need of one hell of a hot soapy shower—OR—you'll let the smell linger for awhile on your leatherboy skin while you lick your honey fingers into sordid ecstasy.

This issue of *Drummer* gives fiction the focus; you'll find a certain demonism in Michael Agreave's obsession with an unwashed beast. Jay Shaffer greases down his dirty pig. And Bill Starwalt offers us a trucker's vision of a pumpboy, a lonely stranger, and the corrosive tension that occurs when one tests the other—the open road invites. The one-and-only Rex will put his intensely erotic art right smack in your face—inviting you—to experience the cum-splashed, cum-stained, cum-squalid, mesmerized universe of seething sleaze. Mud, oil, grease, and grunge...

Tim Barrus

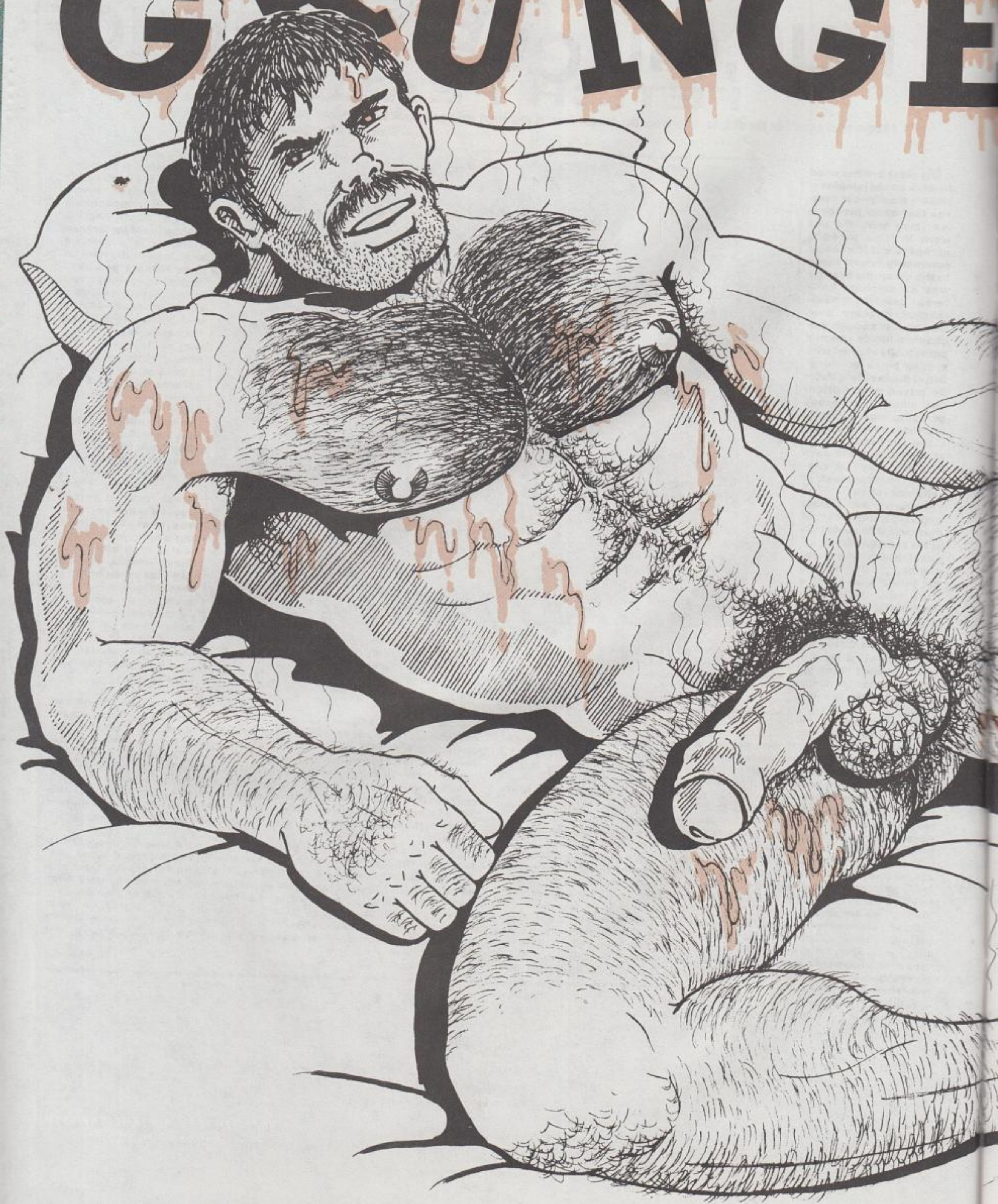
Fetish Feature is a special section to be found in most issues of *Drummer*. Each issue focuses on a special turn-on, including news and information, fiction, photos, art, etc. for each fetish. A special feature will be the Fetish Tough Customers section. Send in your special photos for the Fetish TCs and send in your letters, stories, likes, dislikes, etc. for upcoming fetishes.

Drummer	Fetish Feature	Deadline
#122	Cigars	Too Late
#123	SoloSex	October 1
#124	Bodybuilders	November 1
#125	Bikers	December 1
#126	Discovery	January 1

Have you missed getting into the Fetish Feature that is your particular turn-on? You don't have to wait until the subject rolls around again. Send us your photos, letters, club news, etc. There are regular columns in *Drummer* that carry these every month and we'll be happy to include yours for tattoos, boots, shaving, wrestling, or whatever you have missed!



# GRUNGE





## Long before I knew him I could smell him.

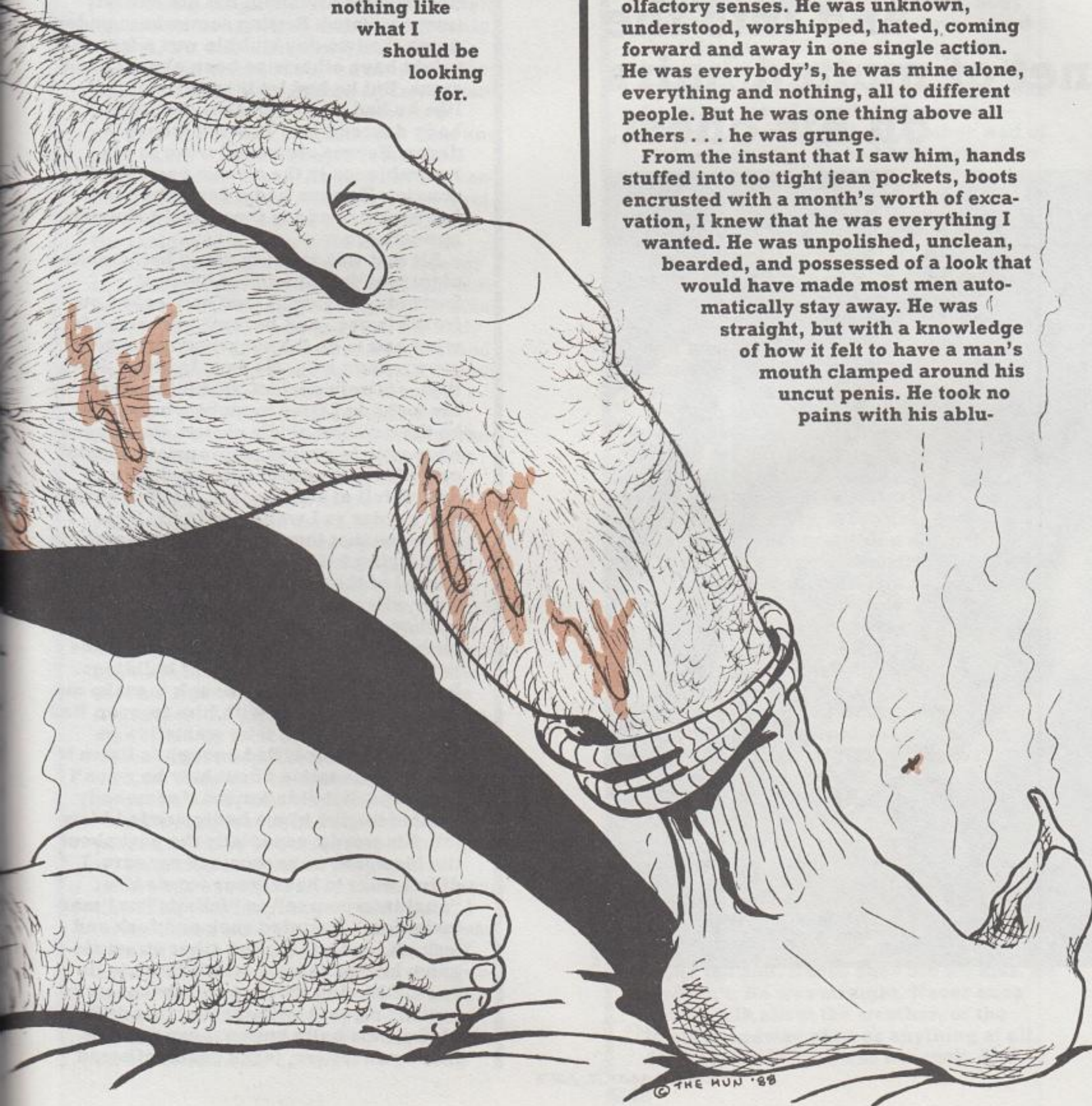
Even as I wandered around the room searching out the man whose musk had first assaulted my nostrils, I understood him better than anybody else there. The moment he had raised his armpits, he had trapped me with his unwashed fragrance. Although still unknown to me, the man was already a part of me. I had absorbed him through my nostrils and translated him into a thousand tiny messages filtering through my mind. He was tall. He was short. He was fat. He was thin. He was young, old, hairy, bald, with a small cock and one as long as the space

between my wrist and elbow. He was everything he had to be and absolutely nothing like what I should be looking for.

## BY MICHAEL AGREVE

He was an unknown with nothing more to lure me on with but his incredible ability to assault my senses. He had raised his arms and set in motion a clock ticking from twelve backwards to the number one. He was the child unable to control its body functions and the adult plunging its finger up its asshole. He was everything uncontrolled and uncontrollable about the human body. He was the sweat pouring out of an armpit and the crusty cheese ringing an unwashed foreskin. He was handsome, homely, brilliant, stupid, all translated into one word with a question mark at the ending. He was gentle, uncaring, tough and tender with an overwhelming need to entrap through the olfactory senses. He was unknown, understood, worshipped, hated, coming forward and away in one single action. He was everybody's, he was mine alone, everything and nothing, all to different people. But he was one thing above all others . . . he was grunge.

From the instant that I saw him, hands stuffed into too tight jean pockets, boots encrusted with a month's worth of excavation, I knew that he was everything I wanted. He was unpolished, unclean, bearded, and possessed of a look that would have made most men automatically stay away. He was straight, but with a knowledge of how it felt to have a man's mouth clamped around his uncut penis. He took no pains with his ablu-





**Deep into the  
crevices of his toes,  
down around the  
undersides of his  
balls, back up  
across his stomach  
and into the  
net of matted hairs  
on his chest.**

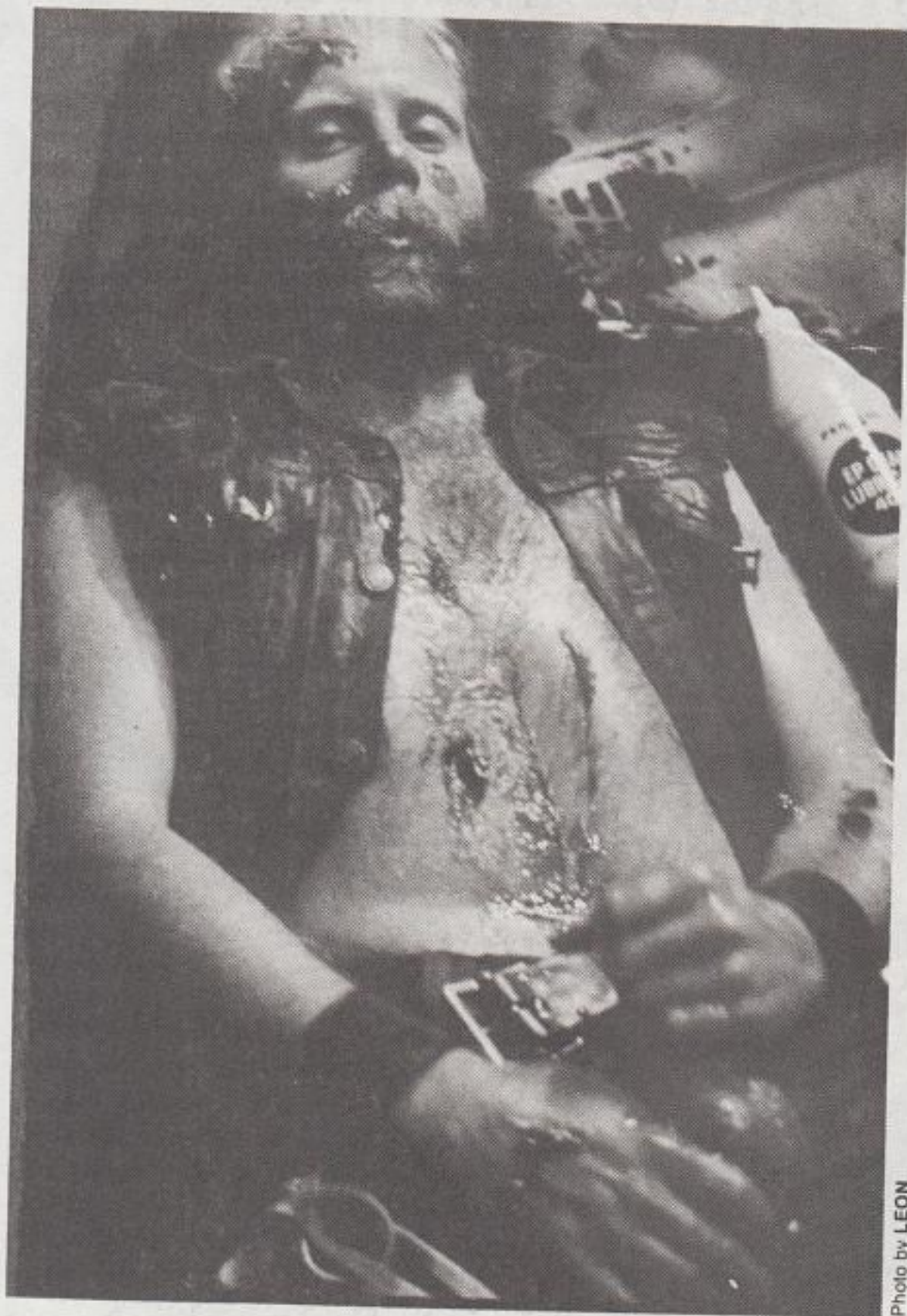


Photo by LEON

tions, feeling instead that water was the enemy of his carefully embellished body. He prided himself on the ring around his fraying collar, laughed when I said that he looked like he had been mucking out sewers for a living. Even his voice was gritty, carrying with it the breath of stale beer and mornings never spent gargling with mouthwash. He has nowhere to go except even further down into the gutter. So, he had chosen the backroom of a bar, hoping that nobody would notice that the underwear beneath his clothing was torn and stained from pissing in an alleyway.

He had stood against the cinder block wall, desperately wanting to fade into the grimy moulded plaster. The bottom button of his fly had fallen off, giving him (incorrectly) the look of someone easily made available. His face was scraggly, unshaven, unwashed, but not entirely unappreciated. Resting somewhere underneath the two-day stubble was a face that might have otherwise been almost handsome. But he had let it go to seed, just like he had let every other part of his body descend into a sort of elegant decay. He was almost alluring in his resemblance to the classic portrait of a convict. He even had a downward twisting mouth to add to the already sinister appearance.

All that was missing was a half-smoked cigareet dangling from his lips. Instead, a trickle of snot had leaked out from his nose and become encrusted in what had to be the scuzziest moustache grown upon a lip. He was, in short, beautiful, entirely perfect, matching words to his looks as I tried to make what had to be the dumbest of idle chatter. He responded mostly in grunts, appropriate considering his attitude. I responded with a crotch full of solid inches, getting harder and harder as I wallowed in his filth.

I knew that there were others watching, trying to figure out what was the appeal of the obviously misplaced man. Only when he raised his hand to scratch his head was it obvious. He stank. He reeked. Not as bad as some of the bums you see lying on the steps of buildings. Just bad enough. Bad enough to make me want to stand there with him forever. Bad enough to ask him if he wanted to go back to my place. Bad enough to listen to a long explanation about how he wasn't into guys, but didn't mind if somebody wanted to give him a badly needed blow job. His words, especially the part about the blow job, were music to my ears. I didn't want to hear fancy words like "anal intercourse" or "fellatio" or "masturbation." I wanted suck and fuck and jerk off, and a thousand other street slogans, hurled at me. I wanted him to lie back, filthying the clean white sheets as I mixed my spit with the dirt that dribbled off his belly button. I expected no thank-you letters, just a grunt followed



by a solid eight hours of snoring.

I wanted to take advantage of him while he slept, licking the soles of his feet as he lay sleeping in my spot. I wanted him to wake up the next morning, take a crap and never once ask if he could also take a shower. I wanted to imprint him on my brain, filling in all those places that shocked so easily with the memory of his unwashed body. I wanted to walk around the next day, wondering why I had picked him up in the first place, why I had let him lie back while I sucked the stench out of his uncut penis. And finally, I wanted days of searching for him again, trying to conjure up his special odor inside my nose, wandering through a maze of grimy back rooms until maybe I saw him again and repeated my initial offer.

He was grunge. Simply and completely the lowest common denominator I could sink to. He was a scrawny, unwashed man whose world revolved around nose pickings and shirts picked up in the garbage. But no matter how crude, how unknowing he had seemed both then and now, there was one simple factor still working in his favor. He had never questioned the attraction. He had let me peel away his crudded-over boots and hold the insides to my nose. He had let me keep his socks, buried now and forever in a Baggie, not caring that his bare feet would have to be stuffed back up against a leather sole. He had lowered his body onto the bed, not the least bit impressed by the sheeted whiteness. He had known instinctively that he was not to tread lightly upon a bed of sweet-smelling roses. He was to be the thorn among the rose bushes, giving off the same scent that attracted flies to rotting meat. He knew that no matter what the meat he offered, it would be eaten. And it was.

Not a word was said as I peeled back his fleshy foreskin. He knew just how much I got off on stretching it out and licking on the underside until my mouth smelled like his cock: rancid. He knew the secret levels of pleasure I was reaching as I slowly absorbed more and more of what had attracted me to him in the first place. As my mouth became a cesspool filled up with first the taste of his cheesy cockhead, then his sweaty armpits, he relished the exchange of aromas, sweet for sour, that was taking place. He was the long lost twin brother, changing places with the one raised up to be royalty, watching as the real king turned before his eyes into a rough-necked peasant. If he was laughing all the while, I never heard him. Only his silence spoke volumes as I bathed inch after inch of him with my tongue. Deep into the crevices of his toes, down around the undersides of his balls, back up across his stomach and into the nest of matted hairs on his chest. Like a traveler on a long

distance highway, I explored each twist and turn, picking up tiny souvenirs for my effort. A piece of crumb here. Last night's spilled beer over there. Maybe a crab or two along the way, but nothing that couldn't be quickly gotten rid of. And finally the surprisingly long tube of steak that jutted out from between his legs. His piece of meat. His dork. His pod that he said had only entered pussy. Now it was going to taste fag mouth. Going to go all the way inside a tunnel where only the creme de la crap was meant to be deposited.

What his cock tasted like as I rid it of its grungy topmost layer of stale sweat and drops of dried-out piss! Saving the ambrosial tip for last, I slurped and sucked on the filthy lollipop until it let go with a blast of built-up juices. That too tasted vile, coming from inside a body the closest thing to rotting. How I loved the vileness of his sour-tasting cum, knowing that each and every sperm head could produce an offspring smelling like its father. How I swallowed and swallowed, and even eked out another wad of stale spunk after he had been asleep for just one hour.

Never daring to sleep so long as he was in the room, I could only make my mind a camera and record every inch of him as he lay tangled up inside the sheets. One foot stuck out at an angle and it was that foot that became an object of disgusting worship. I slobbered over it like it was his dick I was tasting. It was in fact a mass of five tiny dicks, each one topped with a nail encrusted with the proof of too little bathing. I had thought about cutting off those nails and saving them inside a jar, but decided not to. Who knows what I could culture from his toenail clippings? Maybe the next beast that devoured the city. Maybe my next meal. Maybe absolutely nothing at all.

Or maybe a week's worth of fantasies.

But all I needed was one night's worth. He knew that instinctively. He departed willingly, leaving behind only the stench from his socks carefully preserved in a self-closing plastic bag. Every now and then I reach for that bag, open it up, and relive the moments of degradation. He was vile. He was unclean. He had manners like a dog with diarrhea. He dirtied up my sheets and left me with a mouth that smelled for three days afterward. He never once ran his fingers through my hair or told me that he loved me. Not a single word of comfort escaped his lips. Not even one of appreciation for the masterpiece of cocksucking I had performed on his raunch-laden dick. Never once had I held him close to me. I couldn't. He stank too bad. Never once did we kiss. He wouldn't. He was straight. Never once did we talk about the weather, or the latest Broadway play, or anything at all. All we talked about was his cock. And





Photos by LEON

how I had to suck it. And how he had to pee and where the bathroom was. And what the hell I needed his socks for, but he gave them to me anyway. I was nothing to him. Just a cocksucker who was desperate for a dick. I tried to tell myself that I could have others. But I knew that he was the one I wanted. I saw the looks I got from others as I walked behind him, obviously out to eat his dick. They weren't nice, those looks. They didn't make me want to show my prize to the world.

But I showed them all, I did. I took him home, I peeled him down, I bathed him with my tongue and knew that he would let my spit dry on his skin for at least another day or two. I let him sleep molested in my bed, secretly wondering if he would ever stop farting. I fed him eggs and bacon in the morning and washed the plate and silverware in scalding water. I soaked for hours after in a tub of almost boiling water, peeling off all traces of remaining dirt, trying to rid myself of nagging guilt and horniness as I purged the flesh and pounded my cock.

What was it that drove me to such acts of degradation? What twist inside my head made me follow an unwashed scent until it was registering on my palate? What longing made me breathe the air in crowded bars, hoping that sooner or later one nostril would pick up something recognizably unbearable? And, finally, what self-destructive streak made me want to seek him out again? Him, the man with the three days' dirt packed around his fingernails. Him? The man who belched all night long and farted even while I sucked on his cock for the third time that evening? Who was he to run a line inside my head and make it a one-way path from obsession to action. Who was that asshole, anyway? A mud-caked Jesus whose feet I had to tongue bathe for salvation? A bum whose cock itched one night so he found the nearest faggot to scratch it? None of the above? All of the above?

No the answer didn't come as I sat soaking. Nor did it come the day after or the day after that. I sat and thought. I contemplated and drove my head up against blank walls. The answer was after all deceptively simple. Who was that man? Everybody. Nobody. He was a fantasy. A night of deadly reality. He was past, present, and future, all rolled up into one sour-smelling ball that was mine for the catching. He was everything I needed, hated, loved, rejected, worshipped, denied, and even sometimes, most times, despised. He was grunge. Simply grunge. Only grunge. And I had always known it. Even before I had smelled it.

I had known it.

I had loved it.

□





# CLASSIC MUD

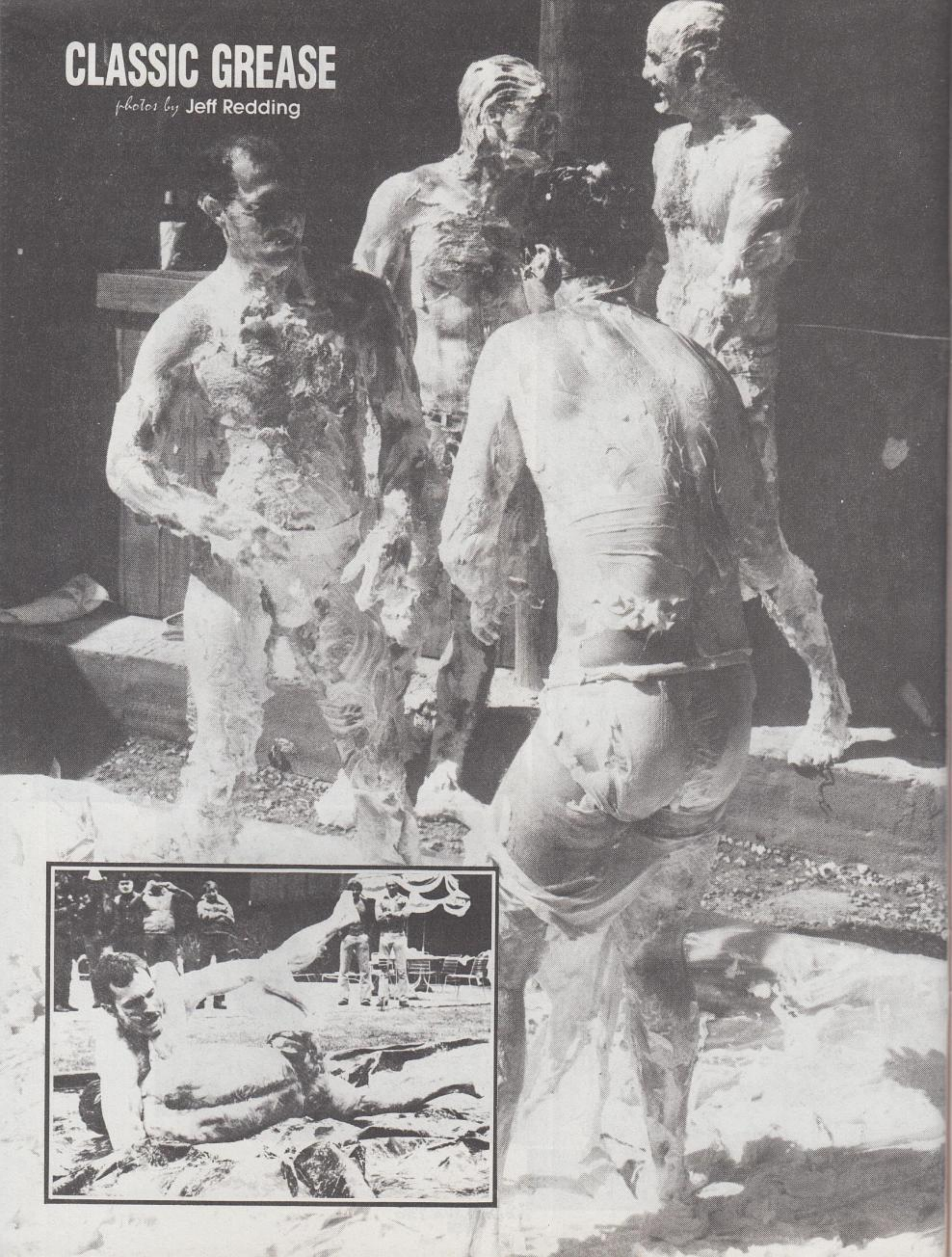
from the **DRUMMER** files





# CLASSIC GREASE

*photos by* Jeff Redding





# Greased Pig

by Jay Shaffer

**When I saw the  
vice-grips  
I knew just  
what Mike was  
thinking.  
He knew where  
he wanted  
them hanging  
and he needed  
some help in  
putting  
them there.**

He stroked it. He nuzzled it. He rubbed himself against it like a cat. His hands were the hands of a lover. He circled around it to wind up in front, facing away, spreading his thighs and crouching until the tire could split his asscheeks and the tread could touch his hole. He waited to be mounted. He bent down forward, molding his jock and its contents hard over the curve of the wheel, reaching his hands up to rethread his tits. My headlight shone hot on his back and his ass: The hair flashed from straw into gold. He pumped himself over the rubber. He opened his eyes and stared back past his shoulder as he opened his butt to the beast. He groaned. He writhed. He ground his teeth and sweated. Across the garage, I could feel his heat. My nuts screamed—they needed adjusting. I opened my box up and took out my tool.

And Mike backed away again. He ran himself right up to the edge, and stopped. He tensed, grunted, held stock still and waited for his wave to pass. Mechanical control. Standing, stepping forward, he moved away and turned around. Faced the bike. Aimed his crotch at the light. Focused on its focused beam.

He hadn't cum, but he'd come close. The cloth had soaked up a wide slick of his lube—it was drying to stain in the heat of the bulb. His breath was still choppy, but now his chest heaved and his belly rippled under a carpet of golden fire where the hair that ran across them caught and shimmered in the glare. He held his arms out from his sides. He dropped his chin to his chest—and waited.

Whatever the signal was, it came. He gave himself over again to the bike. Straddling the tire, he sat. Pressing his belly flat over the light, he stretched back and fondled the seat. He caressed it all with that animal grace, moving sure hands across his lover, feeling its mechanical throb. He sat up and hunched up and shoved his jock in through the fork. He grabbed the throttle and rolled it, ran up the revs and rode them hard. His back arched. His chest grew. I took a deeper breath. He let go a bellow that started out low and rose to a scream with the bike's. Throwing his head

back, he howled. I spit-lubed my hand up and pistoned my dick, expecting to follow him over the edge.

Again, somehow, he pulled up short. Somehow, so did I.

Sweat soaked his body in rivers that ran down through patches of dirt and grease. I checked and found that I was drenched, my pants around my knees, aching to shoot but wanting to wait to see what came next. The wait wasn't long.

He ripped himself free of the old fantasy and started to set up a new one. He nudged the kill switch. My ears roared on in the silence. I worried for a minute that he might hear my gasps for breath. If he did, he never showed it. He just walked around collecting an assortment of things in a pile. A can full of something—I couldn't see what. Screwdrivers, all different sizes. Clamps and straps and cotter pins. A dropcloth and rags. A couple of pair of vice-grip pliers. A full plastic bottle of oil. He hesitated, shook his head. Stood in thought, staring at nothing. Slipped back somewhere into his trance.

Lifting one leg up, he slid off the boot. Set it and its sock down precisely. Stood barefoot on his filthy floor to lift up and strip off the other. Now he was naked, except for the strap. He began to hum a single note. Quietly. He stood for a moment and waited again. Then he started to circle the bike.

Carefully, smoothly, he touched his fingers to all of the parts that weren't hot. He leaned down to clean some with a brush of his lips and his tongue. Made love to the metal in a way I'd never dreamed. Covered it all and came back to the start.

He picked up the dropcloth like some sort of vestment, folded and carried it over to cover the seat and the tank. He laid two rags over the handgrips. Standing back to survey his work, he rubbed his crotch once and yanked his hand away. Then he turned back for the oil.

And turned the oil on himself. He unscrewed the top, held the bottle up high, tilted it slowly and watched as the clean black-gold slime rolled down his arm to his face. It fell on his shoulders. It fell on his chest. It slid down his back and his belly to







catch in the hairs and the waistband of his jock. It dripped and ran down over his ass, over his legs, over all of that pale bright skin to the floor. He cradled the bottle in both of his hands and set it back down by his feet. He bent from the waist. His ass aimed right at me, all white muscled flesh and secret shadowed promises. I bent to take off my own boots.

Mike stood back up in a slow, rhythmic wave, drawing both hands through his oil. Massaging and rubbing his calves and his thighs. Grabbing hold hands full of ass; moving on. Stroking his belly and kneading his tits. Throwing his head back at last as he fingered the lube through his hair and his beard. The bike's light bounced off his wet skin with a new kind of gold liquid fire.

He mooned me again reaching back for the bottle and poured out a palmful to rub into his pouch. The one-note hum never stopped. He reached back down into his pile of tools.

One hand held a hoseclamp, now, both wide and big around. The other raised a screwdriver. He turned toward me slightly so I looked at his side and slipped the clamp over his jock. The screwdriver handle went into his mouth while he used both his hands to adjust. He grabbed himself hard through the oiled elastic. He yanked down his dick and his balls. The hose clamp as cockring. Satisfied he'd placed it right, he pulled the 'driver from his mouth to turn the screw and clamp it down. His tongue was still out when I looked back up, trying to follow the plastic dick. It slipped back in, reluctantly, once the ring started to squeeze. Mike bit and chewed his lip. A habit I had seen before. A sign of concentration. It would never look the same again.

The hose clamp hung down from the base of his belly. The screwdriver went back in his mouth. His oily, tight-stuffed bag of hard parts throbbed and seemed to grow. I could almost see new dickblood swell it every time his heart pumped.

My boots were loose, now. My pants slumped on their tops. I waited for Mike to turn again: He did, and I got naked.

He bent over to put down his screwdriver and pick up something else. He faced me when he stood. I started to think that he knew I was there but decided to speak when he spoke. Not before. If he saw me or not I just couldn't stop stroking.

I love my bike. I give it the best I can of everything—gas, oil, parts, service—and it treats me right in return. I wish I could do it all myself. I can't. I'm a lousy mechanic and I just don't have enough time. That's why I take it to Mike. I may love my own machine, but nobody loves bikes the way Mike does.

I caught him at it one night.

The day I finally bought a Harley the first thing I did was to bring it in to Mike. He took one look and had a religious experience. Just a Super Glide, used; basic black and nasty. Nothing fancy. That's why I like it. Mike was transported.

"Fix it, buddy," I said. He didn't answer. He

probably didn't hear me. Mike looks at hot bikes the way I cruise hot men: For a while, nothing else exists in the world. I trust him, though. I've trusted him for years. I knew he'd do what I wanted, and more. I didn't know how much more. I left the two of them alone.

My dinner that night was a pizza, delivered. I'm no cook, either. When the heartburn and headache hit well after midnight and I couldn't find a seltzer in the house, I began to wish I'd poured a bowl of corn flakes. The store down the street was open all night, but the bike was in the shop. I tried to use mind over matter. Nothing worked. I swore as I pulled on my jeans and my boots and shouldered into a jacket. The bike could have waited a day to see Mike. Now I had to walk. I already felt like shit.

I wasn't very nice to the graveyard-shift cashier. He didn't seem to mind. Even brought me a glass of warm water and dropped the little tablets in. Plop, plop. We talked while the fizz went to work. Not about anything much. Just enough to let me know he'd noticed me and make me think about noticing back. He laughed when I belched, a little too loud. I felt a shitload better. Time to go home. Punching his shoulder, I told him I'd see him. He groped himself as he said he hoped so.

The flirting did more for my mood than the bubbles: I felt fine on my way back up the hill home. I spent more time looking around me. The world looks different at night and on foot.

Take, for instance, the light on in Mike's shop. I hadn't seen it on my way past, before. Or heard the muffled thunder that came with it. Dual pipes. Shorties. In that shop a Harley idled. I decided to stop for a look.

The door was unlocked. Seemed kind of stupid. I didn't have a chance to think about it much. Unlocked, it opened—and that's when I saw Mike. He was riding my Harley to nowhere, buck-fucking naked but for boots and a jock.

He had the frame up on blocks, so the rear wheel hung in the air. Probably had the chain off, too, although I was on the wrong side to see. I trust Mike. He's careful. I knew he'd never hurt a bike. But I'd sure never seen him like this.

I had never seen an act like this. I had christened bikes with buddies. I'd had rides that felt like sex. That was why I'd bought the Super Glide: I wanted the feel of the best. I had spitshined and rubbed up some earlier bikes just for the love of the touch, but what I saw now was different. Mike was in some kind of rapture.

He always works in coveralls. I had never really seen him. At least, not as a man. He just never had seemed to have sex on his mind, or anything other than bikes. I guess, for him, the two are one. Now I could see his raw fantasy—and the man looked incredible naked.

I paid no attention to his hair and his beard. I had (sort of) seen all that before.



**His oily,  
tight-stuffed bag  
of hard parts  
throbbed and  
seemed to grow.  
I could almost  
see new  
dickblood swell  
it every time  
his heart  
pumped.**

But his bare back, his shoulders, his arms caught my eye with the hard rosy muscles the cloth had kept hidden. His chest was squared and dusted with light brown hair; it sported two hard, finger-sized tits that seemed to be pointing my way. His ass and thighs moved in all the right ways under a carpet of hair like his chest had but thicker and darker and damp with sweat. His skin glowed a stark sunless white in the pale blue light of the tube at his bench. Dark shadows traced all his moves. He had no tan. No color at all. He had no need for the sun.

He leaned forward out of my seat as I watched, toward the handlebars and down. Listening. Feeling, too. That jock full of nuts was flattened across my fat bob tank and bouncing with the vibration. I adjusted my basket. Mike slowed the idle and smiled.

He looked like a demon. A man possessed. Then he leaned down still further—and went down on my bike. Ran his tongue down the clutch lever. Moved his left hand to lick the grip. Nibbled on the cables. Opened his jaw at last and wrapped his face around the end of the bar just like it was a dick—until his lips were mashed and he gagged. He worked the throttle, milking it out and raising the revs and grinding his pouch on my tank; squirming and straining and matching his pitch to the bike's. I was getting hot myself. Out of my jacket, I slipped off my belt just as Mike slowed things down to cool off.

My machine settled back to that punch-fucking purr that the big Harleys have when they're tuned. My mechanic pulled back off my hand-grip. His eyes were closed. He seemed to be having some trouble keeping control of his tongue. His hands clenched and flexed as he caught his breath. At last he was able to sit back up straight. He swayed, but he stayed up and cocked an ear. I held my breath. I shouldn't have bothered. He wasn't hearing anything but songs of V-twin love.

He left the bike running and swung up and off. One clean sweep of animal grace. There seemed to be a lot more to see of Mike when he felt this way. The unusual width of his shoulders. The icy heat of his hard pale flesh, under the grease spots and hair. The way he moved his body. The way his touches showed his lust. I was watching his mating dance.

He stood, not quite still, beside the machine—all jockstrap and boots and grease and sweat, eyes closed, head rolling, ass grinding, thighs cording. Fucking air. Playing his tongue on his chest and his shoulders and lapping at things only there in his mind. Always in tune with the engine. Always in touch with the bike.

With oil-slicked fingers he brought up two cotter pins and clamped them between his teeth. His hands then went straight for his tits. He squeezed. His eyes were closed. His hum grew a little louder. His pelvis kept a new rhythm. He was just where he wanted to be. With one hand he reached up for one of

the pins, spread it by feel and made it at home at the place where his chest met a nipple. He grimaced and flicked it a finger-nail snap. He did it again with the other. He grabbed hold of both and twisted them—hard. The tone of his hum climbed a note. I reached up and worked my own tits on his lead.

He twisted and flicked and snapped them; did everything but yank them off. I pretty much did the same. I was almost disappointed when he bent back over, in spite of his grease-shadowed ass. But when I saw the vice-grips I knew just what Mike was thinking. He knew where he wanted them hanging and he needed some help in putting them there.

No banners were torn, no words were passed. It just happened. He held two pair of pliers out to me on upraised palms and we both knew it was time we touched. I walked to him out of the shadows.

Close up he smelled of motor oil and shone like a machine. His throat hummed the sound of an engine at idle. He was waiting to be driven. Waiting for me to drive. I took the tools he offered. His hands fell to his sides.

I made a fist and punched his chest. I stroked the flesh, hard and smooth and slick, and punched again. Each time we touched, his hum climbed in volume and in pitch. I shifted the pliers between my hands and stroked him with open fingers before I struck again. The pause in his humming when each blow landed sounded like a plea for more. I was only too pleased to oblige. I held the tools between my knees and used both hands to grasp. He gasped when I yanked on his nipples again and settled back into a faster hum.

I stepped away. I watched his eyes and watched him watch my hands. I adjusted the vice-grips to clamp closed and bite down on anything small put between them. I opened the catches and walked toward him slowly, one ready pair in each hand. He shuddered when they touched his skin. I teased him with the metal touch, running them up in his armpits and stroking them down on his flanks. When, together, I brought them home, he gasped and held his breath. I stopped. Mike forced himself to breathe again. Resumed his hum just where he'd stopped. Put himself back where he needed to be.

I flicked each side once with its own vice-grip titclamp and shoved them in toward him as far as they'd go before I clamped them down. He howled. He clenched his fists and writhed. I reached up to stroke his oil-soaked hair and bent his head forward and down. He leaned. The pliers swung out toward the floor. I nudged them with my knee. I brought his face into my crotch, reached down across his back, collected his wrists and held them together and fed him the length of my cock. His sucking was something mechanical; his rhythmic perfection was just what I wanted. He made no noise except to hum whenever he could



catch his breath. The note of his lust was still rising.

My own revs were mounting too fast. I backed myself out of his mouth and turned but held him bent down in his crouch. I circled him like he had circled my bike. I looked at the junk he'd assembled. I decided I'd do what he wanted me to. I'd just do it all in my own time.

Standing behind him and holding his wrists I stood to one side for a swing. The slap, when it landed, sent oil droplets flying and started a nasty red handprint. I landed another on top of the first. I rubbed the oil in hard. I lubed his flesh and turned up the heat; he answered by raising his hum. I moved him and turned him to shine the bike's light on his ass for a close look at what he'd been flashing my way.

My breath caught. If his ass had been a moon before, I had managed to turn it to Mars. Red. Angry. Very hot. Ready for my exploration.

The can I hadn't recognized held some kind of grease. The top was off. My hand went in. I brought up a glob of the stuff to his ass and scouted him out with my fingers. The hole was more than willing. He was open and ready for more.

I was tired of leaning over to hold his hands. I needed somewhere to park him for service. The bike was up on blocks. Mike would go up on the bike.

I walked him over. Sat him down. Made sure the vice-grips straddled the tank and gave them some yanks for good measure. Pressed his face down on my speedo and found me some cable ties down in his pile. I let go his wrists and swung them down. I fastened his arms to my fork. I caught myself humming in harmony with his rising pitch. I kneaded his shoulders. I reached for his screwdrivers.

The pile held seven or eight of them—each with a different-sized handle. Each with a different-type shaft. Their usual use didn't interest me now. The shape of their handles was perfect. Picking them up all together, I held them out like a bouquet. I touched them to Mike's nose and face. does. He must have been ready. His mouth flew open. His tongue went nuts.

His asshole was open, too; ready and greased. The screwdriver handles fit fine. With graduated sizes first and then two and three at a time, I gave his ass a screwing that would keep him adjusted for hours. His sweat rolled. His oil shone. He opened up and took it all. He quivered and shook and kept raising his hum. His thighs clamped the sides of my cloth-covered seat; his hose-clamped pouch swung down free. I grabbed it. I squeezed it. I yanked it back, holding its hot-oil slickness hard in the palm of my hand. I used it to pull him back down on his handles. I used it to lift him up high. The hum he sang started to falter. The asshole was begging for more.

I pulled out the screwdrivers, dipped up more grease—and decided to go for the elbow. But something was missing. Mike's

humming had stopped.

The silence was total and much too loud. We needed some music. The kind that Mike loved.

I checked the blocks. I looked at the sprockets—just as I'd expected, he'd pulled off the chain. I adjusted the dropcloth and the man stretched across it to make sure my bike wouldn't injure its slave. I grabbed hold of the cloth-covered throttle and thumbed the sucker to life.

The purr was perfect. The look on Mike's face said it all. The look of his business end wasn't bad either: He was ready to let me drive in.

His greasy hot pucker spread around my hand like a cylinder cradling a piston. The fit was perfect, the lube was right, the idling rhythm was easy to find. If Mike was still humming I no longer heard him, standing on my bike's off side, stroking his back with my right hand and fisting his ass with my left, feeling the heat from his thighs and my engine, sharing his lust for his hard metal master, moving in tune with its song.

I reached up across him to reset the choke: It made the mixture much too rich, but I knew it couldn't last for long. Mike was close already. He just revved himself up and took off.

The scream he let loose now was like some kind of metal howl. The motions he made looked just like an unbalanced machine. He howled and he babbled and he drooled on his dropcloth. His body convulsed and he strangled my hand. Somewhere deep in his belly a pump kicked in, powerful and overprimed. Down against my forearm, hard and round, the last valve squirmed and danced and gave itself up to the flow it couldn't hold, not anymore, not like this, and it opened and let loose the hard hot streams of slick white oil that shot into and out through the filtering cloth of his overstretched jock. He would have spun off in every direction if I hadn't tied him down. He shuddered and jerked. He writhed and gasped. The noises he made were inhuman. They were perfectly tuned to the bike.

Whatever his fantasy cliff was, he'd sailed off it fast and hard. Now I figured he'd land the same way. I slipped out as smooth and as quick as I could. The sob I got made my blood run cold.

His mechanical orgasm over, one spent bike slave now needed loose. I cut the engine. I cut his ties. I freed both his tits from their clamps. I sat him up and held him, hot and oily, to my chest. I kept touching him in places that I knew the bike could never reach. He melted and flowed in my hands.

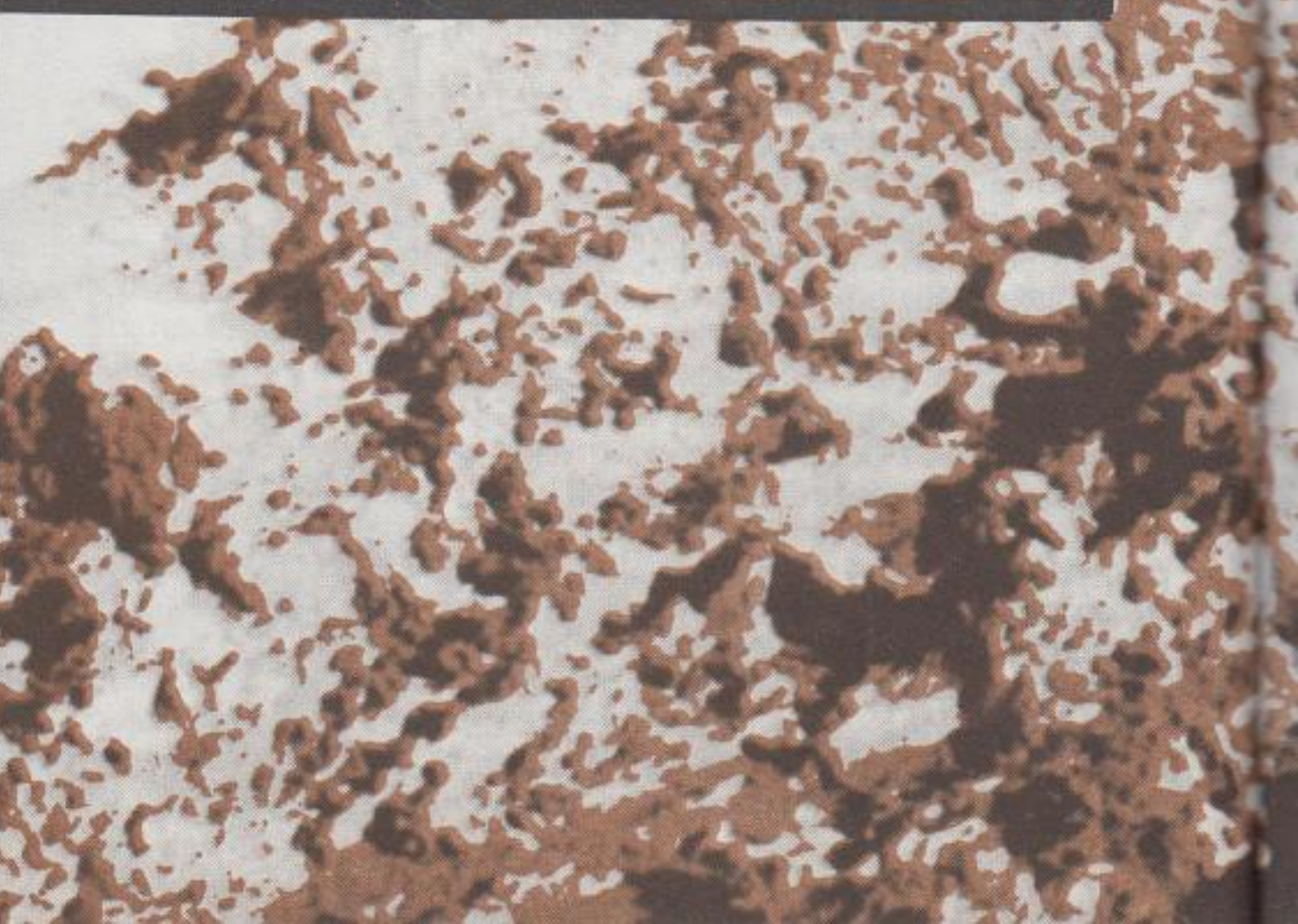
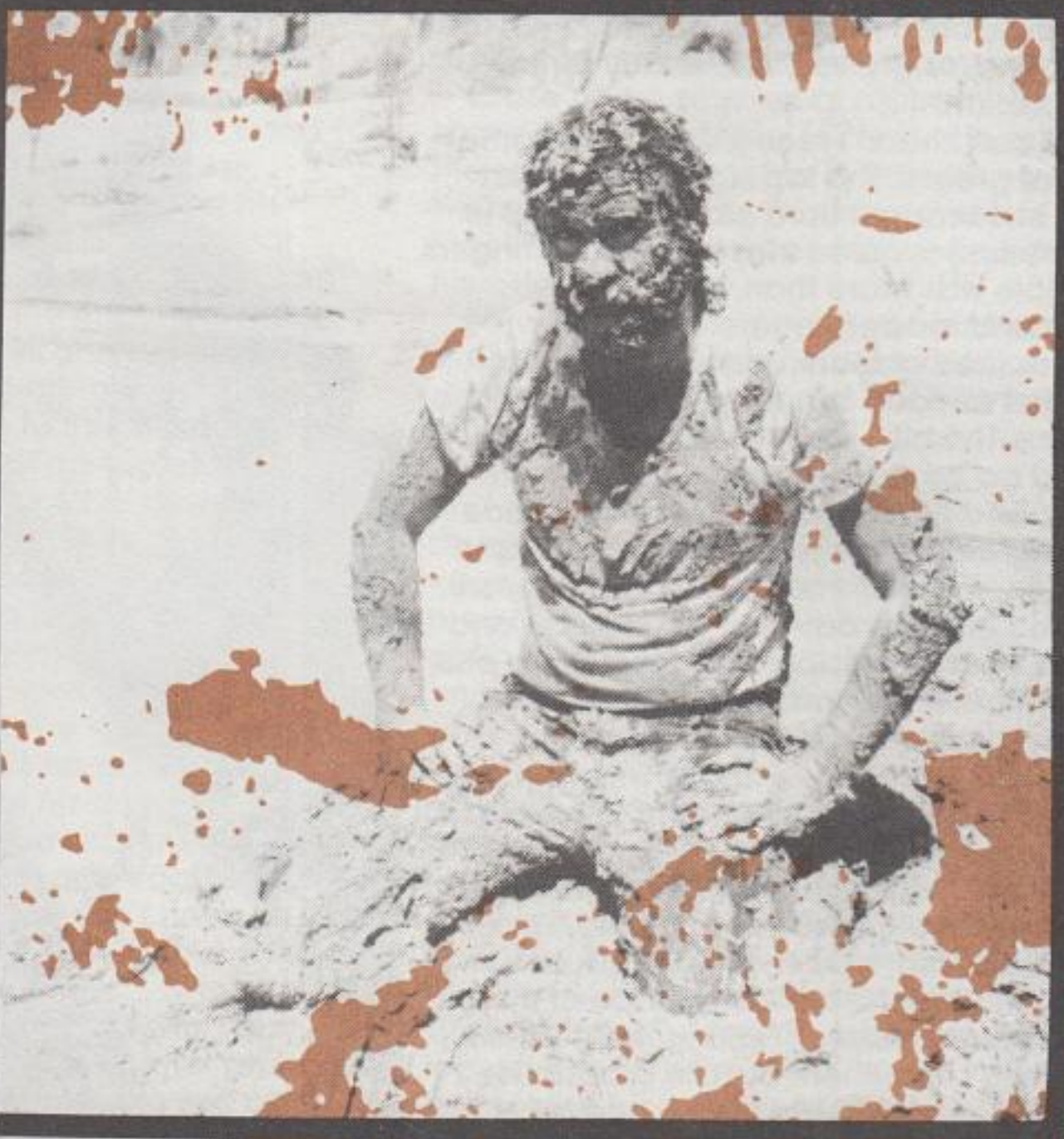
I still can't cook. I'm still no mechanic. These days I'm in bed by nine—but then I'm up again just after midnight. I sneak into Mike's shop just the way he knew I would the first time he watched me walk past. Lord, I love to watch that man make love to those bikes. Nobody loves bikes the way Mike does.

Especially now that they love him back. □






FETISH  
FEATURE **TOUGH  
CUSTOMER**








### MUD HOG

These fetish photos about say it all. Mud Hog likes wallowing with big guys into raunchy slimy rough stuff—in the mud—fully clothed or butt naked. Somewhere under all that Texas dirt is a beard, a pair of brown eyes, and a 36-year-old, 5'7" slimepervert into serious quagmire connections with the earth. Write TC 1302—do not send soap.

For more photos of this Tough Customer, see page 34.









LAST YEAR'S

**Rex**

# STORY CONTEST

1

9

8

7



Last year's Rex Story Contest was so successful we decided to make it something of a *Drummer* "literary tradition." Featured, here, is last year's third-place winner, "High Performance"

by Bill Starwalt, which was artfully inspired by the above illustration. Now, it's your turn to let the infamous Rex inspire the hidden literary artistic/sexual beast in you.

*The Rex Story Contest continues...*



# HIGH PERFORMANCE

by Bill D. Starwalt

***It was to be Dirk's last summer vacation working the old now deserted ramshackle filling station. It was unrelenting prairie hot. It was the soundless arrival of one violent man. It was the summer Dirk would hear the distant drum beat within himself . . .***

The Red River snakes an ever-changing path through the prairies between Minnesota and North Dakota. The people in towns that border its banks like to think of it as a valley, but to men from other places, it's a landscape unrelenting in its flat boredom. To a man of the prairie, its delights are more subtle, more rewarding for the effort expended to find them. Most pass through as quickly as possible on highways as straight as the rows of wheat and beets that flank them. Those who stop to look and listen are forever changed.

It was to this land that Dirk returned each summer to work at his uncle's filling station at the point where the town of Hallock merges with the fields. Dirk was familiar with the two old pumps and ramshackle garage which he had known since childhood. The setting had always served as a landmark for his memory. That summer would be the station's last. Dirk's uncle Oscar had taken a bad fall on last spring's ice and had moved to the convalescent home. Soon after, two shining and impersonal gas stations opened along the interstate across town, signaling the end of both the old station and Main Street.

For Dirk, it was a bittersweet finale. It was

his last year of summer vacation. Next year would bring his graduation from the university and entry into the world of 9 to 5. He knew that the innocent pleasures of small-town life would abruptly end, along with the station, come September. Secretly, he hoped for a dramatic event to preserve Oscar's station and this moment forever. Yet, as he whiled away the hours waiting for customers at the station, he thought of the stifling boredom, as inescapable as the July heat he now endured. "Nothing exciting in this valley anymore," he thought and smiled. "Not like when I was a kid."

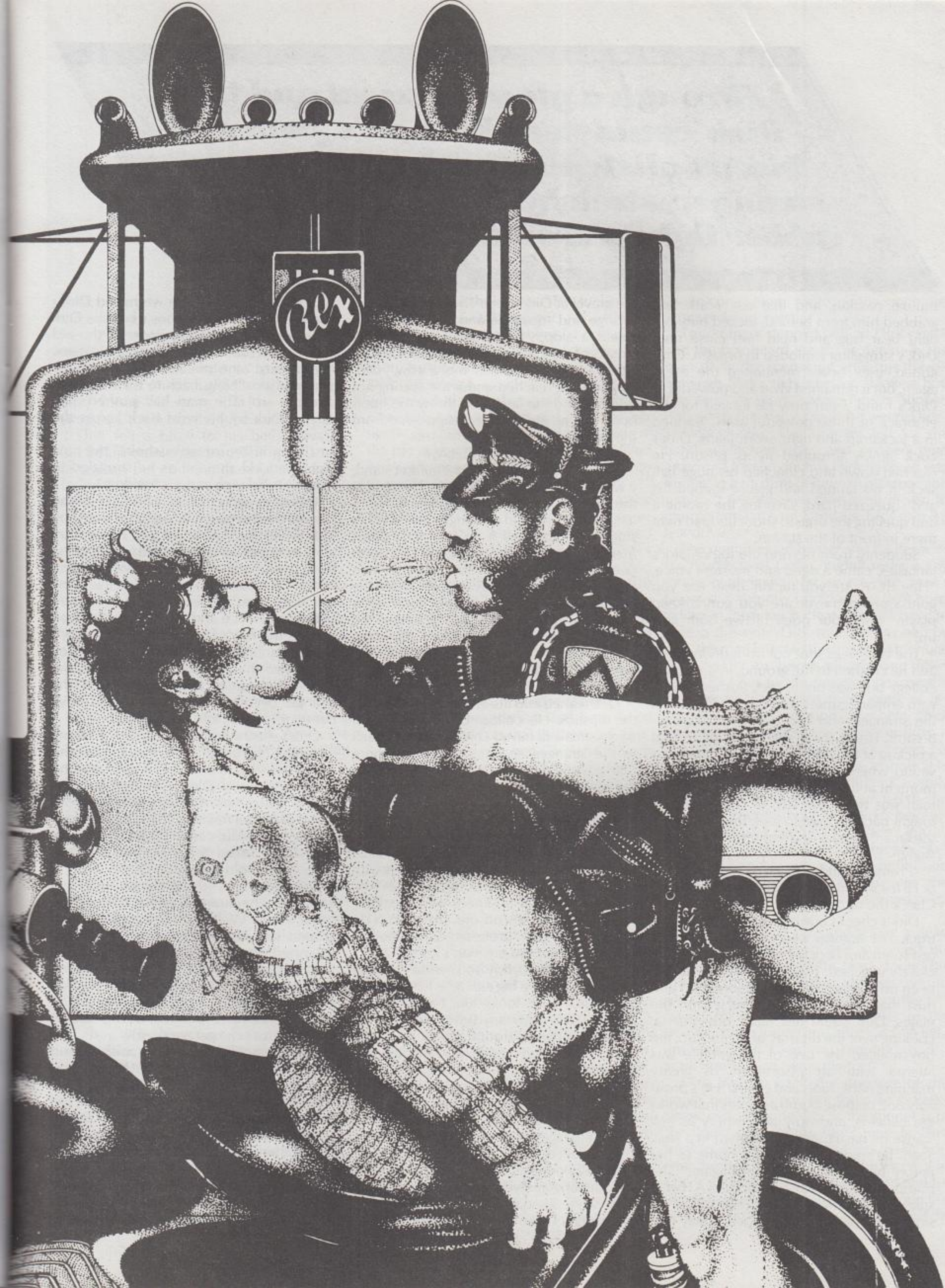
On that holiday weekend the temperature was unbearable, the town deserted for the cooler environs to the north and east. Nothing stirred the air but the shimmering heat that rose from the fields and made the horizon dance. Not a single car had disturbed the station's weedy gravel all morning, and in the burning white light of midday with several beers already down, Dirk decided to close early. "Not a damn fool would drive these backroads anymore," he muttered and kicked at the loose gravel that did nothing to hide the baked earth beneath it.

He opened another beer and leaned the chair against the station wall. Balanced

there on its two legs, he kept his face in the little shade provided by the eaves. He stripped off his stained work shirt, tipping the perspiring bottle to his mouth and letting the cool brew slide across his expectant tongue, as small rivulets of foam escaped the corners of his mouth. With his other hand, he swept away the sweat that drenched the thick mat of black hair on his chest. He wished that he could shed the rest of his sweaty clothes and hot boots, but in an hour or two he'd be at the creek, swimming bare assed in the deep, cool pool beneath the cottonwoods. Just the thought took him away from the oppressive heat and he began to stroke his chest, imagining the slow caress of the water's current. He reached to touch his hard nipples, imagining the river minnows that enjoyed nibbling on his tits. Dirk began to lose himself to his fantasies . . .

Pinching hard on his erect nipples carried Dirk on waves of alternating pleasure and pain to that day in early June when he and his best friend Mark had gone to the creek. Mark had always been more than a friend. And that day in the cool waters Dirk had realized the full meaning of his feelings. Wrestling in the shallows had been their







**Through a glaze of sweat and tears, Dirk could see the man's powerful biceps glistening with sweat as the stranger stretched and wound the rubber tightly around Dirk's ankles.**

mutual passion, and that day Mark had grabbed him from behind, locked him in a tight bear hug and held him close until Dirk's struggling exploded in orgasm. Chagrined, they never mentioned the event again, but it remained vivid and powerful in Dirk's mind. Even now he longed for the embrace of those powerful arms. Trapped in a jockstrap and tight, worn jeans, Dirk's cock slowly throbbed in its prison. He reached down and clenched his huge ball sack in his tanned and grease-stained fist and squeezed hard, savoring the moment and quelling the urge to shoot his load right there in front of the station.

Suddenly, from beyond the fog of Dirk's fantasies, came a deep and insistent voice. "Hey, BOY! Are you fuckin' deaf? Are you gonna pump me or are you gonna keep playin' with your prick till we both give up?"

The chair legs shot out from under Dirk, and he crashed to the ground. In an instant college boy was on his feet, flushed scarlet with embarrassment and face to chest with the stranger who had destroyed his daydreams. The dust was slowly settling around a pickup at the pumps. Dirk hadn't heard a sound when it pulled in. He stared for a moment at the huge chest before him. The man was twice the size of Dirk. The boy fought back an urge to look the stranger in the face. "Regular or premium?" Dirk asked shyly.

"Premium, and without attitude, asshole, or I'll tell your mommy what you were up to! Check the oil, too, boy."

Dirk's cheeks burned as he walked to the truck. The stranger went around back to the rest room and Dirk felt relieved at not being closely watched. The pickup had obviously been on a long haul, it was more mud and dust than metal. Through the grit on the plates, Dirk could just make out Alberta. Looking over the disarray of the pickup, the boy noticed the bed of the vehicle was littered with an assortment of greasy machine parts, tools and chain. "He's probably one of those dumb assholes that works the oilfields, and now he's ornery as hell 'cause he hasn't seen his woman in a year. Yeah, he's beating ass to get home to her before he has to turn around again." The pump stopped with a shudder. A back-splash of gas muddied the dust down the side of the pickup and dripped slowly into

the gravel at Dirk's feet. The boy grabbed a sponge and squeegee and gave the windshield a sloppy once-over, leaving large streaks of mud concentrated on the driver's side. "I hope the fucker hits a cow," Dirk laughed. He reached under the searing hot hood, found the latch and threw the hood open just as the stranger reappeared from the station.

"Aren't you finished yet, boy?"

If there was anything Dirk couldn't stand, it was being called "boy." Inside, he raged at the thought, but something told him to hold it in. "This guy could be dangerous, but holy shit, I'll be damned if he isn't the hottest man I've ever seen." A rugged face with deep-set hazel eyes that burned hotter than the sun on Dirk's back. A bad haircut left the man with a ragged, unkempt look. Dirk realized why he had resisted looking at the stranger earlier, as the sight of him now caused Dirk to drift back into fantasy. The boy dreamed of the grip of those powerful arms. . .

Dirk leaned into the engine, searching for the dipstick. His college boy's tight butt in sweat-streaked, frayed Levi's presented itself to the stranger, sparking desire for more than gas and oil. A palpable tension hung in the still air like the insistent buzz of the grasshoppers. Below their whine, Dirk could hear breathing and the crunch of gravel as the man slowly approached.

"What's the problem, boy? Can't reach that far?" The man circled Dirk's wrists with his hands. The boy was paralyzed with a hit of adrenaline and his knees went weak.

"Get your hands off me, man, I can do this myself!" Dirk protested as he tried to struggle free of the big man's grasp.

"I don't think so, boy. You need a real man to help you with a big machine like this. The oil's fine, but it looks like I'm gonna be about a quart low any time now . . ." He closed his hands around Dirk's balls, and continued, "even though that hefty dipstick of yours registers full to capacity." He laughed at the mock seriousness of his own voice, but Dirk saw no humor whatsoever in it as the stranger pushed the boy toward the old garage doors.

Dirk yelled, "What the hell do you . . ."

He was cut short with a bark, "Shut the fuck up, boy, and you're not gonna get hurt! Now we're gonna do a little body work in the garage. Open that door before I break

your fuckin' arm off!" He wrenched Dirk's arm even higher up the boy's back as Dirk flung open the creaking doors of the old garage that hadn't been used in years. "Good boy!" the man crooned in mock appreciation. "Now, back to the truck and drive 'er in." The man half pushed, half carried Dirk by his wrist back across the gravel.

"Damn it! Let me go, asshole!" the now frightened kid shouted as he struggled to regain his balance and his freedom.

The stranger grabbed Dirk's belt and heaved the boy painfully on top of the hood of the pickup. "I watched you earlier, boy, and I noticed that you needed a cleaner rag to do the job right. Now lick it! Wet it down and lick it clean like you should have done the first time." Dirk could feel the grit between his face and the glass as the man ground the boy's face into the dirty windshield. Panting, Dirk stuck out his tongue and licked the glass as he was told to do. "Open the door, fucker! I said OPEN it!" the stranger bellowed. "Now, get in and drive her nice an' easy into the garage."

Dirk's heart and mind raced. Shaking violently, he turned over the engine and threw the stick into first. The gears ground and whined and Dirk's blunder was met with a sharp, hard backhand to the head that set his ears ringing. Dirk fumbled again for the stick shift, carefully slid it into gear and slowly rolled the truck into the dark recess of the old garage.

"I see you're enjoying this as much as I am, kid!" The stranger put a knife to the boy's throat. With his free hand, the man groped hard into Dirk's pulsing crotch. Dirk squirmed in pain. His balls twisted painfully in their tight confines. "Yeah, boy, I'm gonna show you what it really means to play grease monkey. I'm gonna give you a lube job and check your points and plugs! So get out and close the garage door!"

The door slid to the floor with a loud crash, but there was no one but the boy and the man to hear it.

With the knife again at Dirk's throat, the man marched the boy back into the garage where the oven-like heat brought back reality. The smell of old, oily rags, gasoline and lubricants mixed with the scent of the two sweaty men in an intoxicating blend that again made Dirk's cock rise. "I'm gonna have to do something about that damn



***He reached down and clenched his huge ball sack in his tanned and grease-stained fist and squeezed hard, savoring the moment and quelling the urge to shoot his load.***

prick of yours," the stranger grumbled. He forced Dirk's arms behind the boy's back. He viciously bound Dirk's hands together with rubber tubing until he was satisfied that Dirk wouldn't be able to stretch and wriggle free. Dirk fought the tight rubber that pinned his wrists, but the more he struggled, the more the tube constricted.

Dirk felt a blow to his belly and fell backward in delirious pain. The boy wanted to scream but couldn't make a sound. He found himself gasping in a shallow pit of sand where countless engines had been drained of their oil and where he now contributed his own sweat and rising vomit. Over the pounding in his head, he could barely hear the man behind him saying, "Just kicking your tires there, boy. I want to make sure you're gonna be a good used machine before I buy you. I've just got a few more tests to do to prove you're not a lemon."

Several minutes passed, filled with sounds, pain and emotions that Dirk had never before experienced. He could only move his body slightly as he tried to see what the man was doing behind his back. Again, the boy tried to free his hands. "I'm gonna kill that fucker! I'll tie him and cut him up!"

Suddenly the big man loomed above him. He lifted Dirk's boots and began to bind the kid's feet with more rubber tubing. Dirk tried to shift his legs, tried to kick at the man's vulnerable balls and massive, stiff cock, but the boy was paralyzed by his erotic fear. Now frantic, Dirk thought, "Don't tie me . . . please, please don't tie me up! I'll be good . . . I—I'll do what you want. Don't hurt me. I promise to be a good boy, sir!" Through a glaze of sweat and tears, Dirk could see the man's powerful biceps glistening with sweat as the stranger stretched and wound the rubber tightly around the kid's ankles.

"Boy, we're gonna see how many gallons your tank holds . . ." Roaring blackness obscured the rest of his threat, sweeping Dirk into oblivion.

In time Dirk's mind eventually cleared and he tensed his aching limbs—realizing that he was hogtied and helpless. Not only had the man tied his wrists to his ankles, but the stranger had also bound the boy's knees and arms above the elbows. Another tube stretched from the kid's feet to his neck, where it wound tightly at his throat. Any

struggle would choke him. "The fucker's no novice at this," Dirk thought, as he tried to stretch the restricting rubber far enough to move a few inches. Exhausted, college boy soon surrendered to his captor's bonds. Dirk attempted to clear his throat and discovered his mouth gagged with a rough, oily cloth held firmly in place by another tightly stretched tube. The sickening taste of the old rag crept down his throat and filled him with anger as the big man stepped into view, the shining knife still in his grasp.

The stranger lightly rested his boot at the back of Dirk's head. "You're not gonna give me any trouble, kid." The man pushed steadily, his heel digging deep into Dirk's skull as the boy yelled into the gag and strained against his bonds, fully expecting to suffocate beneath the man's heel. No amount of struggling could stop the slow torture, heightened by the man's loud laughter and obvious enjoyment of his domination. "Yeah, holler all you want, you little bastard, no one but me and you can hear it." Dirk could feel himself falling into a dark abyss of resignation, and he calmed himself with the fact that this was the end.

The stranger wrenched Dirk's head from the sand and slapped the boy hard and repeatedly into recognition of his pain and the situation. Again Dirk was wild-eyed and struggling. "I'm not gonna snuff you, not yet, boy! You've got a lot of work to do for me yet, and besides, I like seeing a dumb fuck like you tied up, gagged, and struggling—scared shitless." The garage filled with the sound of the man's haunting laughter. Then, he split Dirk's jeans and jock with a quick flash of his knife, exposing the firm, steaming flesh of the boy's genitals. "I should cut these balls off right now, so you won't try anything," the stranger whispered close to Dirk's ear as he slid the dull side of the blade beneath Dirk's outstretched scrotum.

Dirk yelped into the gag and his cock jumped involuntarily in response. "Yeah, that's what I like to see, boy—a good spark. I'm just gonna have to tie these up and save 'em." He slowly bound Dirk's balls in tight bands of rubber, stretching them until they stood out full and shining. He continued up the rigid shaft of the kid's cock, encasing all but the massive head, slick with precum, until it glowed to match the orbs of Dirk's bound nuts. "Nothing I like better than a rock hard set of dick 'n' nuts tied tight and

saluting me. Now we're gonna continue your servicing, boy."

The stranger stepped behind Dirk's back and the boy heard the rip of denim as the man drew the menacing knife up the slit between Dirk's tight cheeks. "Hottest butt I've seen in years." Male fingers slipped deep into the hairy crack between Dirk's sweaty cheeks. The stranger felt for the tightly clenched hole, and pressed hard against its locked door as Dirk hollered into his gag in a mixture of intense pleasure and panic. "I see this has only been driven to church and back on Sundays. Let's give it a test drive."

The man pressed harder and harder with his thumb until Dirk couldn't resist it any longer. Lubricated by sweat, the man's finger slid abruptly into the hot, tight hole. "Hmmm, not much clearance. I'll have to stretch this out." Dirk squirmed as one by one, the man inserted the fingers of his huge right hand. An unnatural pleasure filled Dirk's head as finally, the man coaxed the first, second, and then third joints of his fingers into the hot, moist manhole. "Not bad, not bad, boy! Guess I'd better flush it out some." He roughly rolled Dirk over, his fingers still deep in the tense asshole. He began to spread the hole wider. Carefully guiding with his fingers, the man fed the tip of a large metal funnel into Dirk's helpless ass and thrust it deep into the boy's gut.

Terrified, Dirk screamed into his gag, "Let me go!" The man reached for his unfinished beer and poured its contents into the waiting funnel, laughing as it drained deep into Dirk's ass.

"You move a muscle and you're a dead boy!" The man stood and surveyed his work, then stepped to his truck, found his litre of Canadian whiskey and returned to his prisoner. Taking a deep swill of the hot liquor, he emptied the remainder of the bottle into the funnel and chuckled, "A little antifreeze will keep you running good. I want you in high performance!"

Dirk tried to back the pressure of the liquor out of his gut, but the man's steady finger over the opening of the funnel kept the liquid deep in the boy's bowels. Dirk tried to shift to his side but the man's grip kept the boy in place. Soon, the alcohol in Dirk's gut made its way to his head and he began to swim in the intoxication. Soon the beer and whiskey would pour from the kid's



***Slowly the man withdrew,  
flicked the drops of cum from  
his still-hard cock and cuffed  
Dirk hard alongside the head.***

ass.

Dirk writhed drunk in his bonds, the thick gag silencing his frantic protests as the man stepped to the workbench. Dirk heard the crashing sounds of heavy metal as the stranger pawed through the tools in search of something to satisfy his needs. "Uh-huh, there it is, just what we need, boy."

The man strode back to Dirk's side, a large plumber's wrench in his hand. Groaning and shaking his head no, Dirk again submitted to his captor's upper hand—there was no contest. The man smeared the long handle of the wrench with axle grease and with deep breaths said, "Yep, I thought so, your cylinder's gonna need a new plug." He spread Dirk's ass, slathered grease over the tight hole and pressed the handle against the resisting sphincter. Despite Dirk's shouts, the man threw weight and purpose into the wrench and finally, Dirk's asshole opened to the invasion. Dirk could feel it slide slowly and deeply into his gut and realized that to resist its advance was more painful than to allow it to fill his ass with the hard chill of metal.

"That's right, relax and let it in. Feels good, don't it?" the stranger growled, glancing at Dirk's throbbing cock. Again, the man grabbed the wrench and pulled it almost all of the way out of Dirk's hole. And then—in—again. "Yep, that shaft's got a good stroke now," he said, oblivious to Dirk's deep animal-like moaning.

The man grabbed Dirk's hair and pulled the boy roughly to his knees. Dirk's head spun and he began to fall sideways. A quick cut behind Dirk's head removed the enforcement of the gag. Dirk allowed the man to pull the rag from his mouth. "I want you quiet, boy. Do you understand?" Dirk nodded, running his dry tongue over salty lips. With a wry smile, the stranger reached and pulled an oil spout from his back pocket. "What did I tell you, boy? You're low on lubricant. Over a quart, I'd say, judging by your dipstick! I don't want you runnin' too hot!" the man laughed as he stepped toward Dirk, waving the spout in the boy's face.

"Open up!" the stranger shouted. Dirk jumped, the chain rattled, his cock and balls danced, the steel in his ass probed even deeper and he almost lost his balance. Deep within, he could hear the booming of the drum, cajoling him, urging him, giving him courage to accept. He locked eyes with

the dark stranger and in that powerful exchange, surrendered his will to that of his more powerful master.

He opened his mouth and himself to whatever his master desired.

A hank of hair in his fist, the man pushed Dirk's head back and slowly inserted the spout between Dirk's teeth, then deep into the boy's throat. Fighting the urge to gag, Dirk concentrated on the burning gaze of the man's eyes. The spout descended deeper and stopped only when Dirk couldn't open his mouth any wider. "That's my good boy, you hold it there and don't you move a muscle." Standing inches from Dirk's face, the man slowly unbuckled and removed his belt, laying it carefully over Dirk's shoulder. Button by button, he opened the fly of his jeans. The long dark hairs of his forearms brushed Dirk's chin and the boy moaned as the heavy, sensual smell of the man filled his nostrils. The man reached into his jeans and withdrew the glistening meat of his full, uncut cock and stroked it lovingly in Dirk's face.

Liquid released. At its sour taste, Dirk choked and piss streamed from the corners of his boy mouth and down his chest, dripping from his tethered balls. "Take it slow, boy, 'cause you're gonna take it all." Dirk concentrated on the warmth of the piss in his mouth and opened his throat to accept the humiliation. The man filled the kid's mouth with more urine and waited for the liquid to drain before filling it again and again.

"Yep, at least a 10-gallon tank," the stranger said, shaking the last golden drops from his cock head. "Might as well top it off," he resolved. And the man began to stroke his cock again until it stood hard and straight above Dirk's receptive mouth. "You've passed, boy! You're gonna be my personal grease monkey, uh-huh. Nobody else can do service like you, boy! Yeah, I'll be back, an' you'll take care of my machine again," the stranger crooned as he slid his wet, pungent cock up and down the spout, rocking his towering body back and forth in time to the repeated plunge of his meat.

Dirk lost himself in a world where his body no longer existed, only waves of sensual, dangerous energy kept him in touch with his surroundings. The drum beat in his head drowned out everything but its own insistent call to arms, that he must follow. Long denied, its sound crashed

through all doubt and hesitation.

Dirk realized that he himself was the drummer.

Both men simultaneously burst with raging orgasm. The stranger roared, pulled the oil spout from Dirk's mouth and thrust his cock deep into the boy's throat, where spasms shook both of them to the core of their experiences. Dirk was over the edge. Gulping wildly at the man's cock, the boy could only want more. Dirk felt the stiff rod of the wrench deep within his ass, and rocking on his heels, fucked himself as hard and deep as he possibly could, knowing that the wrench was as strong and uncompromising as the man himself. He now knew that to be beaten, bound, gagged and fucked afforded the greatest freedom of all. To surrender himself totally, he had to examine the very depths of his own soul.

Therein he found the wings to fly.

Slowly the man withdrew, flicked the drops of cum from his still-hard cock and cuffed Dirk hard alongside the head. Dirk did not flinch. His gaze did not stray from his master's as the man gagged him tightly again with the rag. The man stepped quickly to the door of the garage, threw it open and turned to Dirk. Staring long and hard at his bound conquest, he grinned slightly and said "I'll be back." With that, he swung himself into the open door of the pickup, roared the engine to life and backed quickly out of the garage. With the squeal of tires and crunch of gravel, he was gone. Dirk laid his spinning head in the sand to wait.

Late that night, Dirk was discovered by another traveler after the boy had managed to crawl to the door of the garage. After a trip to the county medical center to certify that no damage had been done, Dirk sat distant and impatient in the sheriff's office answering incessant questions. "You're damn lucky to be alive," the sheriff said. "That man could have done a lot worse. I just can't believe something like this happening. That kind of nonsense happens in the cities, not here! He must have been from outstate, right? OK, you've given me his description, did you get the make, model and license of the car?"

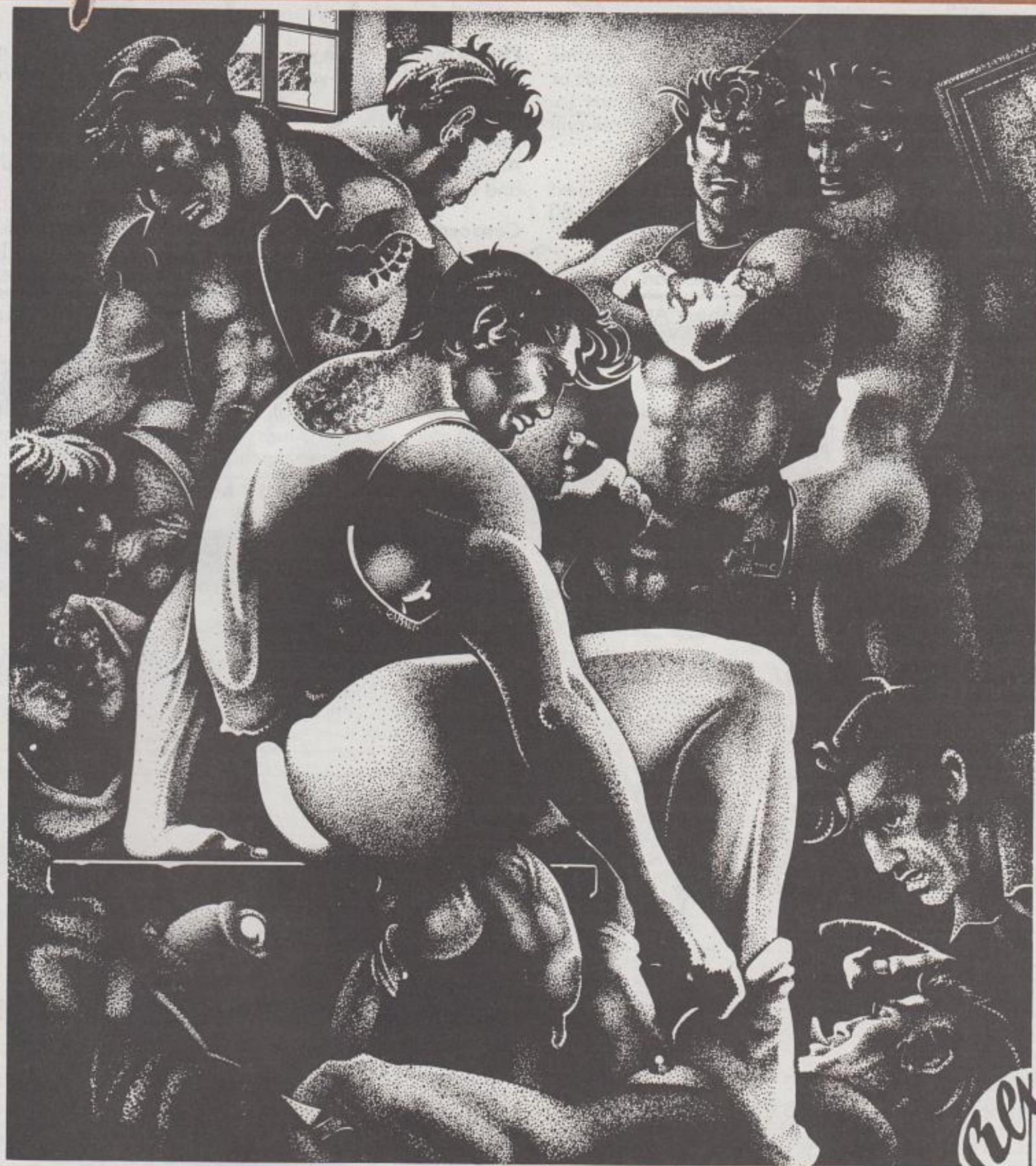
From within, Dirk heard the now familiar staccato rhythm as his answers were transcribed. "Uh, I think it was an '85 Honda hatchback—blue, and, uh, the license . . . umm, GV529, from Colorado . . ." □



# Rex

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Letters, drawings and photos exchanged. Box 6612.

### EXCEPTIONAL HOT MAN

42, seeks exceptional younger man. I'm 5'10", 160 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, good build and looks, very masculine, dynamic, stable, successful, intense and caring. If you're very good-looking, well-built, intelligent, stimulating and thrive on dominance/submission, send letter with photo to: Mitch, PO Box 9395, Scottsdale, AZ 85252. Box 6398LF

### SLAVE BOY WANTED

Two hot Chicago Masters, 28/31, bearded, tattooed and pierced, seeking hot boy. Must be into heavy nipple work just like his Masters. Must be honest, into leather, discipline, bondage and fantasy. Boy will be shaved, collared and hooded. Relocation possible. Send submissive letter and photo immediately. Box 6377LF

### SPLATTER ME WITH PIES

Handsome W/M, 36, seeking attractive, assertive man who will throw pies at me after tying me up and tickling my tits. I'm into shaving cream and pie fights, light bondage, titplay, hairy chests, foodsex. Send letter and photos. Box 6601.

### BUTCH BOTTOM WANTED

Must be muscular, butch, submissive. Interested in more than fantasy fulfillment. Seeking rare find, no-bullshit relationship. Me: unusual WM, 37, 5'11", 175 lbs., dark moustache and beard, loner, masculine, muscular, hairy. Successful, confident, in charge. Emotionally available. Not into gay scene. Landmark, 227 N. Federal Highway, Dania, FL 33004.

### URSUS HORRIBILIS

GWM, 40, 6'2", 230#, black hair, beard, moustache, hairy, nonsmoker, biker, hung, cut. Lookin' for an equal for puttin' and partyin'. Into bikers, cops, truckers, bears, construction workers, etc., especially hairy, hung, uncut. Not into top/bottom, master/slave, bullshit games. Non-tobacco users only. LF6440.

### HOT DADDY IS ON HIS KNEES

Dad's a strong, smart, successful, good-looking man, 43, 5'10", 160 lbs., thinning black hair, brown eyes, swimmer's build, very masculine and intense. You're the object of his worship, a young man with very good looks, body and mind who know what he wants. Letter and photo to Bob, PO Box 45355, Phoenix, AZ 85064.



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From wronged sons' kinky wrath this Daddy won't flinch; ass & nipples primed for a boot, prod or pinch; bound naked & gagged to stifle the screams caused by brutal condom-capped cocks expanding Dad's throat & ass seams. Finally blindfolded in disgrace as young balls, butts & bladders erupt on his face. Bob, Miami. After midnite, 305-274-4773 Box 6509LF.

**ASSUME THE POSITION**

Mature hung Master wants weekend masochist sons under 40 who need a good workout and can show their stuff. No wimps, preppies, marrieds. Prefer bluecollar, military or construction types. One of the area's best-equipped slave rooms. Request application. Tom, PO Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123.

**DADDY'S BOY 1988**

Submissive country boy seeks dominant coach to provide discipline and respect. Quiet, shy boy (30, 5'9", 165 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and moustache) looking for experienced muscular Dad (35-45) for BB training and leather sex. Into Levi, leather, uniforms, and cowboys. Will relocate. Box 6232LF

**SENSITIVE TOP**

seeks sincere bottom for father/son relationship. Should be 18-35, average weight, interests in all safe aspects of S/M, bondage, daily spankings. Will help right son. Relocation necessary. Am 39, 6'2", 175 lbs., brown/blue. Send picture, detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 39, Oshkosh, WI 54907-0039. (LF6231)

**LEATHERMAN**

WM, 5'6", 135 lbs., 35 yrs. old, S-P hair, hzl eyes, 6 1/2" cut, goatee. Looking for leatherman who has tested HIV-pos and not afraid to continue with his life. Can be kinky, depends on partner, open-minded. Leatherman should be about the same. Facial hair a must. Don't be shy. Call Terry (812) 422-3786 Daddy-Son.

**LEATHER TOP**

seeks serious bondage slave for intense, prolonged scenes. If you are into immobilization, CB&TT, W/S, shaving, rubber and total submission and are under 40, in shape and ready for the experience, reply with photo, descriptive letter and phone to this 30-year-old BB, 5'8", 165 lbs., Top. LF4883

**MUTUAL RAUNCH**

Bearded WM, 5'8", 135, 40, likes hard rock, beer, poppers, fireplaces, rain, wet dirty Lees, leather, boots, seeks slender GM, black a+, 40+ or into mutual WS, shit, SM, BD, top, bottom, snuggles, ready for monog. relationship, lover, friend, willing to relocate to NC. Box 6236LF

**BOTTOM/SON? CALL DAD NOW**

Chicago Daddy/top seeks son/bottom for intense physical/mental relationship. Must be in shape, masculine manboy who needs to be controlled by taller (6'4") man. Into spanking, fucking, getting sucked, jocks, and creative play. Want a long-term relationship with Dad? Proud to be a boy? Serious? Call John, (312) 682-4558 after 6:30 PM Chicago time.

**GOT AN ACCENT?**

Want a blowjob? SF area, but I like mail. Pref. skinny guys, smooth dark skin. Box Alpha.

**DAD SEEKS B/B SON**

Successful W/M, 36, 5'10", 155 lbs., will provide opportunity for full-time training in return for submissive son. Possible live-in or your own place. GW, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

**BEAUTIFUL DAD WANTED!**

Dominant European guy, 38, 6'1", 160 lbs., trim, hairy, masculine, dark hair/eyes, reliable, seeks submissive professional/retired dad over 55 for lifetime relationship. Leather is great, so are business suits. Want to worship Dad but also dominate him. All scenes considered. Will relocate. Photo a must. Box 6308LF

**SON/SLAVE**

You are any age, not fem or fat, obedient, energetic, needing direction, capable of giving and receiving love, loyalty, permanency. Dad is in perfect health, 57, 6'1", 160 lbs., 6" cut, bald, glasses, into constant but leisurely travel by van, nudity, massage, wrestling, BD, SM, earned affection. Letter, photo, phone to Dad on the road; I may be near you now. Box 6309LF

**MUSCLE BOY SLUT**

6', 195 lbs., 46c, 32w, 27. Ready to roid out & muscle up to 220+. Turn into muscle slut ape. Into heavy muscle, exhibition, leather, shaving, W/S, 3+ ways. Seek 1 or more serious BB tops. Send photo & letter. Box 6689.

**TOM OF FINLAND TYPE**

in shape (5'11", 175 lbs., 42"c, 31"w), size (8" cut) and attitude, seeks same—any age or race—for mutual physique critique by photo and fantasy. After that, the future is ours. So, get it off now to this 43-year-old Tom's man at Box 6683LF

**MASTER SEEKS SLAVE**

You must be under 35 for consideration as permanent live-in boy. Others for week/week-end training. Be in good shape or be ready to work out together to get there. Master is 36, 5'11", 210 lbs., blue/blond, demanding—leather, Levis, boots, whips, bondage, pain, service, suffering and servitude. Hank, (612) 690-4167. (LF6457)

**MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVES**

for Boston Muscle Boy stable. Master, 38, tall, well-built, construction worker's body, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated seeks slaves, 18-26, smooth, hard, well defined bodies, gymnasts & body builders needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college jocks a plus. I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective and caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work/school as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top quality applicant. Physique photos, letter with biographical information, fantasies, qualifications, telephone to Master, Suite 296, 105 Charles St., Boston, MA 02114 617-437-1821



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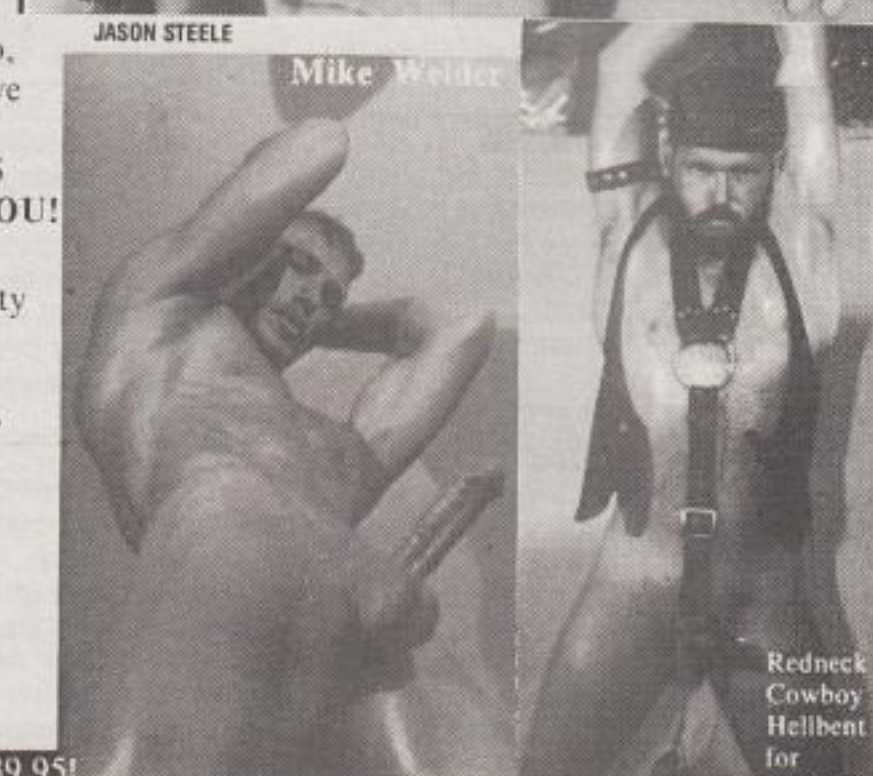
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44



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JASON STEELE

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### DESERT MANEUVERS

USMC/SEAL, BB, footballer, wrestler, cop other hot well-built WMs sought by Italian top, 35. Especially big men who need mutual pleasure to serve, or be used/abused. Almost any scene, especially pec/TT, sweat, L/L, kinky. Occ., PO Box 319, Henderson, NV 89015.

### CORIACEOUS

Unpretentious, academic, quiet, peripheral to scenes and the scene, generally openminded, total leatherman, late 30s, Boston, MA area seeks other educated leatherlovers 25-49 for conversation, information, correspondence or friendship. I have many interests, friends, a lover and am monogamous, but my leather needs attention. Box 5978LF

### SLAVEBOY(S) NY/NJ/PA

Handsome, experienced, muscular, trim, well-built master 36, 6'1", 150, seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary, weekend, who is trim, under 35, well built. Limitation accepted, but will expand. Novice welcome. Well designed and equipped dungeon. Write with picture to PO Box 195, New Hope, PA 18938 (LF6453)

### WICCAN MASTER AND HIS SLAVE

are interested in networking with similar-minded men. Absolutely no Satanists, please. Also wants to locate man to do quality processing of 35mm b/w &/or color film. Write: Panman, PO Box 80053, Mpls., MN 55408

### BELLY BUTTON FETISH!!!

Please tell me about your belly button. Does an exotic body part turn you on? Let's trade hot fantasies, up-close photos. Maybe more! Box 6494

### I'M BOTTOM OR MUTUAL

W/M, 42, 5'9", 150 lbs., beard, pierced, seeks in-shape blacks and others into pain, torture, verbal humiliation, heavy tit/ball pulling, twisting, pinching, stretching. Beer drinkers, safe raunch, spit, W/S. Safe Sex. Interested in Satanism. Work 3-11 PM. Call or write Karl, 836 Wheeler St., Woodstock, IL 60098. (815) 338-9137. (LF6508)

### SHORT HAIR/SHAVING

WM 41, 5'9", 148 in Nashville likes shaving bobs and stroking short haircuts. Under 45 please. Box 6634.

### SLAVE READY TO SERVE

WM, 29, 6', 175, healthy, HIV Neg, seeking man to serve as permanent full-time slave. Real slavery comes only with total commitment and I am willing to give that—I will become your property Sir and serve you in any way you require. This is not a bullshit ad. Sir, serious replies only please. Box 6635.

### HEADS & BODIES WANTED

For cuts, clips & shaves. All types—trims to full shaves, body or head. South Florida location or nationwide—a visit to the barber has never been more enjoyable. Respond Box 6637

### BOOTLOVER

You and your boots need heavy services. I am excellent bootlover. Let your fantasy come true. Box 6639.

### RUBBER AND PLASTIC

Hot raunchy sex wrapped in plastic, hoods, gloves, rubber suits. W/S, scat, sweat. W/M, 39, 5'11", 180 lbs., moustache, beard. Box 6643

### LIFETIME MASTER DADDY

Committed dominant Daddy seeks younger healthy submissive son for dedicated relationship. Sane experimentation into all safe phases of S&M. Balanced by a long-term, monogamous, loving Dad/son relationship. Are you man and boy enough? Write with photo to Box 61, Arlington, VA 22210. (LF5270)

### BOOTS LEATHER BONDAGE

Seek mature muscular top interested in boots bondage hoods oil jocks biking softball weights rigid service shaving C&B work hot lube. (312) 274-5479. Box 6260LF

### WALT WHITMAN TYPE DRUMMER DADDY

(artist) awaits volunteer model top for new wave paintings and drawings. 25-55. Some bondage: safe, physical intimacy. Modest room and board, no wage. Lifetime or long-term relationship possible. Serious-minded suit-wearer a plus. 47, 6', 175lbs, employed, tall, dark, and GQ handsome. Homosexuals only. Box 6270LF

### SEEK DOMINANT SON

Executive, 57-year-old, 5'11", 172 lbs., silver moustache, 7" uncut, seeks 18 to 36 to 5'9", masculine, boyish, horny jock ass stud, commanding body worship, rimming, watersports. This hot butt Dad craves verbal abuse, mild ass beating, shaving, piss, enemas, sucking. Call (415) 929-7124 (LF6242)

### TEXAS COCKSUCKER

Need more practice, Sir. 36 white male, cut, brown/blue, 5'9", 150 pounds. Enjoy French Active, light SM, leather, collars, tit/cock/ball torture, bondage, bootlicking. Not a slave, but have many slave qualities. Uncuts, Latins a plus, but by no means exclusive (no blacks). Also enjoy correspondence, swap jocks/underwear, Phone jackoff. Send picture, phone. All responses answered SIR. Thank You, SIR. P.S. I'm pee-shy, hope you aren't. Box 6659

### HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

(32, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded, versatile) seeks buddies into leather, Levis, boots, uniforms, S&M, B&D, fucking, FF and more for heavy scenes. Ich kann auf Deutsch. Photo to Bridwell, 4734 N. Magnolia Avenue, Chicago, IL 60640.

### YOUNG SLAVE BOY—18-28

Drop your pants and show your handsome, masculine master your beautiful cock, smooth, round buns, and sweet tight asshole. Explore safe mutual WS, scat, and diaper play. Serve and be serviced in stable, supportive San Francisco live-in situation. Photo/letter to Box 6644.

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#### A MAN TO OWN

W/M slave, 29, 6', 175, seeking to serve a master as permanent full-time slave. Will serve as required without limits. I'm healthy, HIV neg and 100% serious Sir. Give me a chance I won't disappoint you. Box 6649

#### SON/SLAVE AVAILABLE

Please take this 6'2" 185 lb. good-looking boy under your wing. I have known for a long time what I was born to be—now it's time to live it. Somewhat limited but will not say no to right Master. Photo/phone. Box 6650

#### CIGAR MASTER WANTED

into bondage, discipline. Take your frustrations out on this punk slave, needs to be cuffed and put in his place by a Tough Master. Am white, 140 lbs. Black hair, blue eyes. Box 6652.

#### FARMBOY STUD

Are you the ultimate top? If you are a big, handsome, extremely muscular, intelligent, dominant master, here is the bottom for you. 26, 5'10", 170 lbs., bl/bl. Huge thick cock. Farmboy, very athletic, very cocky. Inexperienced but learns quickly. Quiet and obedient with an incredible ass. I am eager to please, only if you are man enough to be my master. A detailed letter about self and expectations with photo & phone gets same Box 6661

#### ARROGANT MASTER WANTED

GWM, 27, 5'11", 140, black/hazel. Need Master to totally control me, mentally and physically. My last decision will be to become YOUR slave permanently. Brainwashing, S&M, B&D, CBT/T, whipping. Anything YOU desire. No limits. Please send photo and phone with YOUR orders. Box 6239LF

#### DOMINANT SADISTIC MASTER

wants totally submissive, young, slim, low-limit, masochistic slave for new heights, needed release. Novices must want fantasies turned into safe, sane, rough reality. Travel, visit Miami weekly. Live in NYC. Master: 6', 175, 45. Apply/letter, phone, photos: Suite 769, 263-A West 19th Street, NYC, 10011. (LF6017)

#### HUNGRY CUM GUZZLER

Hunky, expert cocksucker craves thick, creamy mouthfuls of jism from hot, healthy, well-hung, in-shape Tops. Uncut with cheese a plus. Also into hairy, sweaty armpits, deep rimming, and recycled beer. Any race, 20 to 55. Fantastic oral worship only. No Greek, pain or scat. Box 6078LF

#### SATAN WORSHIP

Attractive, healthy, W/M, 28, 5'11", 150, seeks discrete masculine guy for serious Satanic relationship. Send details, description, photo if possible. Will consider relocating. Can travel. Into leather and most scenes. Prefer being top, but extremely versatile. Others into Satanism please write. Box 6102LF

#### WANTED: YOUNG TRUCK SLAVE

45-year-old trucker wants young slave to learn trucking from the bottom up. Permanent only. Will supply what I think you need. Call weekends or send letter with picture. Box 6057LF. (619) 723-8481

#### COCK SLAVE

Looking for ambitious, straight-appearing, lean Top, with hot mind, body and cock, wanting/deserving service. I'm 5'8", 138, smooth, honest, hard-working. Interests: outdoors, exercising, travel, rural living, long sessions. Let me be your partner, lifemate; make and train me to be your cock slave. No cigarettes, feds. PO Box 1044, Westerly, RI 02891.

#### CONTROL

WM, Top, 5'11", 37, seeks bottoms same size or smaller for exploration via mental and physical torture. You will be verbally and physically abused to the point where you will beg for more to the point where you are controlled. Call (714) 957-2642, 7-11 PM for appointment/discussion or write Box 6094LF

#### BODYBUILDER SLAVES

5'8", 210-lb., extremely muscular Master requires BB slaves for exhibition training. You will be taught proper attitude to carry this body. You will mold as I see fit. A description of self with picture is required with application. Pictures returned if I determine you not yet ready for the challenge. Box 6237LF

#### HOT LEATHER TOPMAN

GWM, 36, 5'11", 185, brown/blue, moustache, seeks other hot Tops/bottoms to 43. This man has hairy pecs w/hard nipples that demand mutual heavy play. Dig heavy, sweaty JO workouts, jockstraps, chaps, uniforms, uncuts, cowboys, Asian men. Am stable, educated, healthy, professional. Potential big brother/Dad for right man. Into photography, BB, hiking. No feds/drugs. Reply w/hot photo/phone to Box 4675LF.

#### HUNGRY MALE PUSSY/CUNT

Bitch/baby's hot writhing male cunt/pussy desires harsh man-handling to make me gasp with pleasure/pain. Command this whore on perverted ways to service you. Shaved gash/twat welcomes your dork or fist with lubricated, extruded lips. Write kinky intentions. Your picture gets mine. Box 6376LF

#### ASIAN SM BONDAGE MASTER

Or smooth hispanic or white man wanted by good-looking blond, 5'7", 138 lbs., smooth body in good shape. Ropes, chains, leather restraints, wax, clamps, suspension, tit torture, etc. Travel regularly throughout USA including NYC, SF, DC, Colorado. Photo appreciated. PO Box 691303, West Hollywood, CA 90069. (LF6051)

#### WANTED—YOUNG S&M SLAVE

Training, discipline, bondage, C&BT, TT, face slapped, hair pulled, spankings and rough orders by two Masters, 18 and 48. You become whatever turns us on. No permanent damage, limits increased. Send photo including face. Mr. Jones and Mr. Heim, PO Box 33336, Coon Rapids, MN 55433.

#### HOT & HUNKY

Exceptionally sexy, hot, young, virile stud looking for someone to fuck, to slap around and to suck me off. You must be extraordinarily handsome and must respond with a photo to prove it, or forget it. Box 6126

#### BONDAGE AND SLOW TORTURE

W/M, 36, lean, muscular, masculine, imaginative, easy going, discrete, versatile, seeks similar, in-shape buddy for capture, bondage, torture games. Indian, Roman, Inquisition, other classic scenes possible in hot, sweaty, erotic, but safe, sane fashion. Permanent relationship, relocation possible. Let's not get old wishing we had! Box 6129LF

#### TRUCKERS/TRAVELERS I-95

Handsome officer seeks truckers and other rugged masculine travelers on I-95 through Southeast Georgia. Let's drop our drawers and spread our legs for a full-crotch tongue-bath at my place or your motel. Well-built masculine types ONLY. Send photo for reply. I'm mid-30s, well built/endowed. Box 5724, Savannah, GA 31414

#### TRAVELING SON

30s, 5'10", 150 lbs., am into Fr, Gr, hot ass/buns, FF, spanking, light S/M, recycled beer shower and 3-ways. Top only for FF, prefer bottom for the rest. Travel frequently from Chicago to Chatt., TN; Des Moines to Cleveland; Miami and Dallas. Write with photo and phone so we can get a hot nonstop evening going. Box 5296LF

#### I'M NOT A SLAVE

Only a real master stands a chance at making me one. If you're tough enough to command my respect and obedience; up to training someone who's not sure he wants to be; and into prolonged bondage, send orders. Suite 22, 1530 Locust, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

#### SATANIC WORSHIP

Sadistic hot W/M, 32, 140, blond, hairy, huge shaved cock and balls, seeking masochists into heavy ritual scenes. Require serious attitude, intense capacity for pain, and totally depraved participation. Expect intense S/M, bondage, T/T, CB/T, whips, beatings, boots, leather, shaving, piercing, cutting, shit, piss, fire and more. Also looking for other Topmen into the same. Phone, photo, serious letter. I'm for real! Box 6662

#### SHITHOLE SNIFFER/EATER

Chicago finical piggie's quest for top. Uncut. Bearded. Shaved Balls. 38, 5'6", 170#. Blue Eyes. Into: J/O. Mansmells. Attitude. Exhibition. Abasement. Toilet duties. ETC. Photo. All answered. Box 6673

#### SHOW ME YOURS, DADDY!

Bear son wants you to flaunt it—that's if you have it. Bear son is 25 y.o., hairy all over with 8" thick meat. Your photo gets mine. Box 6670

#### SLAVE SEEKS OWNER

GWM, 30, 5'11", 165, born to serve, seeking a master to surrender himself to. Need to serve serious, experienced master as his live-in slave. Will relocate anywhere. Box 6613

#### LEATHERED BOOTED MASTER

Tall tough cop needed with equipment and toys for intense control bondage verbal physical abuse of submissive leathered booted man visit friendship. Box 6523.

#### PRISON FANTASIES

Prison rape, bondage in electric chair, gas chambers, head and body shaving, leather, rubber, CB&T, TT. Box 6521.

#### SADISTIC MASTER

Sadistic 34-yo Master seeks experienced slave wanting full time permanent live-in slavehood. Extreme pain during prolonged torture scenes to be expected. Be under 36, hairy and in good shape. Send application and resume with photo. PO Box 22602, Mpls. MN 55422.

#### SLAVE SEEKS OWNER

GWM, 30, 5'11", 165, born to serve, seeking a master to surrender himself to. Need a serious, experienced master to serve as his live-in slave. Will relocate anywhere. Box 6518.

#### RANCH/FARM SLAVE FOR HIRE

6'2", 185 lbs., youthful, goodlooking, masculine, Navy vet, no vices, disease free, sensible, intelligent, middle-aged, horse farm experience, can operate tractors, trucks, etc. You: owner of sizable, operating ranch/farm wanting hot hunk for physical labor, slave training and discrete, lasting relationship. Modest pay required. Box 6616LF.

#### CASTRATION

Wish to hear from males who have been voluntarily or involuntarily castrated. Box 6511.

#### LEATHER TOP NEEDED

WM, 29, 5'5", 135 lbs., bottom, looking for tough demanding TOPS into S/M, B/D, CB/T, T/T, whips, electricity, leather, boots, toys, playrooms, poppers, torture scenes. Anxious to expand all limits. Prefer tall arrogant Leatherman into all facets of S/M. Willing to try almost anything. Live in Vancouver but can travel. Photo is possible. Beards and motorcycle a plus. Box 6619LF.

#### PLOW MY THROAT

Butch, hot, hairy, muscular, weight trained, big dick, moustached, 35 yr old, 6', 175 lb needs to link up with one or more leather daddy types for evenings or weekends of using my throat as their fuckhole. I'm together, secure, handsome, healthy and can travel at my own expense to service you. Into VA, TT, CBT, WS, light bondage, weed, poppers and long hard sessions of deepthroating your cockringed horsedick. Let me swallow your load sir! PO Box 5409, Arlington, VA 22205.

#### HOT/READY TO PLEASE, SIR!

Hot young muscular bottom likes to service dominant top leathermen. Slap my ass while you ram my tight hot hole. Need to suck hard thick cock and eat your hot manhole. Cops—Military—Truckers—Gym Teachers—Cowboys. Ride me Sir! Write Box 6624LF. Hot talk, call Rob anytime. 312-472-5664.

#### RAUNCH AND MUCK

European 49, 5'9", 170 into wearing filthy workcloth, rubber (boots), dung and piss seeks farm opportunity. Will occasionally help out in barn, stable or field in turn for stomping in the muck. Seeking for that brawny buddy with farm, age and looks unimportant. Travel NY, NJ, PA and New England. Discretion and response to all guaranteed. Write Rolf Armand, PO Box 689, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

#### LEATHER FANTASIES BECOME REALITY IN DEAR SIR

#### YOUNG SLAVES WANTED

Businessman/farmer seeks two ambitious young men to assist in operation of fast expanding enterprise. Requires healthy, clean-cut, masculine, sincere individuals desiring long-term enslavement. You will join my existing slaves in a worry-free, but rigorous, life of interesting work, exercise, and intense naked discipline. Photo required. Relocation paid. Box 6614.

#### HUNKY FOOT MAN

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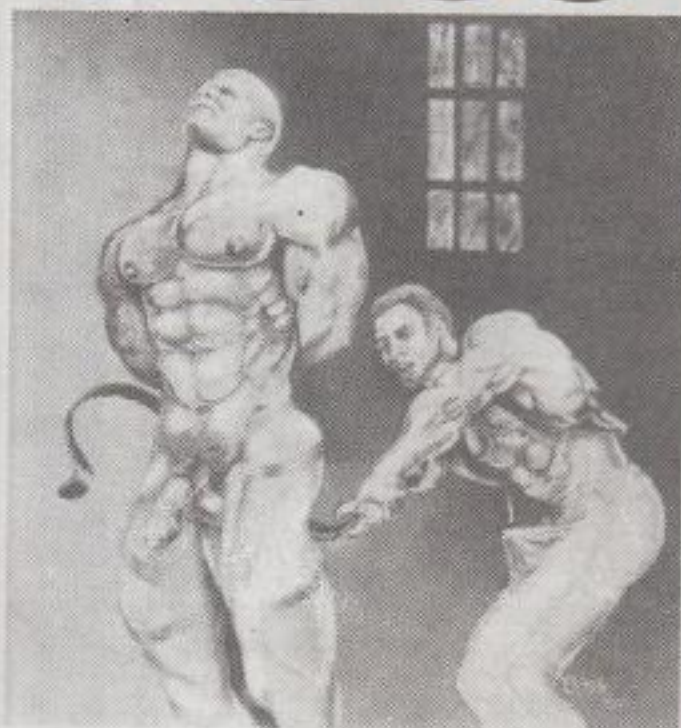
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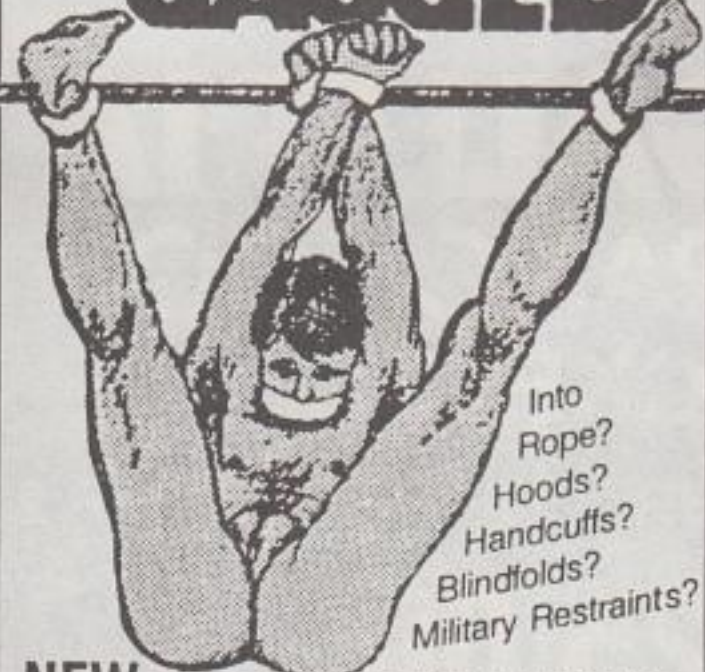
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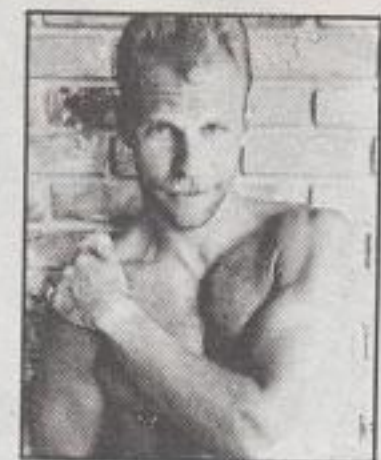
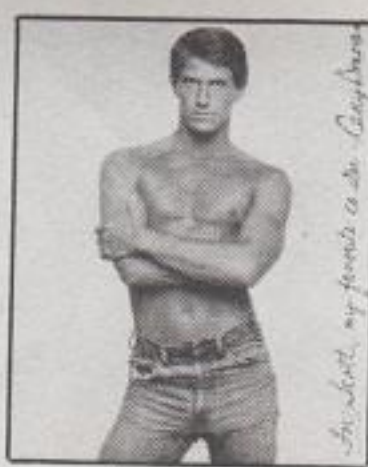
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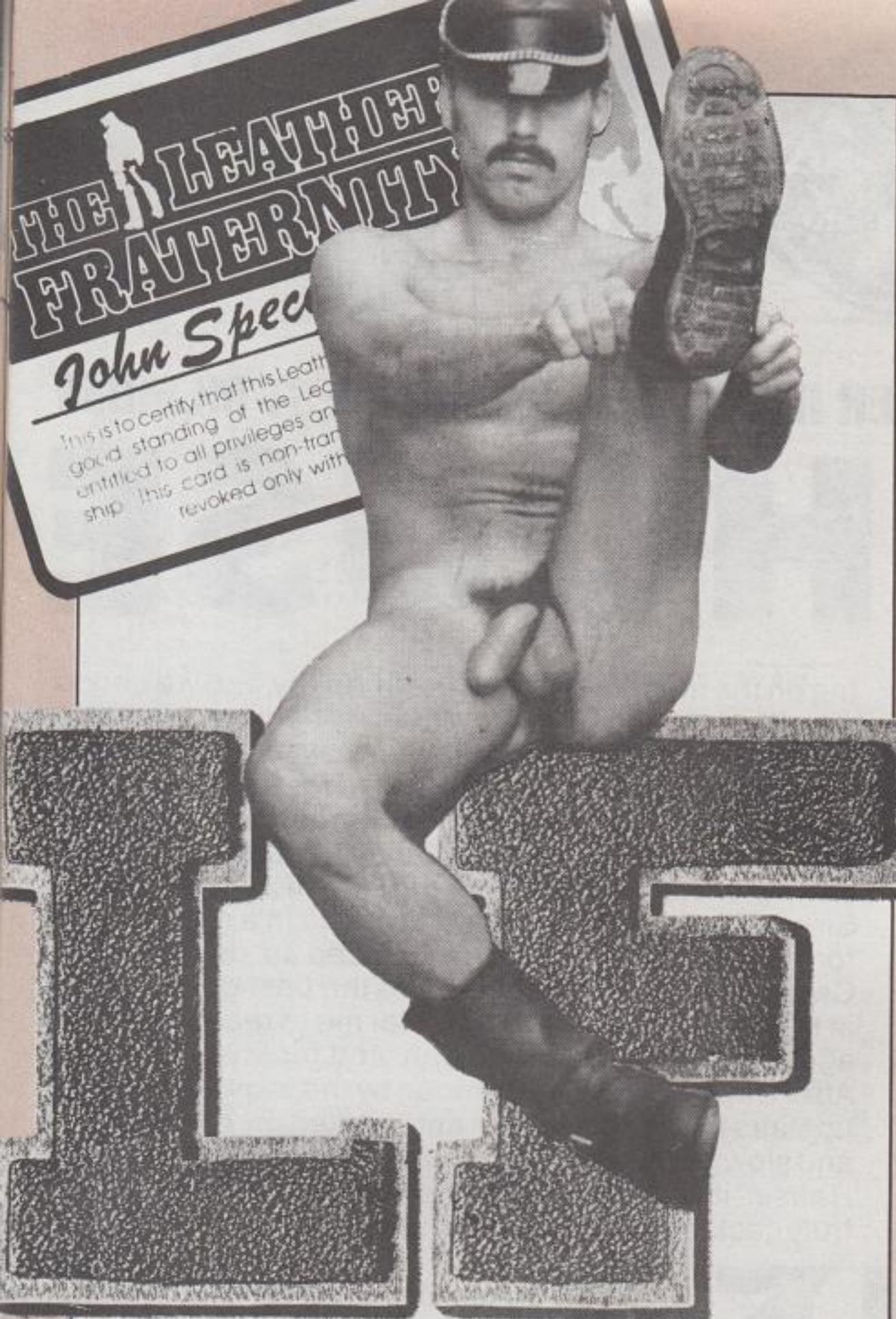
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Send me a LEATHER FRATERNITY membership, 12 issues of *DRUMMER* included, my 50-word ad in 12 issues, and no mail-forwarding fees. Begin my membership with issue \_\_\_\_! Enclosed is:

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(I am over 21 years of age)



### SEEKING MASOCHIST

Experienced SF sadist with lots of toys seeks one pain-craving Levi-boot masochist who knows what he wants and can take it. Fantasy-seeking JOers and limp-wristed fairies who wimp out quickly in a scene need not respond. Sadist is into whipping, gut wrenching CBT, TT, paddling and whatever other poisons the M wishes to pick. S is tall, early 40s, cut, nonsmoker, neg, intell, health and safety conscious. M must be neg, nonsmoker, cut 30-45, good cocksucker, and relationship-oriented. Not into FF, scat, damage. Box 6407

### TOILET BUDDY

Very hot-looking Latin, 30s, muscular, well defined likes mutual shit scenes and steaming piss. Get off on watching turds, gaping ass-holes, recycled beer, shit smearing, dirty jockey shorts and lots of grunting action. Looking for filthy minded, hot hunky and hung studs to get our sweat holes going. Box 6056LF

### RUSSIAN RIVER

Daddy seeks son for permanent relationship. Son must be very much together, aged 30 to 45, like home life. Preferences may be discussed. Daddy is a writer, has been into S/M scene for years. Send picture and we can talk. Box 5461

### BIG BEAR HUNTING IN THE AFTERNOON

Teddy Bear types, black bears or polar (white) bears. Big, tall hairy bears with thick, fat, long dicks. Bellies a+ but not a must. I'm 5'10", brown hair and eyes, average build, and not into SM, just good old-fashioned roll-in-the hay sex. Send photo to Box 5151

### HOT SLIM MUSCULAR BOTTOM

6'3", 170#, muscular, masculine, dark hair (crewcut), dark eyes, handsome, ex-military. Into prolonged Ass Play (FFA, Dildoes, TT, CBT, Hard dicks). Leather is big turn-on (better than being naked). Want to experience B/D, hoods, hot dreams with hot, trim, muscular, loving Top men with hot hands and big donges. PO Box 14574 San Francisco, CA 94114-0574 or Box 6631LF

### SLIM, SMOOTH, GOOD-LOOKING

WM, 30, looking for hot big-dicked top/dad/buddy. Too independent for slave, but want to experience leather. Especially like hairy, uncut. Prefer 33-45, honest, sane, aware. I'm 5'6", 140, brn, grn, more than curious, and ready. So go ahead, write w/photo. Box 6209LF

### TOPGUNS

Two hot, horny, uniformed cigar-chompin' lawmen (29 & 40) looking for a punk that needs to get used and abused. Into just about everything as long as it's kinky and safe. Looking for buddies into outdoor sex, hunting and hot workouts on the range. Box 6318LF

### ASS SLAVE

Expert ass sucker. Novice pig slave needs training. Into all ass raunch, especially farts, food, stretched holes, shit smearing. Need Tops, bottoms and combinations for heavy duty ass sucking service. I need dirty ass, verbal abuse, shitty cock. 41, attractive, built, obedient. Please Sir, send #. Box 6682LF

### JUDGE/JURY/EXECUTIONER

wanted by 23-year-old blond, 6'0" tall, 160 lbs., blue-eyed cigar-smoking college boy whose cock hardens at the sight of a noose. Into cops, cigars, execution/prison scenes, military, bondage, leather, VA, hoods, gags. String me up, Sir! All scenes/people considered. Box 6310LF

### BACK IN LEATHER

GWM couple, top 35, 5'6", 170, blond/hazel. Bottom 35, 6'2", 165, brown/blue. Looking for bottoms or couples who are into leather, FF, dildoes, CB&T, catheters, films, hoods and especially long ass play. Lover is into leather, FF, dildoes and is an animal lover. Let's get tweaked out and do a leather anal invasion. (209) 576-2260. (LF6319)

### WANTED/SLAVE BOY & HOMEBODY TYPE BUDDY

Horny East Bay GWM Couple—1st Dominant Daddy Top ONLY Leatherman, 38, 6'1", 200+ lbs. Cut thick 7"; 2nd Versatile Levi Type 43, 5'8" Cut 5 1/2", 150 lbs.. Looking for versatile boy/man with small ass & waist (small or medium frame) who is Always Horny and Nicely Hung—Age 21-29 into: Leather, Levis, Jockstraps, Gym Gear, Speedos for Safe & Sane Light B&D, Titwork, Toys, Teasing Tongue Baths, Great Massages, J/O & Oral & Assplay! Box 6408LF

### ALAMEDA ASSHOLE SNIFFER

Straight-appearing man, early fifties wants to smell your brown hole and lick your cheesy cock and pissed-stained shorts. Finger my hole and drive me wild; I get off on playing and smelling a responsive guy's hot shithole. Mutual rimming and J/O, spanking too. Cum often! Letter and phone # to Stan, Box 6371LF

### NUDE HOUSEBOY-SON

wanted by retired GWM, 63. You're 18-40, 5'9" or under, slender, smooth, submissive, drug/smoke-free, honest, enjoy cats, cooking, the arts. Accept shaving, nudity, complete supervision, safe sex, being owned, affection, light bondage, no rough stuff. White, Oriental preferred. Serious only, no cons. Full letter, phone, photo. Box 6123LF

### DIABLO DEVIATES

An association of leathersmen into hot, safe, deviate sex. Offering contact roster, newsletter, sex parties, 24-hour playroom with toys, equipment and porn libraries. Service area is Alameda, Contra Costa and Solano counties, but city men are welcome. For details SASE to: DV8's, PO Box 27672, Concord, CA 94527-7672.

### WANTED: BONDAGE TOP

Hairy WM, 31, 6', 160, brn/blue, beard and moustache wants to meet up with cops, bikers, leathersmen and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA and humiliation, moderate SM, hoods, gags, enemas, boots, gas masks and toys. I'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE SEX TOPS who feel comfortable wearing boots, gloves, leather and uniforms while teasing, taunting and training a boot boy. Will correspond and exchange photos. Box 3711LF

### COMPULSIVE RAUNCH STUD

Likes urine, nuts, nipples, feet, penis, leather, spit, boots, armpits, cockslobber, cigars, degradation, odor, beer, queer talk, mindfuck. Real goodlooking, 31, 5'11", 155, solid, healthy, bearded, intelligent, versatile/bottom. Wants masculine dude under 40 into any of the above. Box 6143LF

### FACESITTERS, PISS & JO

Gdkg W/M 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seat and urinal. Fart up my nose, shit into my mouth. Regular action possible weekends & evenings. Smoke OK. No pain or humiliation. Write: Bill S., #237, 2215-R Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114.





#### DAYTIME HORNY TOPS

Hot, muscular, hung, 35-yr., bottom wants only YOUR kinky scene. Bikers, leather/rubber, duds, boots, w/s etc., uniforms, discipline, pain. Days and kinky only. 2215-R Market St. Box 510, SF 94114.

#### TOUGH LITTLE BLOND

executive in rural town, 5'6", 135 lbs., 32 yrs., copper beard, furry, 8" clipped, oversexed, tattooed, seeks to submit to bossman for a night or a lifetime. Discipline, bondage, both at home and in the Sierras. Humiliation, shaving, ass beating, piss, TT. All available to Master who needs to dominate a together stud & turn him into his butch son/slave dog. If you can rope me, you can hump me, if you can cage me, you can keep me. (Hairy preferred.) Mark, PO Box 992, Clovis, CA 93613. (LF5439)

#### RAUNCHY STINKING BEARDED

Relationship oriented, 35, 5'10", 150, smelly bodies turn me on. Sharing each other's clothes, odors, piss, shit, puke, etc. Love out of doors, romantic. Want similar types. Beards a must. PO Box 880647, San Francisco, CA 94188-0647. (LF6425)

#### SM DR. SOUGHT

By mature active GWM with stamina and drive for intense, wild, extended, safe scenes. Looking for Top into medical trips of all types. Let's meet, play and experiment together. Guarantee reply but interest is to meet, not correspond. POB 31782, SF CA 94131.

#### OVER DADDY'S KNEE

Little boy looking for big Daddy to tan his ass, teach proper discipline—boy knows how to please daddy, likes his ass beat with paddles, and Daddy's big hand. Then have Daddy plow boy's bubble butt. Bearded Daddies only. I'm 30, 5'6", 120 lbs., smooth body. Box 6486LF

#### ABUSE THIS PUSSY DADDY

Cunt bottom needs to serve horny, arrogant stud Top—red assed! Use verbal abuse, discipline, corporal punishment and humiliation to get all the ass and head you want your way! HIV- No drugs, please. Box 6477

#### SEEKING S.F. LEATHER MASTER

Masculine, white, 30-year-old S.F. leatherman seeks training by experienced level-headed top(s). My interests are heavy bondage and safe S&M... but no long-term marks. Have well-equipped playroom, need to be firmly secured in leather restraints during training. I take my punishment like a man, but am safe-sex oriented (no fluid, blood, FF). Skilled Tops planning to be in area invited to write ahead to assure memorable visit. Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

#### ATTENTION BOOTLICKERS

If you place is at your master's feet, licking his boots on your knees with your shaved ass in the air, then you might qualify to be chained in my dungeon. There I will administer all you can take in the way of TT, ball weights, whipping, paddling, and WS. I am seeking a tall, trim, muscular man who appreciates being manhandled by an experienced, rough but tender master. Send nude photo, letter, and phone to Box 4988LF.

#### HAYWARD TO LIVERMORE

and vicinity. Wanted: sexy, trim bottom for repeat encounters. Submit to orders, leather harness, bondage, paddle, and more. Inexperience Okay. I'm W/M, 165 lbs., 35, handsome, with dark features, together, safe, and imaginative. Send photo (preferred), self-description, and your ideas. Box 6561LF.

#### GLOVES/CIGARS/MARLBOROS

Fuckin' SKINTIGHT black leather gloves cuppin' a stogie or Marlboro get my dick hard. Also into fuckin' hot redneck verbal shit and UNIFORMS. Jim (415) 673-1284.

#### WHIPPING MASTERS NEEDED

by wild slave for constant belt and huge insertions stretching this wild slave to scream for more. Into enema and medical trips heavily tied and gagged by hairy extremely hung tattooed masters. 415-626-3047.

#### WET AND WILD

I'm 5'6", 160 lbs., dark brown hair, green eyes, hairy chest, 32 yrs. Into watersports (non-oral), lite bondage, leather, jockstraps, tit play, oral sex. Your photo gets mine. Looking 30-40 yrs, into same. Box 6370.

#### LOOKING

Was S.O.M., into FF, WS, GP, FR A/P, leather, fantasies, "trips," older rugged men, the Slot, Hothouse, toys, playroom creativity, sensuality, new things. And still am! but willing to play carefully. Need partner into above to learn, grow with & survive with—WM 5'6", 155, brn/brn, uncut 6", hairy & motivated to live again. I'm professional, stable, into politics, volunteer service, trip music. Box 6554LF.

#### MASTER

54-year-old, good body, tattoos, seeks slave, any age, who needs to be one. Must be masculine and fairly quiet. Prefer someone equal to my build. 5'11", 150 lbs. Paul (415) 255-0970.

#### HEY BOY!

Your Daddy is looking for you. If you are naturally submissive and have a need for guidance and direction in your life, then you're my kind of boy. Also, you must be open and communicative. Call only if you are serious. Telephone (916) 391-9755.

#### ASS WORSHIP

Squat your hole over my face and let me slurp on it. Goodlooking husky 33-yr-old GWM male seeking white and Latin men who love their butts sniffed, kissed, licked, sucked on and eaten out. Also into T/T, W/S, V/A, pits, feet and lite raunch. Buddy scenes OK. 6622LF

#### MASCULINE, REAL

Hot, masculine, real pervert, 40 yrs, 6', 180#, bl/bl, masculine, sexual, friendly, inquisitive Top (it's what works) looking for similar to each achieve potential in a mutually supportive relationship. Can be mentor, big buddy, friend to honest, ethical, responsible perverted man. Let's enjoy life and each other. Assistance in relocating to California small town. Will answer all with photo, birthdate, honest letter of interests to partner. Box 6626LF

#### FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

#### DADDY'S BOOTLOVING BOY

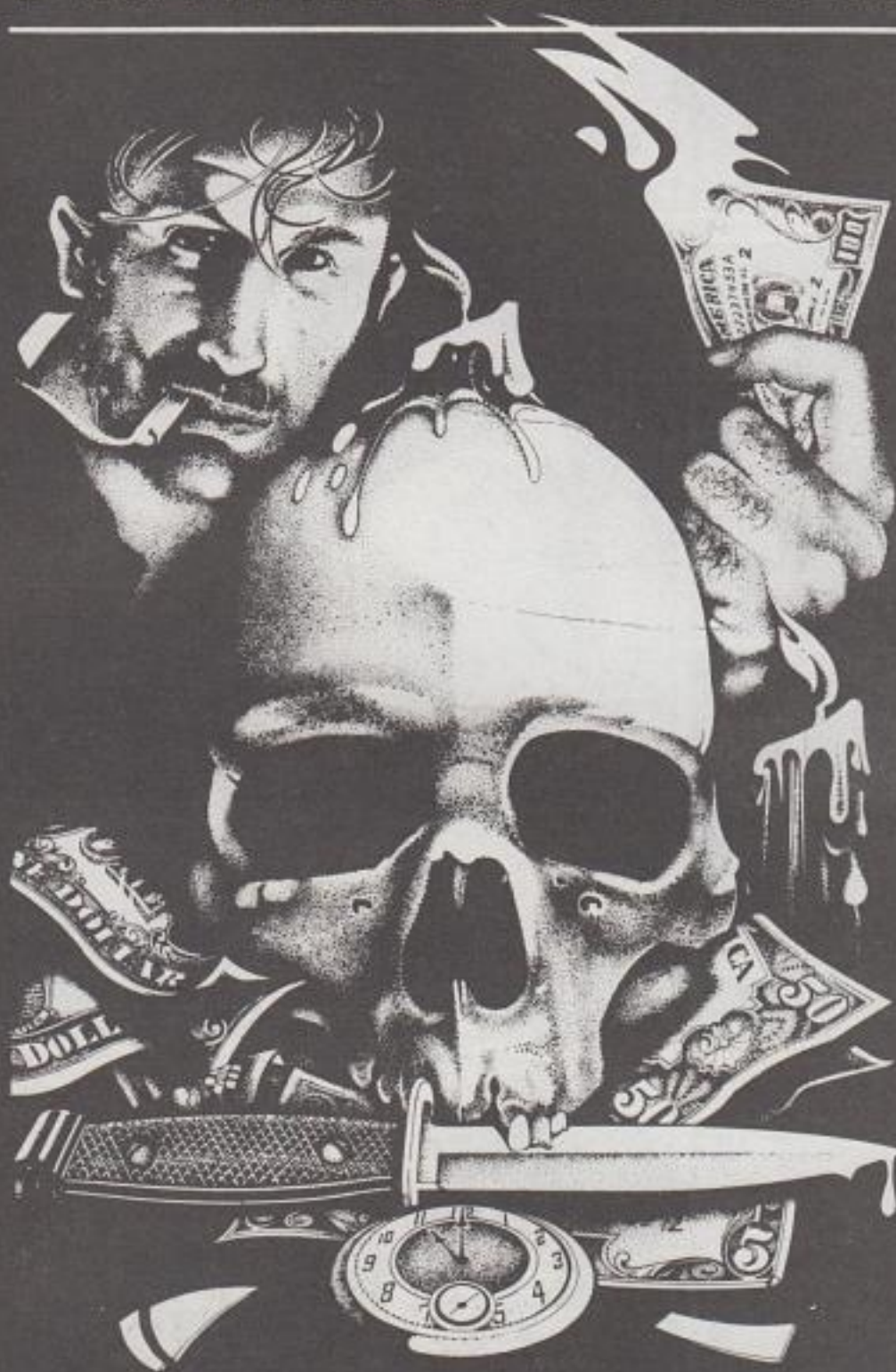
seeks hot construction workers, police officers, leathermen, insane animal masters for all hot scenes. You be the daddy and I'll be the boy as you order me what to do. Wet, wild, and raunchy times are a big turn-on for this bootloving boy. Enclose photo and phone with reply. Box 6658.

#### NORTH BAY DADDY

Leather/levis Masculine early 50's, 190 lbs., good body, pierced tits, HIV-NEG bearded professional man looking for safe sex buddy. Experienced, versatile Top prefer 50/50 man-to-man action for evening home sessions & camping-canoeing Sonoma-Mendocino. Visitors to SF wanting a break in the country welcome. Photo if available. Box 6684LF.

# Armageddon

## DRAWINGS BY REX



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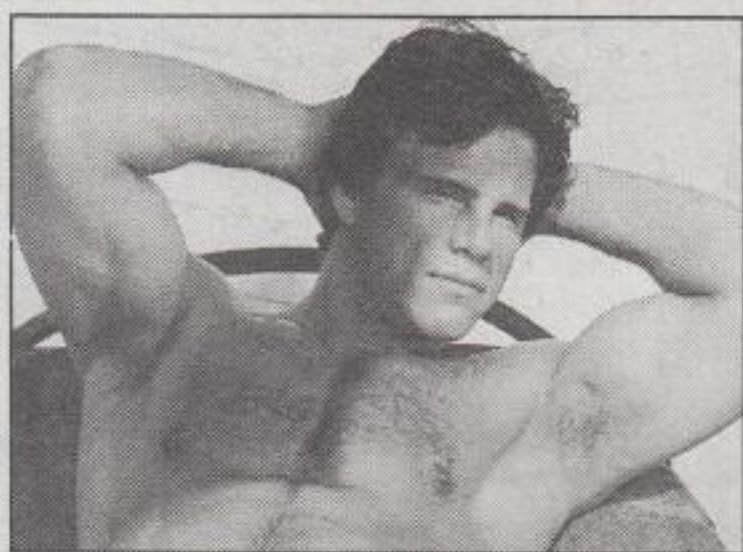
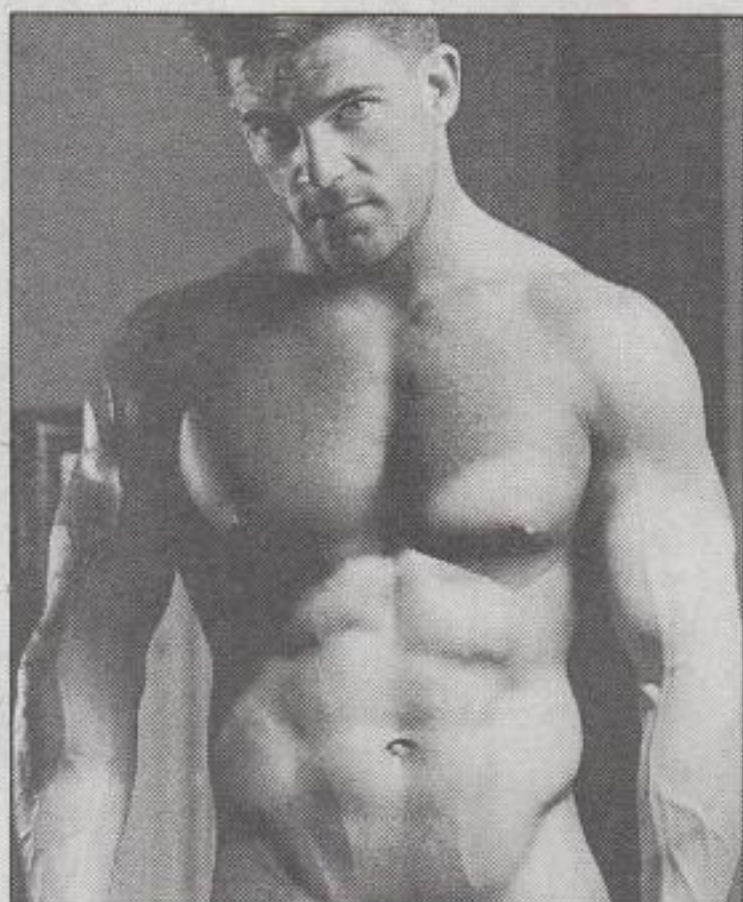
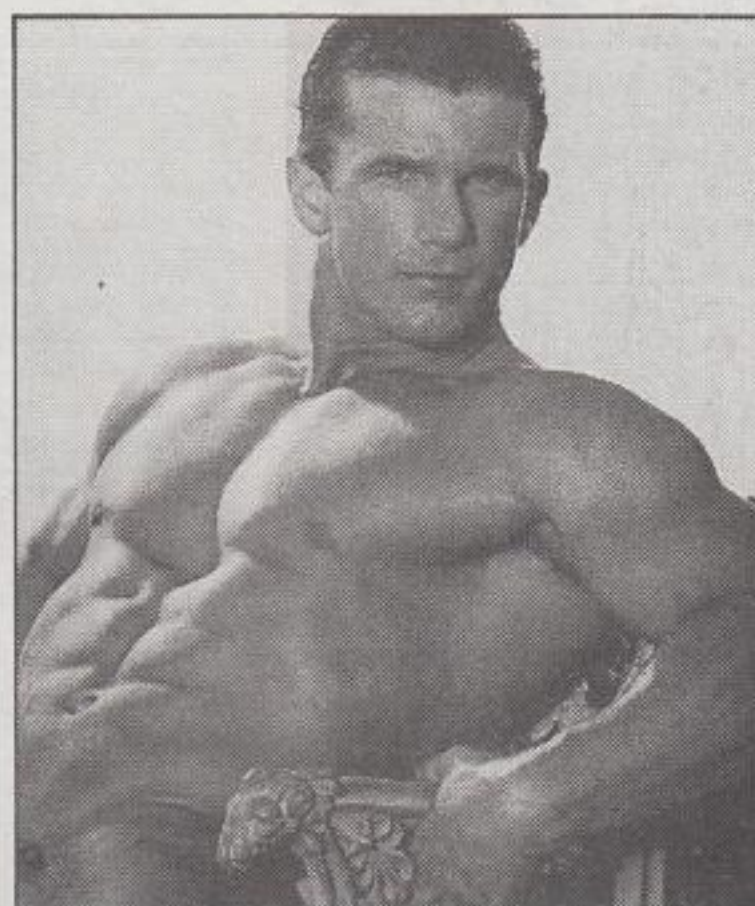
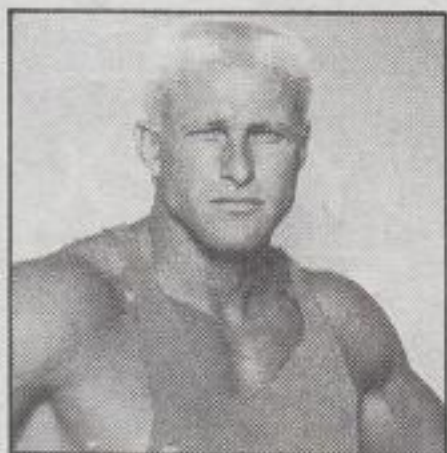
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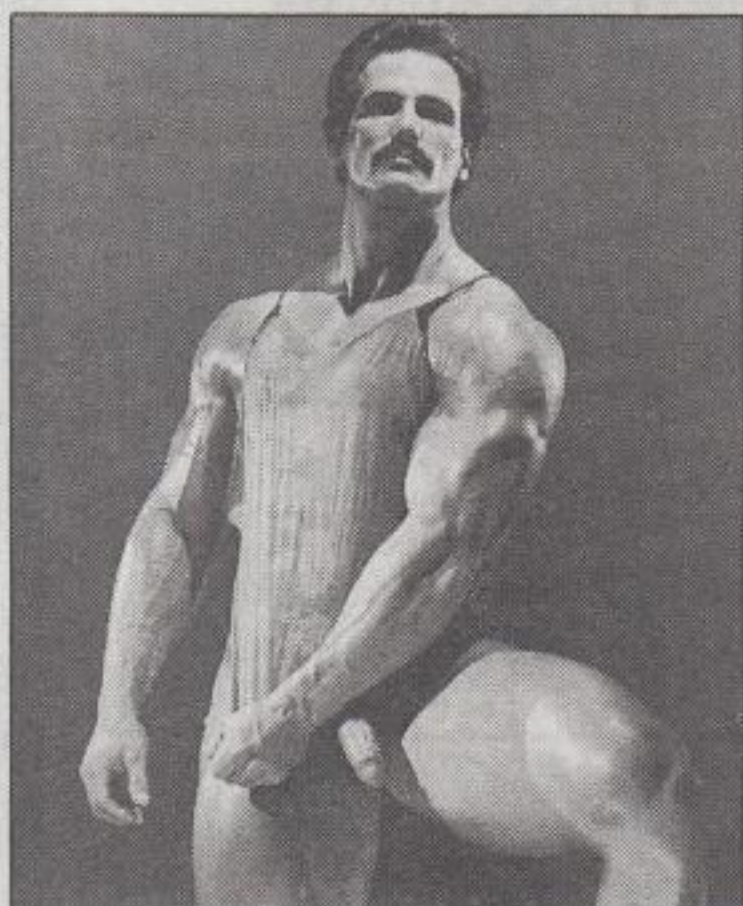
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# HAVE YOU SEEN THESE MEN?

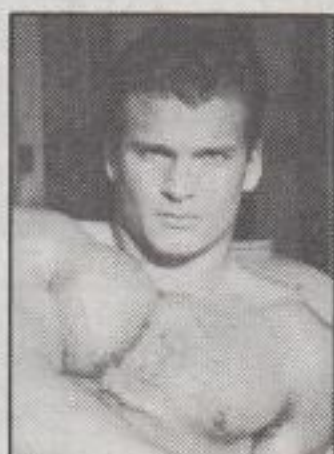
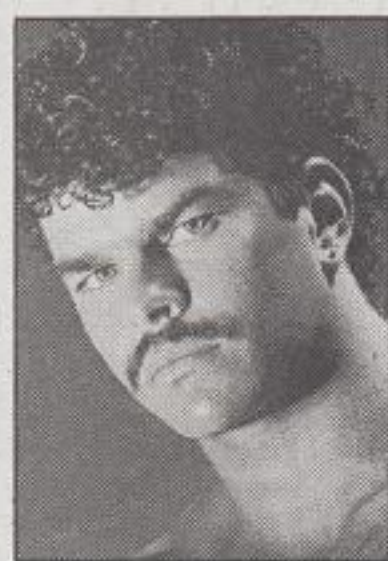


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# COLT

**COLT STUDIO**, P.O. BOX 1608A, STUDIO CITY, CA 91604  
This offer void in Texas, Tennessee, Georgia and Florida. You must state you are over 21.





### SLIM BI-WM REDHEAD DAD

Seeks special son for real relationship. I'm together, 40's, HIV-, recently out of closet to supportive teenage daughters. You are young (20s?), slim, masculine, can relate well to multi-dimensions of a basically straight world, a positive family environment, being able to openly share a Dad's bed and Dad-son oriented sex. No to drugs, heavy alcohol, heavy S/M, HIV+. Photo, detailed letter including sexual interests. Box 6651.

### WATERSPORTS

Very goodlooking 27-year-old into piss, both giving and receiving. Singles or groups. Must be goodlooking and under 35. Photo. Box 6655.

### SLAVE BOY

Master will strip, chain, and train his slave to perform household tasks flawlessly—and then spank him hard, or whip him hard, just for the fun of it. As my slave, you will crawl and beg to serve my every whim. Very safe; no sex; just total submission, body and soul. You must be young, trim, handsome, and squeaky clean. Send photo and phone if you're ready for an older master, an aristocrat who is tall, strong, demanding, and merciless. Box 6660.

### YOUR PATIENT

Japanese 35, 5'6", 135. Trim health-conscious need doctor to give me complete naked physical examination with instruments all my body. Possible photo. Box 6667.

### 63-YR-OLD GRANDDAD

seeks submissives of all ages who will suck, rim, drink, & submit to V/A, B/D, G/S & Raunch. Any combination, all fantasies, provided the ultimate goal is to sexually please this dirty old man! Box 5943LF.

### POTENTIAL

Slave in need of care and training. WM, 30, 6', 165 lbs., into all forms of subservience. Looking to be penetrated, opened up, and contained. Photo appreciated. Box 6672.

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

### MATURE BODYBUILDER/LEATHERMAN

Good-looking, professional WM, 35, 5'8", 168 lbs., well built, looking for professional man over 40 who can introduce me to leather lifestyle and share with the excitement of healthy body, dressed in leather and a productive professional career as well. You won't be disappointed if you are genuine. Box 6050LF.

### HUNG BLOND JOCK DIGS COPS

Good-looking athlete, trim, tan 28 boy, 6'1", 165 lbs. Huge thick cock. Looking for hot studs, cops, military, to be arrested, strip searched, cuffed and used. All American Boy into BD, CB/T, fantasy. Wrestle me down, bind me, gag me and rape me repeatedly. Come on, Sir, arrest me! Box 6054LF.

### BLK, GREY, RED&?! BUDDY

Seek imaginative, stable, fit, hairy chest, 35+, leather-luvn, dom. buddy to share dreams, scenes, challenges & more. Am same; 41, 72", 188, n-shape, cut, p-nips, stached, BR-grey/ BL-Hzl GWM; healthy, antibody +; non 12step/ smoke; sensual-n-hot! Educ. & trainable; own home & mobile; prof. & love sleaze, intimacy & intensity. Foto-n-phone recip'd, Graham, Box 5412LF.

### ATTRACTIVE BOY

28, 5'8", 145, smooth novice, GP, FA. Seeks Master lite bondage; eager to learn. Box 371464, San Diego, CA 92137-1464.

### LA BOTTOM WANTS TOPMAN

Hot bottom, 36, 5'5", 130, good gym body, thinning blonde, pierced, wants dominant daddy/topman. Turn-ons: beards, hairy chests, cigars, leather, tattoos, mansmell. Scenes: oil, piss, bondage, cuffs, catheters, hot wax, slings. This good-looking man wants to satisfy you. No smoke/drugs. If you want it, take it. Box 6621LF.

### BEARDED MASTER WANTED

by muscular smooth slave, 40, 5'3", 140 lbs. Please reply to PO Box 15181, Los Angeles, CA 90015.

### TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good-looking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors and video. Mike and/or Tony: (213) 777-0122. PO Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JO or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 PM.

### STUD SLAVE

Very hot, hard-body bottom, muscular, 5'10", 175, 36, wants raunchy muscular top to put me in my place. Age (younger or older) unimportant. Good bod and dominant attitude are. If you want a stud slave, with spirit, write with pic to Suiteholder, Suite 304, 12228 Venice Blvd., L.A., CA 90066.

### FRIENDS/PLAYMATES

Two dominant WM professionals (43/45) seek other couples or singles in the Ventura area for friendship, companionship and ?? Variety of interests. Age unimportant; health, intelligence and personality very important. Write to SHACK, Box 6210LF.

### LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom, 47, into serious bondage (mummification, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation) and S&M (CB/T, T/T, ass/T) scenes. Safe sex only. Have a fully equipped playroom. Waiting for that special Top. No calls between 11 PM-9 AM. (818) 843-5428.

### EAGER SMALL HANDS

Hot hairy trim masculine sexy bottom, 40, 6', 165, moustache; likes FFA, toys, clothespins, paddles, harnesses, seeks fun-loving kinky cocky safe small-handed young men/older boys who know what they like and want. Returnable picture/letter gets same. Chris Lee, PO Box 39703, L.A., CA 90039. (LF6320)

### ANIMALS

WM, 32, 5'10", 160 lbs, very hot, horny, wants to meet experienced/novice in scene. Phone up to 11 PM PST. No JO calls. (213) 669-0068

### SHARE THE ADVENTURE

If you are the master of your life and want to be the master of mine. I'm 34, bottom, husky and honest; looking for a dominant man in his 30s to 40s, and successful. Looks are less important than attitude. I offer a genuine commitment to the one who can accept true submission. I don't expect perfection but I'll treat you as if you are. Sammy, (714) 220-0513 (6566LF).

### SO. CA PUPPY NEEDS TRAINER

Training might include VA, bondage, boots, TT/CBT, wax, shaving, and milk bones. Puppy can be reached at, "Puppy," Box 148, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd #109, West Hollywood, CA 90046.

### WANTED: HUNGRY COCK-SLAVES

Currently taking applications for cock-boys & sex slaves, to service my 9"X7" mastercock. Must be 18-30, possess a well-maintained physique, experienced in extended servicing sessions. I am 28, 6'5", 220 lbs., dark hair/eyes, mustached, hairy. To apply call Marcus (213) 439-5052. Live-in, full-time, permanent positions in my stable available.

### KINKY PLAYMATES/FRIENDS

Looking for kinky bottom for safe play. Ropes, fantasies and spankings are some of my favorite things. Me: cleanshaven, 31, 5'10", 165 lbs., uncut, in-shape top. You: height/weight proportionate, 21-45 in LA/Long Beach area. Ethnic/beginners welcome. Send letter/photo (no photo/no reply) to: Box 6473LF.

### BUSHY BEARDS

Hairy faces and stiff dicks wanted by two goodlooking men in early 30's. We're into sweaty prolonged sessions (visitors OK), especially leather S/M scenes. Send letter and picture to PO Box 988, Palm Springs, CA 92263.

### HOT HUNG COCK SLAVE

Seeks hung man to worship. Call (213) 281-6690.

### EXHIBITIONIST

33, Bi/W/M, horny and sexy; hung and hot; built and beautiful. Experienced. Seeking opportunities. Any scene OK w/other hunk(s). Cue the spotlight, open the curtain, and give me S/M, B/D, W/S, imagination. Give (accept) the challenge, let's blow our minds. Greg (714) 499-4079. (No J/O calls) Box 6562.

### WANTED: CHINO PRISONER

Accused White Stud, 25-35, masculine, wanted for overnight shackled, handcuffed incarceration. Macho correction officer, W/M, 42, 6'1", 250#, hairy, demands pleasure service from captive. On parole, convict is officer's buddy, companion. Must live Pomona-Ontario area. Details, mandatory mugshot, phone #: Tom, 12475 Central Avenue, #154, Chino, California 91710. Box 6560LF.

### HOT SURFER STUD

Blond bodybuilder, 29, 6', 180, extremely goodlooking, hung and experienced, wants hot bottom for sweaty workouts and submission. Photo a must. 8721 Santa Monica Boulevard, Apt. 644, West Hollywood 90069.

### DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

### HIV POS SEEKS KINKY BUDDY

Hot bearded GWM, 5'10", 165 pounds, hairy, 7" cut, seeks partner for mutual kink and safe raunch scenes, who is also HIV-positive. Into leather, SM, role playing, safe scat scenes, bikes and lots more. Send letter, phone and photo to: PO Box 244, 8721 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, CA 90069.

### SCAT AND BODY WORSHIP TOP

wanted by bottom, early 40s, overweight, ringed and tattooed. Love to worship toes, armpits, crotch and asshole. Marshall—341 No. Harper Ave. #D, LA, CA 90048.

### TOILET-ASHTRAY/TRAINED DOG

Serves beer drinking, cigar smoking, verbally abusive, masculine men who are seeking pleasure. Not romance, companionship or bullshit. Photo, phone. Box 6633.

### LET'S EXPLORE TOGETHER

GWM, 35, 6', 200 lbs., hairy, masc. needs buddy 25 to 40 for rough man-to-man sex. TT, CBT, bondage, whips. Explore our limits together. Discreet. Safe sex. Box 6645.

### WHAT DO YOU NEED?

Professional Top can be many things to versatile masochist. This Master, Daddy, (non sugar), is willing to accept, train, counsel, subjugate, expand and fulfill you and your needs. Inexperienced OK but you must be 19 to 30, any race, intelligent, slim to muscular, under 5'10" and willing to participate fully in CB/T, T/T, spread eagle bondage, toys, catheters, electroshock. No drugs, permanent damage or unsafe sex. Supply response, photos receive first priority, to this 40, 185, 6' Top at Box 6654.

### PISS SLAVES WANTED

Goodlooking top, 5'9", 150 lbs., br/bl, wants to meet slim slave bottoms into weed, fantasies, safe sex. Write Bill, Box 6666. Pix?

### BIG BROTHER/MASTER WANTED

White male, 24, 6'1", 170, bottom, muscular, attractive stud looking for exceptionally well-built, sexually demanding, tall (6' plus) Leatherman to 35 for hot times. Relationship possible. Reply with photo please; Marty, PO Box 128109, San Diego, CA 92112 or (619) 291-1377.

## COLORADO

### FIT TO BE TIED!

and ready to be abused. Novice, 48, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-headed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, til my tight, round firm buns glow; then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF, scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. GW, PO Box 18005, Denver, CO 80218

### YOUNG WHITE/ASIAN

for lite bondage. No S&M. I'm GWM, 50, Top. Mountain climb, run, tennis, hike, travel. (303) 972-4177.

## CONNECTICUT

### FISTING BUDDY WANTED

WM, 5'10", 170 lbs., muscular, versatile, seeks similar for mutual safe/sane action. Novices welcome. PO Box 37, Riverside, CT 06878. (203) 856-2053. 9-9:30 a.m., M-F.

### LEVIS, FLANNEL SHIRTS 4x4s

Bear, trucker type, self-employed carpenter, WM, 5'4", 160, 36, bearded hairy, pierced cock. Into levis, recycled beer, sweat, catheters, piercing, tattoos, piss hole work, hot wax, cock modification, electricity. Right study will try? Blue collar, bearded blonds a plus. 06776 locals & photo/phone same. Box 6677LF.

### HARTFORD TITS AND ASS

GWM, 47, 6'4", 200 lbs., into tit, ass and CBT workouts. Slow and long. No games, just men. Hard safe sex. HIV neg. If you are in shape and ready for the experience, write a descriptive letter. PO Box 95, East Glastonbury, CT 06025. Box 6632LF.

## DELAWARE

### THE MAKING OF MEN

I'm really not a Leather-Daddy. I just like boys who need to be serviced by a man. Prefer young, slender buns, proportionate structure. No smokers, drugs, drunks or live-ins. You don't have to serve me. I'm tall, stout, white, non-racist, experienced. When was your last good service job? Will travel, photo appreciated. Box 6326LF.





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■ **FRIDAY Nov. 18:** 9 p.m.-2 a.m. TNT Welcome Party at Affairs; midnight-4 a.m. Dancing at Menage. ■ **SATURDAY Nov. 19:** 1-3 p.m. Leather Brunch at Menage; 2-5 p.m. Leather Tea at Menage with DJ Sam Schultz (1988 Mr. Mid Atlantic Drummer Boy); 8 p.m. Mr. Southeast Leather Contest at Menage. ■ **SUNDAY Nov. 20:** 12-4 p.m. TNT Send-Off Party at Affairs.

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### DC-METRO

#### BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM, 42, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist, well built, together, loner, erotic. Lean/muscular, nonsmoker; use/abuse, whipping, safe sex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O," "9½ Weeks," "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy. JW, PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

#### ASSLICKERS WANTED

WM, 35, 140 lbs., 5'7", uncut, dark hair & beard, hairy ass, wants to sit on your face and fart while you eat my ass. Enjoy taking a dump on your face or in your mouth, then watch you lick my shithole clean. Also like to watch you kiss my turds. Looks & age are not important. I'm serious, you should be too. Box 6640.

#### DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

GWM, 40, 5'10", bl/bl, 150 lbs., mustache, goatee, seeking other men into good kinky but safe sex, brotherhood and friendship. Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual. Special turn-ons include titwork, hair, tats. PO Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

#### SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

Willing to submit to Master for humiliation, discipline, S&M, TT, C&B work, whippings and whatever else Master determines for proper training. Slave is 35, 200, 5'11", blond, little body hair, pierced and ringed. Sir, please let me serve you. Box 6249LF

### FLORIDA

#### MASTER WANTED

Handsome Latin slave, 26 years old, 5'10", 162 lbs., 30 waist, seeks master—safe sex—write to Pablo, PO Box 330774, Miami, FL 33233.

#### DAD WANTED

YOU: 30+, stable, top. ME: 32, 230, black/blue; beard/stach, into FF, ball stretching, B/D, verbal abuse, dildoes, shaving, leather, poppers and uniforms. Stable, self-employed, healthy, HTLV-neg, beginning BB. Needs prolonged workouts. Send letter and photo to Behr, PO Box 3166, Venice, FL 34293. Same will be sent in return. (LF6058)

#### COCK TORTURE SPECIALIST

Sought for innovative, prolonged cock bondage, torture, asshole dilation. Medical techniques, i.e.: numbing catheters, other devices a plus. Challenge my head with your letter and put my dick in your hands. Will travel to genuine pro. Ex-elect marine medic, do not freak easily. (Miami) Box 6217LF

#### ASSLICKEE

39 y.o. WM, 5'9", 158, smooth body, 7", South Florida, experienced asslicker looking for sweaty bluecollar types or rugged males for intensive asslicking and body worship sessions. You know who you are. You will not be disappointed. Box 6297LF

#### BONDAGE TRAINEE

5'10", 175, 26, 8" cut, above-average looks, seeks hot! dominant top with equipped slave room fixtures, extensive leather, rubber, latex gear/toys for restraint, submission, control, sensory deprivation, sexual enhancement, fetish exploration and, above all, achieving mutual orgasm. Safe and sane only. Limits. All scenes approachable. Ft. Lauderdale area. Detailed letter, nude photo returned/mine, phone if possible. Box 6496LF

### COMING TO KEY WEST?

GWM, 30s, 6'2", 175 lbs., muscular and hung, seeking dominant, big-dicked leathermaster(s) into boots, uniforms, SM, BD, VA and more for hot, intense and uninhibited safe scenes. I will submit to your needs. Photo, phone, please—all answered. PO Box 893, Key West, FL 33041.

#### BEARDED DADDY WANTED

Orlando—27 y.o., 5'10", 195 lbs., GWM, chubby, bearded, shy, inexperienced but am fucking horny. Looking for older chubby bearded daddy/tutor type, willing to patiently teach me the ropes. Eager to be taught most everything including leather scene. Like toys, dildos, rubbers and watching X-rated videos. Box 6548LF.

### GEORGIA

#### SEMI-EXPERIENCED

GWM, 38, 5'10", 155 lbs., moustache, attractive, professional, stable, mature, fun-loving, anti-bar, seeks singles, couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes (leather, B/D, TT, photos, S/M, etc.) inexperienced OK. Visitors welcome. Monogamous relationship with right person. PO Box 76125, Atlanta, GA 30358-1125. (404) 636-1688.

#### ATLANTA AREA

GWM, 32, 5'11", 155 lbs., attractive, honest, responsible, has top or bottom fantasies involving rubber, bondage, dildoes, etc. (no pain). Ultimately hope to enjoy a totally monogamous, loving relationship but also have need for safe experience with a trustworthy, completely honest man. PO Box 36022, Decatur, Georgia 30032 (5774LF).

#### OBEDIENT BOY(S) WANTED

By hairy, husky Dad, 5'8". You're 21-35, trim, with profound need to surrender yourself for exhibition and frequent safe hard use. I'll provide affection, understanding, abuse, humiliation, as needed. No pain. Part time or more. Photo appreciated, application: Manservant, PO Box 52946, Atlanta, GA 30355.

#### LEATHER BUDDIES—NATIONWIDE

GWM, 39, 5'11", 160 lbs., HIV negative. My virgin ass needs work but also want to plow yours. Versatile—any safe scene for mutual satisfaction. Photo with detailed letter gets mine. PO Box 95249, Atlanta, GA 30347-0249.

#### TOP TO TOP

Dedicated, decadent Atlanta top needs heavy, hairy same for mutual man-to-man fantasies. Each versatile enough to explore inner space, butch enough to drive a pig. No bottoms need apply. I already own one. Convincing letter, photo, indecent intentions required. Playroom open weekends. Box 6572LF

#### TRAINING

Young men wanted for computerized training experimentation. Live-in for two who will need transportation but pay little. (Location: east of Atlanta Perimeter. Ideal for student, young man leaving home, discharged vet.) Write Boxholder, PO Box 105, Decatur, GA 30031

### ILLINOIS

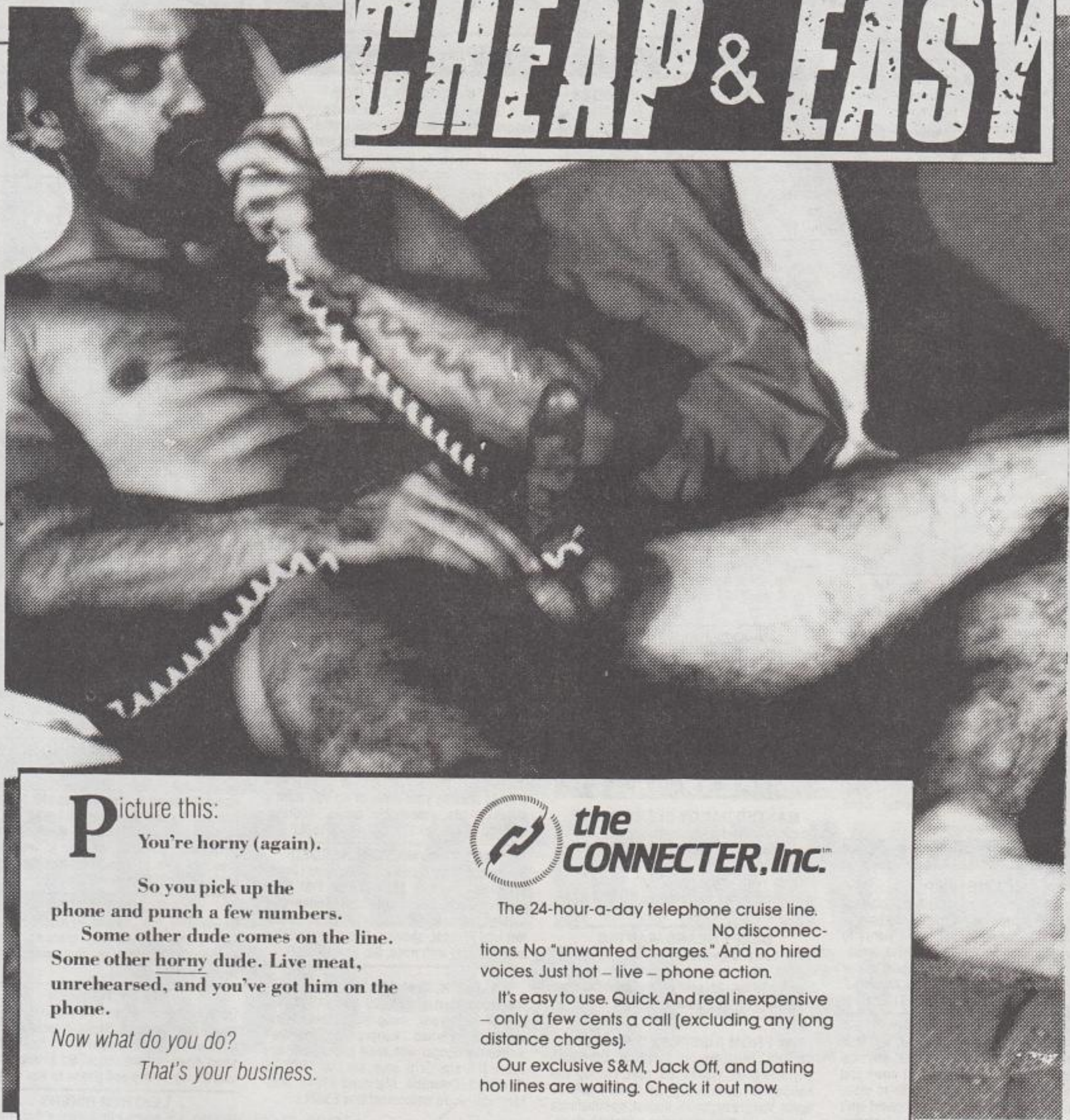
#### SLAVE SEEKS MASTER(S)

Suck, fuck, verbal abuse, shaving, wax, leather, dildos, enemas, spit, watersports, scat, training. No FF. Enjoy aroma, smoke. Slave: 31, 5'10", slim, smooth. Need limits respected and expanded. Photo, phone preferred. Travel CA, FL, NY. Box 6630.



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phone.

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### HORSE WANTED

6'1 1/2", 205 lbs., 60 yr. Daddy Master wants any age 220 lb+ BB or strong heavysset slave bottom to carry me piggyback, on shoulders and back for strongman stunts, mutually pump iron, nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, kisses. PO Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160. Box 6617LF

### HOT VOYEUR COUPLE

Horny, masculine GWC, 39/40, into exploring leather world seeks to meet compatible COUPLES to share our playroom (fucking, sucking, 69). ONLY into watching, being watched (NO contact). Interests: jocks, leather/Levi, uniforms, Dad/son couples. Hairy a plus. NO kinky, far out or heavy scenes. Boxholders, PO Box 41-1175, Chicago, IL 60641. LF6053

### DEAR SIR—DRUMMER'S CLASSIFIEDS GET RESULTS!

### CHICAGO MASTER

Level-headed white daddy, 48, 6'3", 190 lbs., with well-equipped dungeon/playroom, wants bottoms/slaves for humiliation, discipline, S&M, TT, C&B work, whippings, JO, etc. Can fulfill your desires. Novices accepted. Limits respected. Like to teach teachers, humiliate jocks. Asians & Latinos welcome. Bring your jock, let's play. Box 6101LF

### YOUNG GUY IN LONGJOHNS

Looking for young guys into union suits, longjohns and underwear. 38, GWM into most underwear/uniform scenes. Safe scenes including J/O, French A/P with lots of underwear. Write Jay, Box 179, 606 W. Barry, Chicago, IL 60657.

### CHICAGO LEATHER/BONDAGE

Bottom needs more experience in all hardcore sex scenes. Willing to explore all raunch and medium pain. FF top, but would like to be converted to bottom. Desire experienced assistant into jewelry piercing. Am 25, 6', 185, hairy, brown hair, blue eyes, cleancut. Send photo. Box 6685LF.

### INDIANA

#### LET ME HELP

Discreet WM, 25, 5'8", bearded, professional is interested in meeting inexperienced boys of all ages. This caring disciplinarian wants to correct your bad habits. We all have limitations. I'll respect yours. Any photo, phone appreciated, but not necessary. All answered. Write! You know you should. Box 6152LF

### SEEKING MEN OF KINK

35 (look 25), 5'8", 135, muscular. Hot little guy seeks visual mental and/or physical stimulation with tops who can get down and dirty. Into most scenes from vanilla to make your own flavor. Teach me the Midwest isn't really this dull. Expand my horizons, please. Box 6552LF.

### V/A ASS BEATING

Daddies: plusses—cigars, chaw, beerguts, filthy boots, cheese, mean, filthy mouth, heavy belt/razor strop, hard strokes. Dick-suckers: you'll crawl and your boy dick will drip from the abuse you'll suffer. Slow, painful assbeatings/floggings, CB/T, bondage. Daddy or dicksucker, write for intense, painful Power sex/Male ritual. Box 6233LF

### DEAR SIR: WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

### IOWA

#### YOUNG BB NEEDS FUCK BUDDY

6'1", 210, wants hot masculine men (top or bottom) 21-40 for safe but serious play. Interests: bondage, shaving, CBT, SM, spanking, massage, and ??? Special turn-ons (not required): uncut, hairy, tattooed. Long-term relationship possible with right guy. Can travel. Photo and detailed letter to Box 6071LF

#### URBAN ABORIGINAL

Leather Dad new to Iowa City: bearded, ringed, 40, 5'8", 145... questing for action with men/boys/masculine others... deep FF as yoga; bondage, TT, nutcrushing meditations... Safe & sane & sincere in my needs/pursuits... All answered/considered. Now is the time. Box 5413LF.

#### ATTN: TRUCKERS/BIKERS/COPS

Slave 31, 6'3", 171, 8" to service Goodlooking, Well built, Well hung Truckers, Bikers or Cops while passing through Des Moines, Iowa (I80-I35). A real dick pleaser, offers fantastic face fucking (head) and ass to Hot Macho Truckers, Bikers or Cops. Leather, Cigars, Beer, Piss, Sweat, Poppers, Semis, Bikes and Badges a turn-on for a gang of bikers, Truckers, or for HOT one-on-one action (safe sex only). For information and telephone number, send name, address, and a photo to: Lee, PO Box 7223, Grand Station, Des Moines, Iowa 50309.

#### NOVICE SEEKS TRAINING

Sir? This bottom needs you, a HOT muscular TOP, to expand my limits and whip me back into proper physical shape for your use. This bottom is a white male, 29, 6'2", 248 lbs., and will try anything except piercings, scat, head shaving, or permanent damage. Box 6262LF

### KANSAS

#### MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/daddy, 36, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

#### BEEFY BEARS WANTED

Hairy, bearded Overland Park area bear looking for other bears for friendship and fun. 5'11", 230 lbs., 31, ready to get naked and get friendly. (913) 381-3846 evenings.

#### FROM KISSING TO SCAT

No pain, condoms for screwing. Otherwise anything goes; WS, FF, 69, scat. I'm top and bottom, 33, attractive, professional and intelligent. You are under 35, honest, no substance addictions, and attractive. Prefer clean-shaven. Can travel KCMO to OKC. Write soon with photo and phone to box 6458LF

### KENTUCKY

#### KENTUCKY NIGHTCRAWLER

Leatherbottom, GWM, 35, 5'9", 145 lbs. beard. Versatile, openminded and stable. Likes leather, porn, cigars, cyclists and fantasy scenes. Looking for a healthy man for shared interests. Reply with photo to Box 5515LF.

### LOUISIANA

#### MOTORCYCLE COP

New Orleans WM, 32, 6', 165, seeks WM into the smell, taste, feel of hot black leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather: tall black leather boots, breeches, gloves, chaps, harnesses, jeans, jackets, caps, belts. Prefer to be bottom, but am versatile. Also into toys. My breeched ass works on a H.D. by days, and I ride Yamaha V-Max at night in leather. Also have a Suzuki GSX-R1000 and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear. Police uniforms and police gear also. Into BD, SM—light to heavy scene, action only. Cigar smoker. Phone JO ok. Call (504) 282-0729. PO Box 57161, New Orleans, LA 70157. No novices. If you aren't dedicated to leather, call someone else.

### MAINE

#### SADIST

Sane experienced gay white male master, 45, seeks masochistic gay male slaves for medium to heavy S&M, B&D, torture sessions, tit torture, cock & ball torture, anal work, fistfucking, whipping, shaving, hot wax, endurance & most safe scenes & sex. Must be trim, masculine, clean & willing, a few limits OK. Send pix. Location, southern Maine. Box 6431LF

#### TORTURE A TURN-ON

Tall, lean, obedient slave, 25, seeks creative master for mild to heavy S/M. PO Box 7726, Lewiston ME 04243-7726.

### MARYLAND

#### ON-CALL SLAVE & SHAVING SERVICE

Wanted, GWM slave 18-40 to be on call. Into shaving, TT, CBT, B/D. Must have transportation. Send photo, limits & telephone. Most limits respected. No drinkers or drugs. Also tired of shaving your slave or do you want a shave? Write; reasonable prices. Address, letter to Sir. I am 174, 6'3. Box 6153LF

#### PART TIME MASTER NEEDED

By slave/bottom with lover who doesn't like to dominate this 34, 6', 175 Baltimore WM. Need to serve and service leather-clad or uniformed master (his dick, boots, body) as he demands. Not into FF, scat, shaving. Photo appreciated and returned with mine, Sir. Box 6625LF

#### FUCK, "I'M STARVED"!!!

Relocated Master, W/M/29 5'8", 150#, 40" chest, 30" waist, hung/built, seeks slave menu to satisfied "hungry-man appetite"! Entice my hunger with meal photo (you) and menu (FR/a/p; Gr/p; toys; etc.) to: "RO" PO Box 2113, Columbia, Maryland 21045. Masters who share welcomed! Box 6546LF.

### MASSACHUSETTS

#### NEW ENGLAND SON

WM, 5'9", 160 lbs., full beard, blond hair, very attractive, masculine, educated in US and in Europe. Seeking dominant Father-Master type figure for an honest one-on-one relationship. Son is professionally employed, independent, and intelligent, heavy into Leather and obedience, but capable of stepping out of the sex scene. Prefer mature monogamous attitudes. This is a quality ad, photo, phone will be answered. Box 6559LF.

### SCAT SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

Young scat slave respectfully seeking Master of shit and humbly requesting to be smeared with shit. Bondage necessary. Will eat my own dump if Master instructs so, however forced feeding may be necessary. Urinal service provided by Master's request. Masters, groups, mutuals please reply. Box 6147LF

#### HOT HAIRY UNCUT COUPLE

Top: 30, 5'10", dark hair & eyes, moustache. 175 lbs. Uncut & hairy. Bottom: 28, 6'1", dark hair & eyes, beard. 200 lbs. Uncut & very hairy. SM, BD, TT, CBT, WS, wax, assplay. Equipped "Pump Room" with sling. Tops, bottoms, Masters, slaves call (617) 282-7196). Box 6690LF

#### CUM FUCK MY ASS!

Bi-W/M, 29, 5'9", 175. Thin beard, moustache, Greek Passive seeks men for long fucking action. Call (508) 587-4897, leave message, or write PO Box 1369, Brockton, MA 02403.

#### LEATHER BIKER

Bearded, full-leather Harley rider, also intelligent professional, wants buddy for friendship, riding, conversation and good hard safe sex. Am WM, 38, 5'10". Box 6098LF

#### TRAINING NEEDED

GWM, 50, 6'1", 195, mature and sane, mostly bottom. Interested to meet or correspond with mostly/totally Top men. Have experience, but need to learn or be trained. Open to suggestions, ownership to work towards, as well as open to experimentation. Seek honesty. Replies to PO Box 811, Boston, MA 02146. (LF6140)

#### DAD SEEKS SON MASTER

for 48-year-old slave, 6'1", 190 lbs., white. Seeks son Master for exploration via mental and physical abuse and control. PO Box 811, Boston, MA 02146.

#### MASTER SEEKS SECOND SLAVE

Master 60s, sexually 40s, and slave 20s are looking for second GWM slave. Applicant should be about 6', weigh about 160, NO facial hair. Master and slave are into leather, HEAVY rubber, bondage, SM, etc. Applicant must have driver's license, be able to work part-time. Be able to relocate immediately. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10 PM EST.

#### SLAVE WANTED

by GWM, 45, 5'8", 150, slave must be into BD, CBT/T, shaving, enemas, spanking. Master can be affectionate or demanding. Photo, phone to: Box 6372LF

#### HAIRY TOPMAN

Dark, bearded, tall and strong into VA, spit, boots and bondage. Seeks masculine, hairy guys who know they need it bad. Specialize in short guys, Italians, cops. No smoke/drugs/assfucking. Photo and phone to Box 6246

#### LEATHER BIKERS

Healthy, fun-loving, fit dudes, 20-40, interested in joining leather bike buddies club. Do you enjoy cruisin' in black jacket, boots, worn Levis, Gauntlet gloves, chaps? Meet some good biker friends. Framingham/Metro West area. Sane, straight acting guys. Not a sex ad. Ideas, suggestions, interests, write John, PO Box 5087, Natick, MA 01760-5087

#### CHUBBY RAUNCHSEX BOSTON

Thirty, 5'8", 180, hairy bearded wants mutual raunchsex. Underwear fetish, heavy rimming, fistfuck top, lots of piss, shit smearing. You be complementary. No drugs. Write with phone. Box 6603.



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has opening for recruit. Send resume and photo to: Rear Admiral Mark, PO Box 50014, Novi, MI 48050.

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slave available for other Masters. Into any S/M B/D scene in our well equipped "play-room" with sling, restraints, mirrors and many toys. Special hot turn-ons TT, CBT, WS, VA, fisting, dirty talk, assplay, military, BI's, experimentation. One may bottom out for right stud. Limits respected and expanded. Photo with detailed letter required. Let's get HOT. PO Box 3931, Springfield, Missouri 65808. Box 6565 LF.

### SHOW ME

the true way of a slave with training, dominance, use and abuse. This white 27-yr-old, 6', 165 lbs., bl/bl boy needs to learn from the best. Send me your orders, Sir, KCMO. Box 6646.

### FUCKBUDDY WITH LARGE NIPPLES

wanted. Age not important if you have big nipples and a muscular body. Must be into TT, SM, WS. Dungeons a plus. I'm HIV positive, 5'9", 150 lbs, muscular and wild. Reply with photo. Kevin, Box 753 Belton, MO 64012-0753. Box 6681LF.

### SHAVED CHEST AND CROTCH

Huge nipples need abuse. Your hairy chest and fantasy my turn-on. Am 43, Wm, 6'1", 185. Box 6657.

### LEATHERMAN

Looking for another leatherman who is into the feel, smell, sight and taste of hot black leather. Dressed in leather from head to toe all the time and cannot get enough of it. Send photo with reply—all answered by 6', hung, 190, 39 y.o. Box 6468LF

## NEW HAMPSHIRE

### WHITE MOUNTAINS

Leatherman, GWM, 42, 5'11", 170, bearded, seeks buddies into full leather, Levis, boots, tattoos, piercings, Harleys, S&M, TT, CBT, hard safe sex. Letter and photo to Box 6252LF

## NEW JERSEY

### COCKSLAVE BONDAGE TRAINEE

Seeks 18+ Menudo type boy/man, slender, hairless body with thick cock to transform this GWM of 41, 5'6", 145 lbs., drug/virus-free non-smoker into cock worshipping slave. Pierced nipples/cockhead. Interests include cock modification/piercings, cock control/chastity devices, urethral stretching, ass play, leather/latex bondage, exhibitionism/humiliation. Box 6216LF

### BET YOUR NUTS

Call BN at (201) 874-6909 if you're GWM 18-30.

### TATTOOED DIRTY BIKER

Blackwood. Heavy tattooed biker seeks other bikers (local area only) who live in and worship dirty engineer boots, filthy torn levis or full leather and enjoy riding together followed by a prolonged J/O session where we exchange each other's piss and cum on our levis and boots. Local bikers only. PO Box 284, Blackwood, NJ 08012. Send letter & photo for reply. (LF6229)

### TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well-built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (201) 874-6725, after 8 PM (LF4769)

### PUSSY-BOY SEEKS DADDY/MASTER

Wm, 23, 5'3", 110 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, boyish good looks, seeks: blue collars, cops, bodybuilders, jocks and leathermen ages 35-55, 5'9"-6'5", with extremely muscular chest, arms and legs. Please, Daddy, let this hot little lad be your son slave and slut. Use and abuse me, turn me into a toy for your pleasure. I enjoy Light S/M, Mild B/D, W/S, Verbal Abuse, Leather, Spanking, Dildoes and Boot Service. Letters with photo and phone will be answered. Write PO Box 25540, Newark, NJ 07101.

### SLAVES FIND THEIR MASTERS IN DEAR SIR

### SLAVE WANTED

Northern NJ master seeks slave for evenings and weekend sessions. You will be properly abused and mistreated, but never harmed. For more information call George, (201) 661-1138, before 11 PM EDT.

### COCK/BALL/NIPPLE DAMAGE

Creative scenes wanted by GWM, 40, 5'10", 145 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, good build. 30" waist, large nipples, body shaved, is looking for White, Latino, Asian or Middle Easterner between ages of 18-55 with smooth body, good build with the interests in the use of pressure pinching stretching twisting whipping piercing hot wax and matches. Few limits. No humiliation, scat ws. Poppers and light bondage okay. Call Mike after 6:30 PM, Mon-Fri (201) 566-7528.

## NEW YORK

### DIAPER DISCIPLINE!

Piss pants, W/M, 36, 170 lbs. in soaking wet diapers/plastic pants, needs enforced diaper training and discipline, infantilism, W/S, humiliation, enemas, spanking, punishment. Diapered bottom, PO Box 1615, Canal Street Station, NY, NY, 10013.

### HANDSOME FAT MAN

seeks boys all sizes—38, blond/blue, trim beard. Call (212) 586-9646, if you're between 18-35.

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*I'll be beating you  
in all the  
old familiar places*

#### ON-CALL BOTTOM NEEDED

Looking for bottom. Must be mature, prefer under 5'8". Time to spend at the gym (not looking for BB), at the Spike, J's and time to provide services when needed. I'm 45, 5'9", 180, very quiet, pensive and serious minded. Most limits respected. Box 6097LF

#### SADIST DAD SEEKS BB SON

or trim. Me 6', 200 lbs., attractive, 49, beard. Bondage, TT, face slapping. Mind control submissive disciplined punishment. Leather fantasy torture & prisoner scenarios. No body fluids, raunch, drugs. Safe mean, monogamous. My rules obeyed gets you rough tender friend. Photo, phone, letter. Box 6118LF

#### HOT YOUNG NYC DAD DRINKS

Handsome fag dad, 34, 6'1", 210, beard, hairy, yuppie executive offers support/worship/rim/suck as grateful, obedient property of clean, muscular, healthy, straight son who lets me jerk off while taking a long, slow leak down my throat. Sincere, no scat/Greek/SM/BD. Box 6224LF

#### TOUGH BODYBUILDER SON WANTED

by 6', 200-lb. muscular top dad. Son must need cock and ball torture, tit work and gut punching. Dad will develop weak spots and make his big boy a real contender. Live in and serve his dad's every need. Photo and phone a must. Smooth body wanted for this hairy he-man. Box 4717LF

#### TEACH ME TO BE YOUR SHITBOY

Need WM 35+ to teach me to feed from his hairy wide ass. Me: good-looking boyish WM (27, 160, br/gr, 5'9") eager to learn. Prefer beard, balding, verbal, hairy w/natural body, chunky. NYC area. Box 6298LF

#### ATHLETIC TOP

Dad seeks bottom (son) for serious relationship. GWM, 46, 5'10", 170, BB, masculine, aware, sensitive, adventurous; into B/D, S/M, spanking, safe Gr/A, Fr/p, ass play, toys. You: any race, good body, serious about committing. Phone (necessary) photo to Box 774, 263A W 19 St., NYC, NY 10011.

#### PUSSY BOY SLUT WHORE

This pussy boy has a hot wet mouth, nice big tits and a real tight pussyhole. Love to serve and service a daddy and his friends, love water-sports and getting fucked. Especially love big black cocks. Reply Lennie, Box 650, c/o DMS, 132 W 24th St., NYC, NY 10011. (LF6389)

#### NEED SADISTIC SON

Looking for narcissistic, uninhibited, clean-cut, innocent-looking youth (any age under 30) who can get into serious dominance & creative sadism. Obsessive need to totally serve and support such a person in an on-going relationship. I am 43, 6'2", blue eyes, brown/grey hair, athletic build, clean-cut & considered good-looking and am a true bottom. Experience not necessary, but an arrogant, controlling personality is. Serious replies to Tom. Box 6381

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## ABUSIVE ITALIAN DAD

Experienced sadistic Master (41, 155, 5'7", beard, hairy) into ass domination through discipline, control, punishment of butt, cock, balls, tits, hole, according to your needs. Looking for a big guy with big ass, or a muscle slave; but any hot-assed boy with obedient attitude and need for domination can apply. Work up to regular 2 or 3 day session upstate in the woods. Apply with ass photo and full photo and letter stating needs to Box 601, 132 W. 24, NYC 10011.

## ANGELIC OR LUCIFERIAN

this 33-year-old, 5'9", 210 lb., Italian, stocky, butch, healthy, JC hopeful is interested in exploring and offering himself as a sacrificial lamb to a cut, hung, chunky master, to fly back in time before Earth was ever created and perform as any angel would from that time. Am very well trained and have no hang-ups. Smoke, poppers A-okay! Orders, phone/photo to Box 6506LF

## SADISTIC SICILIAN MASTER

37, 5'9", 190, seeks dog or pig into heavy, heavy V/A, whippings, pleasurable torture, CBT, TT, FF, W/S, scat. A complete piece of shit that likes to be treated like one. Prefer experienced short chunky types. Photo and letter of qualifications to Box 5814LF

## TWO DEMANDING MASTERS

offer groveling hole slaves a safe trip to hell and back. Housework also required. Size, age, looks unimportant. PO Box 294, Bayside, NY 11361.

## OL' RELIABLE TYPE

25, 5'9", 140, good build, tats, healthy, sane. Into all-nite, hard-core, bicep-deep, motor oil, leather, fisting. Prefer experienced, serious, give and take type buddies. All answered. S. Frueh, PO Box 20581, London Terrace Station, New York, NY 10011. HOT.

## MUTUAL NIPPLE ABUSE

Extremely hairy hot Scorpio, 45, 6'1", 180, 6" cut, short grey hair and beard, big nipples. Need my nipples pulled and twisted, will do same for you. 69—deep throat and rimming. Only dildoes for assfucking. No condoms, no blood. You must be bearded, 40+, mutual. Box 6499LF

## RAUNCH DUDE

31, 160, hot into mutual assplay and fun, W/S. Looking for smelly partner to enjoy. Getting into each other man to man. Box 6266

## CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

Tall, dark-haired, educated white male, thirties, wants to hear from others who regard strict, no-nonsense discipline as a valuable and indispensable means to instill good behavior and correct errant ways. Have straps etc. for administering sound discipline, willing to take the same. Write detailed letter including experiences, photo. Box 6055LF

## TOP SEEKS HOT BOTTOM

for serious relationship. GWM, 46, 5'10", 170, BB, athletic, top, masculine, sensitive, adventurous, into many scenes especially spanking, (safe) Gr/A, assplay, B/D. You: any race, good body, serious about a commitment. Phone (a must), photo to Box 774, 263A W. 19 St., NYC, NY 10011.

## NY J/O

Bi WM, 5'6", 140, 37, muscular BB, healthy, discreet, HIV neg, seeks mature muscle guy for safe J/O. Box 783, NYC, 10008.

## BIG BEEFY WANTED

GWM, 30s, 6', handsome, smooth slim Gr/p, Fr/a/p, submissive but responsive seeks tall dominant muscular guy to worship, photograph, have sex and/or relationship with. You are 20-50 and anything but pain and humiliation goes. Love ass/tit play. Your photo ensures reply and my photo. Perhaps you could teach me a few things. (718) 788-1842

## UNIFORM HEADTRIPS AND

Hot dude into cop and firemen macho gear. I'm 38, H'some, 6 ft, 185, manly Guaranteed to blow your mind away. Into most trips. RAP to me about yours. Your fantasy or real life scene is probably mine. PO Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480-0421. Travel U.S. It's dick drippin' time, buddy.

## LEATHER BONDAGE SLAVE

seeks hot Master to expand limits and fantasies: leather/rubber gear, hoods, straitjackets, mummification, kidnapping/dungeon/hospital scenes, shaving, piercing, animal/slave training, exhibitionism and safe sex. No drugs. Slave: good-looking GWM, 45, 5'10" 179 lbs. Box 6289LF

## LEATHER BUDDY

Hot 6', 175, 40, in-shape needs real man, 30-50, for imaginative scenes. Big guys, leather, muscles, hairy chests, beards, moustaches, uniforms, piercings are turn-ons. Heavy into nipples. Let's explore police, bikers, workouts, etc. Be men together, act safe and let our fantasies go. Box 6248LF

## SM REALITY

Not fantasy. Very experienced masochist, 38, 5'10", 170, well developed, seeks experienced sane sadist for pushing of exceptional pain level. Restrain my power, clamp my 3/4" protruding tits, stimulate my pain level with your leather and SM equipment. Send description of yourself and experiences, phone. Travel frequently to Calif. and Illinois. Box 5444

## KINKY SLAVE EATS SHITS

(& serves you totally, too). GWM, 33, good-looking, seeks dom., top for very kinky multifaceted relationship. We can have real fun getting into: instant rimming any place, anytime; regular scat meals, munching, & snacks; tongue toiletpaper service; head stuck-locked down bowl at ur whim; drinking toilet bowl & tongue cleaning it on command; heavy/longterm bondage at your pleasure (leather, rope, steel, straitjacket); stockade and pillory; confinement & cages; boots & sneakers; being butt of endless practical jokes & frat-hazing; enforced chastity; uniforms & rubber; public humiliation; houseboy/servant role & lifestyle; doing dishes & washing & waxing floors; extreme respect & obedience training; paddling & punching; exhibition of & discipline on my black & blue marks; barking like a dog & braying loudly like a jackass; WS; publicly pissed pants & bladder control. I can be as submissive as you can be creative, kinky, & abusive. I have lots of toys & a filthy original mind, too. Monogamy has kept me healthy until now, & until the health crisis is over, it's necessary to be owned by one sadist or a small group, but that's no barrier to the unusual. I realize that some people were meant to "give shit," & some were meant to receive it, & I know for sure that I am one of the latter. Am seeking more than a purely sexual relationship. Am intelligent, mature, masculine, good company. Wish to find same in others. Box 349, 70A Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011. (LF6290)

## GANG RAPE

WM, 37, 5'9" asspussy needs rough assplay and mouthstuffing rape, piss, V/A, spit by cops, uniforms, frats, street gangs, rough tops. Healthy and expect same. Also into tough topman domination, armpits, foreskin, B/D. Bluecollar, hung, noisy roughfuckers a plus. Detailed action, photo to Box 6427LF

## CAVERNOUS SHAVED MAN HOLE

Gym workouts keep my body in shape and daily bike riding keeps my melon ass cheeks molded hard. But, this healthy 41, W/M Scorpio pig's ass has a deep hungry hole that craves attention. Man is 5'7", 135 lbs., bearded, pierced tits-cock-balls, shaved chest, ass-c/b. Into mutual heavy ass work, ass toys, ball and foot fucking, L/L, mouth and tongue drool to extra special turn-on of feet, boots, socks, and jocks. Absolute turn-off to over-weights, unexperienced, and men who only have fantasies but are unable to live them. Photo/phone/description to box 1440 Madison Square Station, NYC, NY 10159. Experience a real MAN! LF5575

## SPANKING WANTED

GWM will grope fully dressed man (25-young 65). You give me a firm, barehanded spanking as punishment for groping you without permission. Accompanying safe sex optional. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. If my place, no parking problem. But write to Box 660, 132 W. 24 St., NYC 10011.

## LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

49, 6'1", trim, cleanshaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time-tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781LF

## STRAIGHT GUY

27, healthy, muscular, tattooed, bluecollar worker available as victim. Kidnaping, interrogation, torture, confessions, humiliation, bound and gagged, brutal fisting, sex abuse, brainwashing. Heavy trips. Box 6464

## DADDY WANTS SLAVEBOY/SON

Forget: pain, loneliness, sleaze. Surrender: body, mind, total sex service. Become: owned, appreciated, joyfully used. Get: leathermaster, joy, security, permanence. Age, looks? Attitude's more! Experienced/inexperienced? Learn new Master's way to worship. Detailed letters earn prompt phonecall. Photos helpful, returned, undemanded. Your chance for top-man's love, home, happiness, future. Don't blow it! Box 6324LF.

## BORN TO FIST?

NYC FF expert, 38, 5'10", 155 lbs., smooth gym bod, slick hand, wild hole, with playroom & sling, seeks versatile very horny trim hot local FF buddy 20-40 to 160 lbs., into body worship, JO oil wrestling, smoke, aroma and awesome mutual fisting, hopefully repeatable; of course, safely. PO Box 3035, New York, NY 10185.

## MASTER/TOP

seeking slave bottoms who are serious about the life style, but who are not looking for permanent relationships... I travel and can be almost anywhere at will... I want to enjoy the friendships as well as the S/M relationships I seek... I am a sadist... and I will enjoy your discomforts... BUT I WILL NEVER HARM YOU. Contact Box 4255LF.

## LEATHER N UNIFORM LATINO

Macho-Handsome-Tough 30, 5'8", slim, defined, 135 lbs. Black hair, brown eyes, thick stach. Wants: slim handsome hung VERY Macho Top 25-45. Who craves prolonged oral service n action—both in Total Leather/Police uniforms. Light V/A-B/D-TT pot & poppers SS. Photo gets same! NYC & NJ & USA. Box 6557LF.

## OBEDIENCE THRU DISCIPLINE

Obedience administered for expansion of enjoyment. Spanking, kissing balls, licking feet and obeying instructions are part of a beautiful trip. You may now strip, tie your balls up and write me. Let me know you. Box 6536.

## ACCOMPLISHED FIST-FUCKERS

wanted. Big hole seeks same. Both ways encounters and search for other arms. 35, 59", 160, Box 358, Cooper Station, NY 10003.

## BIG, PIERCED TITS, UPSTATE

BERKSHIRES. Pierced, bearded Leatherman, mid-thirties, 6'4", 200 lbs., handsome and in good shape, into sensual and/or heavy tit play and piercing. Seeks handsome Leatherman with similar interests. Box 6620LF

## LEATHER-COD-PEACE

Chaps/boots/rubber/tights/worship + fondle + handle + admire + lick. Serve with mutual respect and trust. Serious! No bullshit. Interested? White: 40: 5'10": 135: Mustache. Short hair; thick endowment; limits few. Box 6583

## LOOKING FOR A MAN

31, 160, hot, looking for someone to play with! Likes raunch and hot ass-play. Are you hot? Do you want to have a good time? Phone/photo to Box 6584

## MAID

G. look. W. guy, 30, 6'2", 160 looking for 18-25 yo w/guy style punk, leather, const. worker, etc. Let me clean your dirty place and take care of your sexual and natural needs. I enjoy VA and punishment if needed. Phone and photo a must, returned w/ mine. Box 6591

## POLICE BUFF...

... wants to meet MOS to horse around with (nothing heavy) in and/or out of the bag. I have flexible hours. No heavy drinkers. Parking is easy. (If I am to contact you at a public phone, allow several contact times.) Box 6605

## NEED HOT BOOT AND SHOE THERAPY

GWM, 32 yrs, 5'7", 161 lbs., hairy, moustache. Would you like me to visit you in your office or at home for an interview and worship your hot boots, shoes or leather? Would like to possibly work for a right booted man as his assistant, accounting clerk, bookkeeper and submissive bootlicker. So all of you chiefs, executive officers, managers, firemen, policemen, daddys, and guys who need attention to your boots contact me and start to rest those boots on my crotch and my face. Send honest letter to Box 6607

## BONDAGE SLAVE

Into long-term bondage, confinement, sensory deprivation, captivity & punishment. Into the severest, tightest, most inescapable and prolonged leather bondage scene. I'm 45, 5'11", 175 lbs. Box 6615

## HANDSOME MASCULINE MASTER

Into total domination seeks handsome masculine slave into pain, bondage, service and loyalty for possible relationship. For interview call 212-505-0867.





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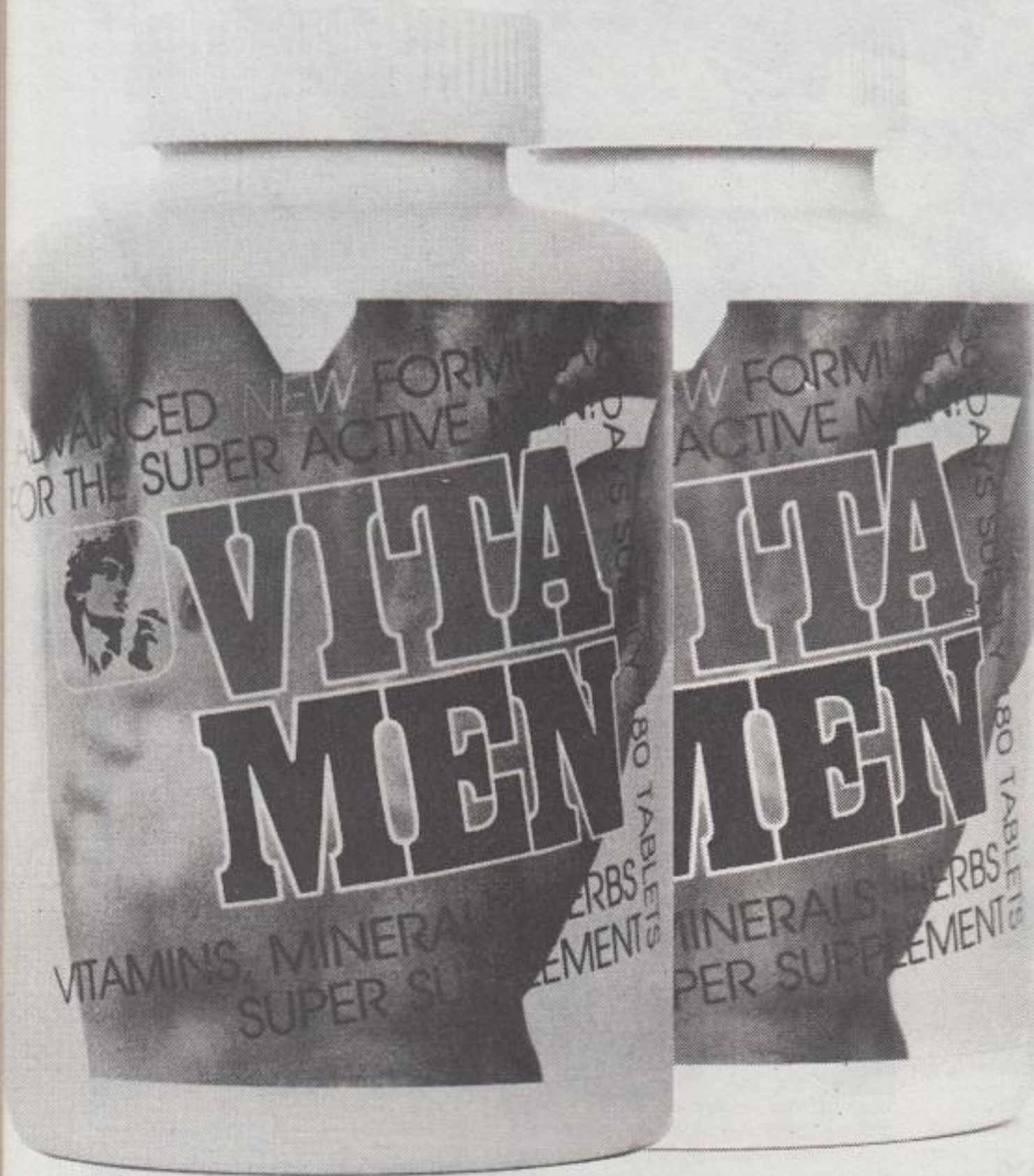
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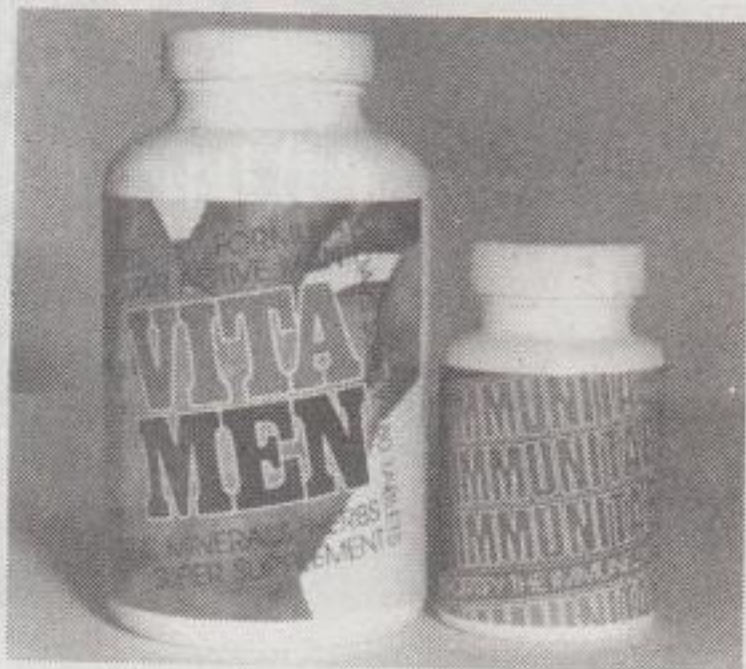
You probably don't need the VITA-MEN formula if you are not a male, 21 years of age or older. Or if you are and you consume a perfect diet daily, with little or no junk food, consume no alcohol nor smoke, keep regular hours and there is little or no stress in your life.

And if your idyllic life includes no exposure to whatever it is that causes colds and flu, along with many of the other communicable diseases that plague mankind.

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There are a great many reasons for preferring VITA-MEN products to the run-of-the-mill drug store variety. Or even most of the mega-formula brands with something for everyone.

If you are a young man, aged 21 to whatever, after cleaning up your act, may we suggest you perfect your diet. You are whatever goes inside you. And VITA-MEN was designed by dedicated doctors to do just that, buddy.



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Signature \_\_\_\_\_

San Francisco, CA. Dealer inquiries invited.



# Dungeon Master

## TOPS

Into gang bangin hot, 27 y.o., straight raunch-bag, write. Box 6596

## MISBEHAVED SON

Bad guy, boyish looks, 30, 5'7", 140 seeks strict dad 40-60, who will pull the belt from the loops of his pants and strap/whip my bottom red. Dads write with photo. Box 1650, Rutherford, NJ 07070.

## HOT AND VERSATILE TOP

Slaves, all ages, younger preferred. Master, 40 y.o., 5'11", 150 lbs., moustache. Photo and phone please. Into most hot scenes. Looking for regular safe partners and possible group scenes. PO Box 21, Forest Hills, New York 11375.

## SADIST 42

seeks personal full-service toilet into pain, humiliation, abuse, exhibitionism for use as ashtray (cigar butts), asswipe, punch-kick bag. Masochist/slave will not be permitted to come while serving Sadist. Applicants shall strip, kneel and write groveling, humiliating letter. State qualifications, etc. Photo appreciated. Box 6287

## JERKOFF FREAK

Older nasty show-off. Shaved, gear, cockrings ball stretchers, vacuum pumper. Has slave cocksucker. 212 475-0251.

## PAPA BEAR—NYC/NJ

Sharp younger (25-35) mate wanted for possible monogamous relationship by professional GWM. I am 41, 5'11", 185#, br/br, balding, moustache, extra hairy body, and am drug/smoke/virus free. I am sexually dominant but not a crazy. I do not want to be feared, but I will administer discipline when needed. Don't answer this ad if you just want to be used; answer if need to give yourself to a mature, confident, successful man. You must be honest, sincere, and straight acting and looking. Intelligence and sense of humor are major pluses. Send substantive letter; all will be answered and photos returned. PO Box 105, Fairview, NJ 07022.

## LEATHERBOY WANTED

NYC Leather Master, 37, 6', is looking for leatherboy to 35. Daddy offers love, affection, discipline, leather, boots, B/D, S/M, and commitment. Tired of bars and fantasizing? Need to serve and want to be owned? Send detailed letter, photo, phone. Don't read *Drummer* and dream—live it! Box 6678LF

## GOOD-LOOKING ITALIAN

needs correction and will service tough sane White, Black, Hispanic men in work clothes, uniforms, wrestlers, boxers, rubber, 3 piece suits, leather, gut punch, catheters, enemas, cock & ball, verbal, safe sex, can be top. No phonies. Dave, PO Box 568, Old Chelsea Sta., New York NY 10013 or Box 6687LF

## FOOTBALL TEAM CAPTAIN

Hot WM, 33, 6'1", 185, very attractive, masculine, and works out, seeks tall/big guy who was or wishes he were a TEAM CAPTAIN to act out sweaty lockerroom, frat-hazing, foot, and other explosive fantasies. Call Hank, btwn 8 pm-12 mid, to meet in NYC (NO phone j/o) at (212) 675-7352. Box 6688LF

## OPEN ME UP

WM, 46, HIV+, healthy, horny, hot ass, ready to try a fist. SS. Anything goes. Box 6642.

## WHITE BOY SLAVE

begs to serve Black Master/Masters. I am ready to submit to total Black domination. Box 6648.

## IT IS TIME FOR ME!

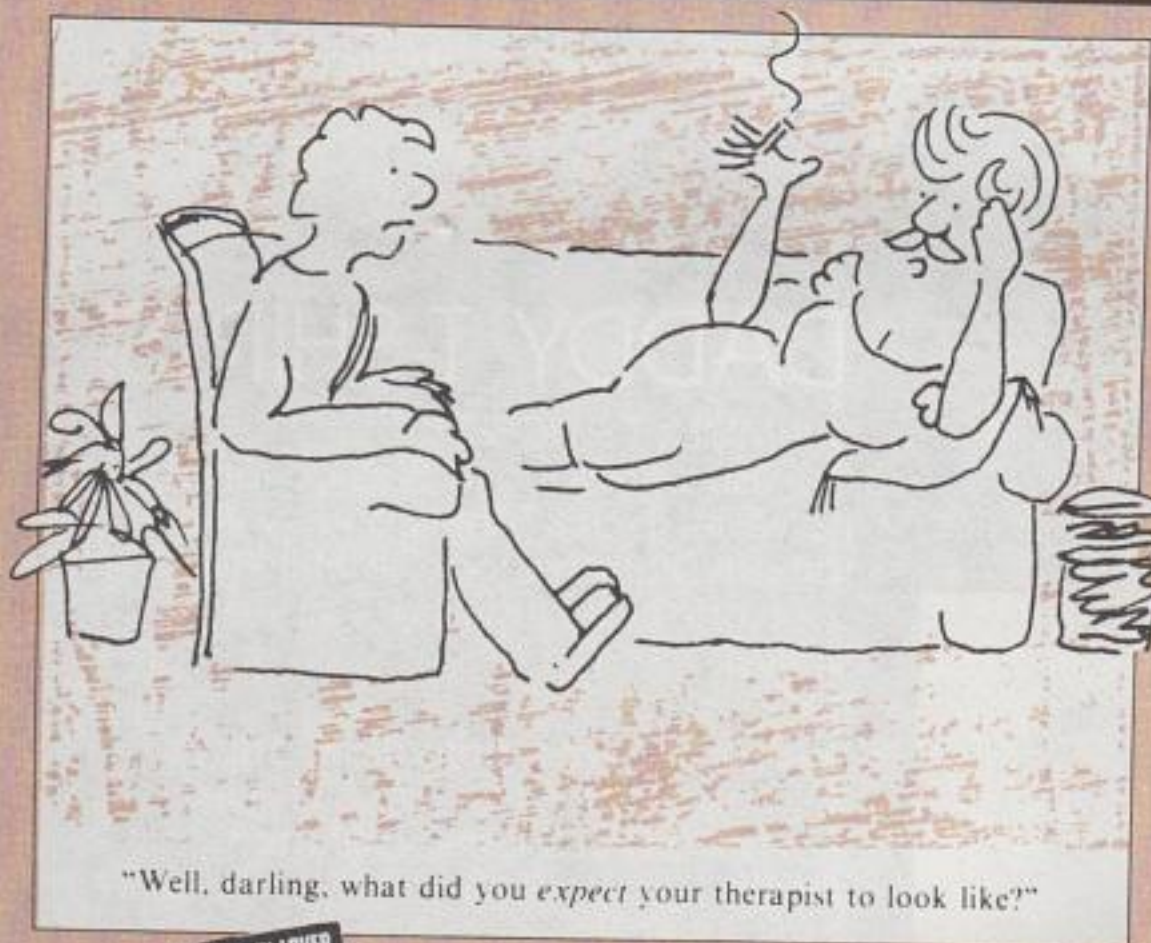
GWM, 31, European, cultured and intelligent, "TOM"-type, 6'5", bl/hzl, hung & uncut, deep hungry hole, pierced & tattooed, looks for MASTER/LOVER who thinks/lives leather and who will abuse, love, and control me. BOOTS, leather/rubber, FF, WS, TT, whipping, sleaze, anything you wish. Intelligence, solidity, humor & sick mind very, very important. You are a Master that own, molds, "adjusts and expands" me to your liking. Monogamy and total devotion from my side for the right MAN. If you want proper behavior ranging from sling up to dinner with the Queen, please contact me. NY preferred, but able to move. Box 6636.

## UNCUT ITAL/P.R. SLAVE

wtd by master/daddy, 38, 6', 180, good looks, body & head. I'm HIV neg into kinky but safe scenes—no heavy S&M, pain, drugs or cigarette use. Boy MUST be P.R. or Ital. (18-30), uncut w/ skin, into W/S & V/A, reasonably masculine and stable. I am safe, caring and demanding. Main objective is heavy body worship, personal service by my slave. Photo/phone, reasons why you feel you are a worthy boy to: Boxholder, PO Box 114, New York, NY 10028. C'mon asshole, I'm waitin'.

## BET YOUR NUTS

Call BN at (201) 874-6909 if you're GWM 18-30.



HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S MY LOVER.

From Carlo Carlucci's *He Ain't Heavy, He's My Lover*. \$4.95 from Sandmutopia Supply Co., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. Please add \$2.50 shipping and handling.

## ASSHOLE BUDDY

WM, 30 yrs, 5'8", 160#, br/bl, 8" cut, clean shaven, smooth/shaved, seeks mutual buddy for slow sensual sex, CBT, TT, rimming, hot but safe. Pluses are: smooth, uncut, hot talk (no butt-fucking), smooth beautiful hole. Pictures helpful. Box 6656.

## SLAVE TO SATAN

Slave needs to serve Satan through his Masters here on Earth. My body and soul await his domination. Box 6653.

## SLAVE READY TO SUBMIT

26 y.o. slave needs hairy, muscular master to serve. I am ready to submit myself to you Master and all your demands. Box 6663.

## SHIT FACED IN BUFFALO

Toilet seeks Master or buddy for regular watersport, and shit games, 36, 5'10", average looks, 160 lbs. Let's pig out together. Regular feedings a must. I need it bad. Box 6665

## SHAVING NEEDED

on a regular basis by handsome WM, 36, 150 lbs., 5'8". Also into W/S, spanking, and willing to learn more. Box 445, 263A W 19th St., NYC 10011.

## SCAT FEEDERS NEEDED!

32, 5'8", 140 lbs. Scat freak visiting NY in Sept.-Oct. Use me as a toilet. Come shit your big turds in my hungry mouth. Huge capacity to eat all your shit. Allan, 1-514-526-6499.

## ROY

If you read this please get in touch with Edward F. of New Haven, CT. Phone 203-865-8251.

## HOLE ACTION

GWM, 6', 150 lbs., moustache, 8 1/2" uncut, wants Top/mutual buddy for assplay. Dildoes, fist, dick. 212-255-8117.

## MIND CONTROL

GWM, 6'2", 170 lbs., into complete mind control/hypnosis by dominant Master. Condition my mind into your sexual toy. Insist on safe sex, no heavy S&M. Otherwise, your wish is my command... Master! Box 6668

## HOT BOY SEEKS SILVER FOX DADDY

GBM, 30, 6', 170 lbs., smooth body seeks a hot leather-wearing Daddy with butch attitude to worship. You are GWM, mature, solid build, cigar/cigarette smoker who knows how to demand service from his boy. Hairy body a plus. Safe Sex only. Handsome boy awaits your letter. Box 6669.

## NORTH CAROLINA

### PRIVATE VIDEO MAKERS

GWM, 34, 5'11", 160 lbs., wants to be violently beaten and brutally gang-raped on camera. No limits. Am discreet, well-insured and will sign any necessary releases. I would like a copy of the edited tape for myself, what you do with the video after that is your business. Box 6343LF

### LEATHER MAN, 46

Seeking safe Leathersex with enthusiastic Leather devotees, top or bottom, ages 40-55. Charlotte area please. Real men write: Boxholder, PO Box 20482, Charlotte, NC 28282. Anything safe goes!

## OHIO

### DADDY WANTS SON

Good-looking GWM, 43, 200 lbs., 6'3", beard, seeks obedient submissive son needing love and discipline administered by an affectionate, heavy-handed, masculine daddy. Daddy is hairy top looking for Gr/P Son into B&D, CB/T, TT, and shaving. Letter with photo to PO Box 970, Westerville, OH 43081. (LF6063)

### FRATERNITY SLAVE

No need for you or your young stud buddies to leave the bar and beat off. Get sucked by Joey (614) 792-2581.

### WEEKEND SLAVE WANTED

Short, slim, preppy type. Cleveland East Side. Photo, phone, letter. Box 6638

### BONDAGE SLAVE BEGINNER

Needs Dad-Master 23-40 in good physical shape to bind and discipline hot muscular man 23 5'6" 145, brn hair blue eyes. Need to be spanked, pissed on, cock restraint, face-fucked, light SM. Cleveland area. Photo and letter to Box 6629.

### LEATHER/MOTORCYCLE MAN

Secure, 45, successful, not into drugs, booze or smoke, prefer monogamous relationship within a 100 mile radius of Cincinnati—into hot men—tattoos and exhibitionist a plus, but not necessary—age unimportant. Your photo and phone gets mine. PO Box 41326, Cincinnati, OH 45241

### HOT VERSATILE LEATHER GUY

Seeking men who want to play. Photo—all answered. Akron area. Box 6611.

### BOOTS LEATHER PISS

Cock and ball work, spit, V/A, armpits. I'm 5'7", 140#, 35, looking for other men in boots and leather for top, bottom, mutual scenes. Rough and raunchy to sensitive and gentle. Box 6065, Akron, Ohio 44312.

### DADDY/MASTERS NEEDED

GWM, 35, 185 lbs., 5'11", beard, brown hair, green eyes, 7" cut, A/Fr, P/Gr, submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy tops. 25-45, for SM, BD, WS, TT, C/BT, FF, shaving, enemas. Expand my limits, while I worship your body. Sir, and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton/Cincinnati, OH Box 5514LF

## OKLAHOMA

### BIG PAPA BEAR WANTED

Relationship oriented kid, 34, 6', 175, hairy, healthy, needs discipline, affection. Cigars, tattoos a +. Box 6664.



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Our usual fine-quality 50% cotton/50% polyester black T-shirt comes with the famous *Drummer* logo in white to let everyone know just what you like. s/m/l/xl.

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You can let every potential Daddy's Boy on your block know you have a firm hand and a firmer attitude. s/m/l/xl.

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Looking for a firm hand? It pays to advertise with our black T-shirt that states your case. in s/m/l/xl.

DADDY'S LITTLE MAN 9.95

Ditto for looking with someone with a firm no-nonsense attitude. Proclaims who and what you are! s/m/l/xl.

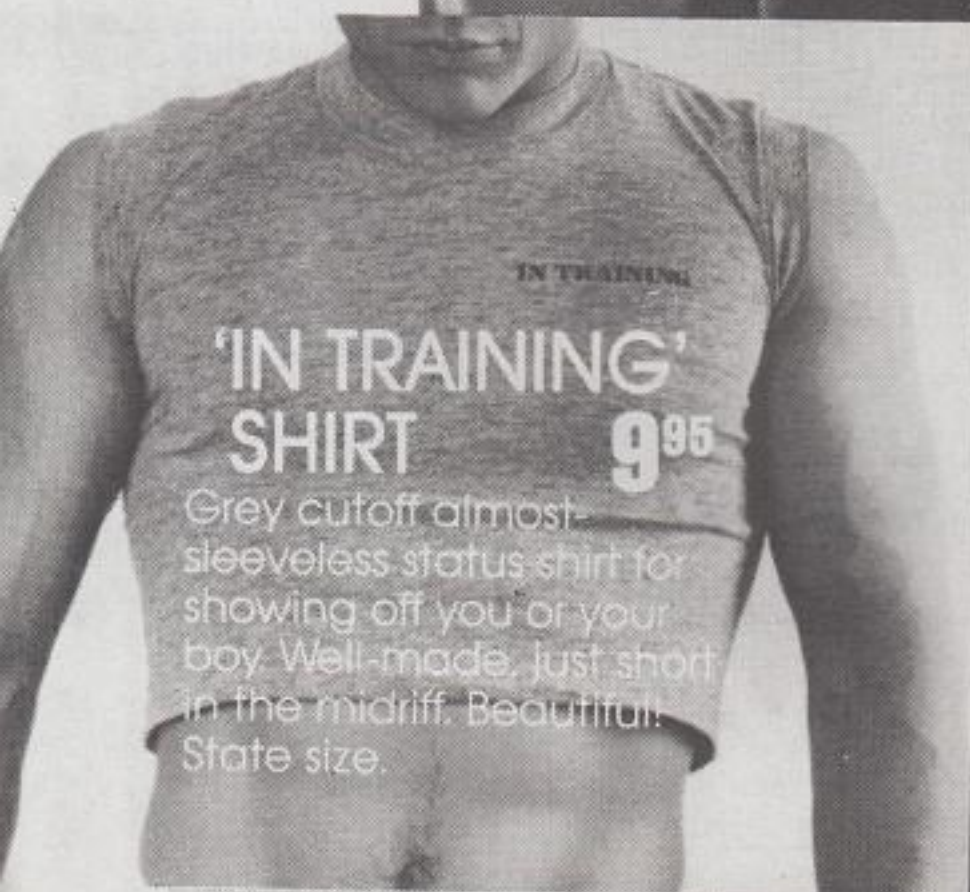
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Make your statement in black cotton/polyester. You can be on either side of the Daddy fence with this one. s/m/l/xl.

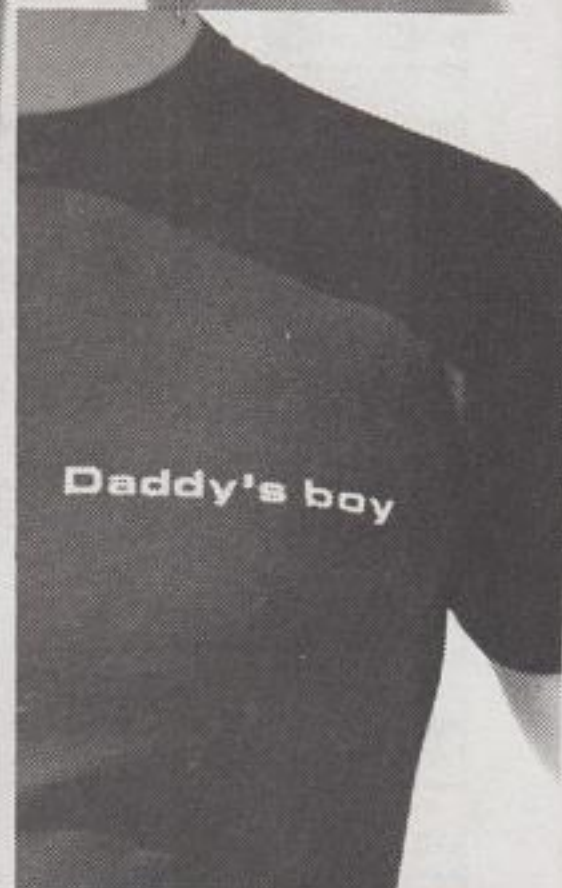
EVEN DADDIES NEED DADDIES! 9.95

Another statement that will help you find what you are looking for. s/m/l/xl.

**9.95** EACH



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Grey cutoff almost-sleeveless status shirt for showing off you or your boy. Well-made. Just short in the midriff. Beautiful! State size.



Our form-fitting CIRÉ T-SHIRT is water-resistant and sleek. It is shown elsewhere on these pages but we included it as well with our T-shirt collection. Black only in beautifully made s/m/l/xl. 21.95

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50 MANIFEST READER



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## OREGON

### PORTLAND

40-year-old working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded, 5'6", 130 lbs. Box 4455LF

### PORTLAND

Relationship oriented, 27, tall, thin, blonde, bottom. Inexperienced at leathersex. Eager learner. Interested in toys, shaving, titwork, bondage, but let's get to know each other before we play safely. Uncut a plus. Not into pain. Send photo/letter. Box 6597

### LET'S DISCOVER LEATHER SEX TOGETHER

If you're new at it, so am I. Let's initiate each other into being belted, fucked, sucked and pissed on. Top/bottom, I can be both gentle and strong. Handsome, 6'4", 210, 29. Into working out and staying in shape and want someone else who is too. Send photo/letter to PO Box 40540, Portland OR 97240-0740. (LF5747)

### ARE YOU A SLAVE?

Inexperienced, but feeling a commitment and need to serve a dependable, imaginative Master? White-collar Master will allow a large measure of independence while enforcing discipline and control. Progressive limit increase training. Must relocate in Salem, Oregon, without delay. Describe interests, photo, phone for reply. Box 5954LF

## PENNSYLVANIA

### BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by military Drill instructor. DI is looking for "A Few Good Men" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to relive their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, Box 242, Pennell, PA 19047-0848. All responses acknowledged, but those with photo/phone answered first. (LF4257)

### PHILADELPHIA PUSSY BOY

Young good-looking boy needs a master to work my hungry hole over with a big cock or dildoes. Use me in any way that pleases you, Sir. No limits. I can take it! Box 6647

### MASTER'S DISCIPLINE NEEDED

White male bottom, 33, experienced in b/d, s/m, c&bt, tt, interested in meeting top. Special interest in LE, military, medical. Complete discretion a must. Reply to Boxholder, PO Box 3821, Pgh PA, 15230.

### SM TOPMAN

Well-built, quality topman into hot, heavy but safe and sane kink-sex; 38, 5'10", 44" ch, 32" w; seeking submissive, level-headed bottommen for play times in S&M, B&D, CBT, etc. No raunch—am into responsible hot sex based on trust and man-to-man respect. Photo & phone to Box 6100LF

## RHODE ISLAND

### MASTER/DAD NEEDED

Master/Top needed by WM submissive. Need training in SM. Please, Sir, use my hot masculine muscular body for your pleasure. Interest: bondage, tit/cock play, obeying, pleasing demanding Master. Sir, I need teacher; to be naked; expand my limits, train me. Hard-working, good-looking. Box 6342LF

## SOUTH DAKOTA

### NOVICE WANTS HOT TOP

33, Needs patient Top to teach Light S/M, TT, CBT, Light Bondage, Spanking. Like Top in full leather or policeman uniform. Can travel some weekends. PO Box 994 Aberdeen, SD 57402-0994. 605-225-0375. Leave message. Travel Twin Cities. Picture if possible. Phone JO OK. Box 6674LF

### RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

## MASTER SEEKS BOY/SLAVE

For weekend/occasional use and abuse. Possible permanent houseboy. Safe, sane, clean and can travel some. Boy must be under 29, prefer smooth swimmers build. I am 37, 5'11", 170, br/br, professional. Submit picture, phone to: Sir, POB 21561, Chattanooga, TN 37421. Box 6549LF

## TEXAS

### HOUSTON ASS SNIFFERS

Arrogant well-hung stud, 6' 165 lbs., uses and abuses brownnosing wimps. Box 6504

## WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Hot, muscular jock WM, 5'8", 160, 34 yrs. enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Mostly bottom but can be versatile. Novice in TT and CBT but eager to expand limits. Discreet and safe, expect same. Box 6158LF

## BROWNNOSERS

Dallas-based Top of German descent, 32, 5'10", 145, br/gr, with oversize dick and dirty asshole travels frequently. I am looking for other young, good-looking men (like myself) who are into raunch or scat. In-shape brown-nosers contact Box 6223LF

## READY TO SERVE

WM, 35, 5'8" seeks Master to serve. Interests include bootlicking, cock worship, C/B torture, dildoes, B&D, rubber, light S&M, TT, and toys. I am well-built, good-looking GWM. Write with photo, get same. Box 6227

## LUBBOCK

Ex-military WM, 35, 5'9", 158, good build, hung, into CBT, TT, leather, levis, wants to meet other MEN for intense but safe scenes. If you're looking for a loyal buddy who's into giving as well as receiving, then I'm your man. Letter, photo, and phone to Box 6269LF

## LOOKING FOR DADDY/MASTER

GWM, 26, 5'10", 163, brown hair/blue-grey eyes, moustache, submissive and obedient, looking for Drummer Daddy/Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits. Will travel/possible relocation. Sir, please reply to Box 5265LF

## NEED SMALL HANDS/BIG DILDOES

Attractive W/M, B/B, 30s, 5'11", 175 lbs., HIV-neg., Moustache, cut, wants to meet W/M 20s-30s (no beards/cigars) for safe and hot ass-stretching sessions. Expand my colon or yours. In Dallas, but travel Texas/Oklahoma/Louisiana. Send photo/letter. Box 6547LF

## VIRGINIA

### LET'S USE MY BB SLAVE

Master attractive, successful, 36, 6'1", 180 lbs., 8", slave attractive, 32, 5'5", 140 lbs., 7", bubble butt. Seeks master(s) or master with slave(s) for joint use/exchange of slaves. Into mind control, SM, BD, toys, shaving, leather/levi, etc. You under 40, hung and in good shape. Photo phone. Mike Box 6206LF

### 2 MASTERS SEEK SLAVE/SON

GWM, 33, 5'10", 165, 10" uncut cock... GWM, 30, 6'1", 180, 8" cut cock. Seek slave/son for training. Anything goes. We demand you provide. Photo, phone. David Miller. Box 5306 Portsmouth, VA 23703.

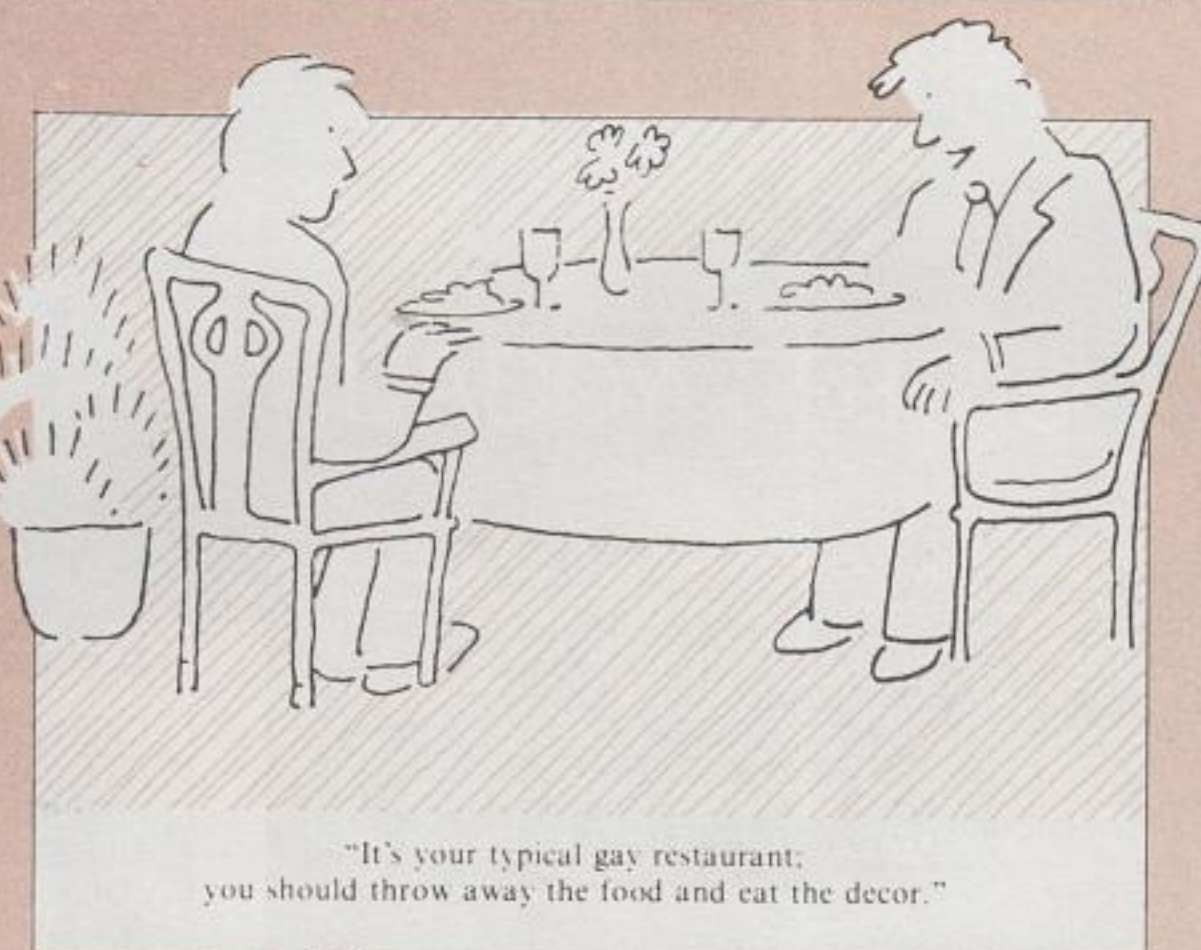
### BOTTOM TRAINING SOUGHT

Bi/W/male, 34, seeks training by experienced top into BD, light SM, watersports, toys and mind control. Me: Br hair, hazel eyes, 220, football player's build. You: 24-35, experienced, good build, clean-shaven, into safe sex. Thanks. Box 6414LF

## WASHINGTON

### EXPANSION WANTED

One 5'4", 130 WM, 40s, seeks experienced Daddy/Master to have limits expanded. Looking for good teacher for training in the art of giving/receiving the joys of gay sex. Sir, please send detailed lesson plans to: Training, PO Box 13428, Richmond, VA 23225 (LF6555)



HE AIN'T HEAVY. HE'S MY LOVER.

From Carlo Carlucci's *He Ain't Heavy, He's My Lover*. \$4.95 from Sandmutopia Supply Co., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. Please add \$2.50 shipping and handling.

## TENNESSEE

### YOUNG EAST TENN. SLAVES

Hot, cruel, master-daddy, trim executive, mid-fifties, seeks total sex slave in East Tennessee area. Slave must be under 25, well built and prepared to be on call at any time for heavy, demanding scenes. Serious only. Submit detailed letter with photo and telephone number. Box 6490LF

### GREEK PASSIVE SEEKS

GREEK ACTIVE TOPS. Docile, submissive Greek passive seeks Dominant, aggressive Greek Active Masters to serve. Photo and phone helpful. Safe sex. Nashville area. Box 6671.

### BONDAGE BUDDY BODYBUILDER

seeks muscular WM for workouts, then to be a captive of discreet, professional 34 y/o WM, 6', 180#, br/br. Have plenty of rope to restrain/outline your physique. Limits respected—SAFE or NO sex, but plenty of bondage. Gay or Bisexual, especially into Levis, Leather, Uniforms, Boots. Photo/phone to KD, PO Box 42023, Memphis, TN 38174.

### AUSTIN LEATHERMASTER

38, 6'2", 185, brown/blue, bearded, intelligent professional, monogamous, seeks ownership of inexperienced Austin slave, 30-40, professional, under 6', sexually uninhibited, masculine, trim. Smoker preferred. Photo, letter revealing your slave attitude and kind of MASTER you need to serve. Safe/Sane. Be one with ME. Box 6112LF

### SLING ROOM VACANCY

Urgently needs filling! Goodlooking horny leatherman, 30, 5'9", 150, dark hair/eyes, hairy chest, deep throat, fat cock, and hungry hole seeking dominant stud, under 40 for long, slow buttstretching, bondage, light S/M and mutual exploration in my Dallas playroom or yours. Box 6675LF

### MEDICAL EXPERIMENTATION/KINK

GWM, 50, 5'9", 145, excellent health. Seeks qualified doctor/medic to invade bladder, ass. Stretch my holes with catheters, scopes, fists. Testicular manipulation. Aroma okay. No permanent damage. Your examining room, Dallas, but will travel. Your description of self, qualifications, scene gets mine. Absolute discretion assured. Box 6686LF





Jockstraps and sneakers in the locker room. Furtive action on the team bus. Young athletes on the road. Restless in their motel rooms. Who's gay? Who's straight? Sometimes . . . it doesn't matter.

**BIJOU VIDEO PRESENTS**

# TRACK MEET

**A STEVE SCOTT FILM**

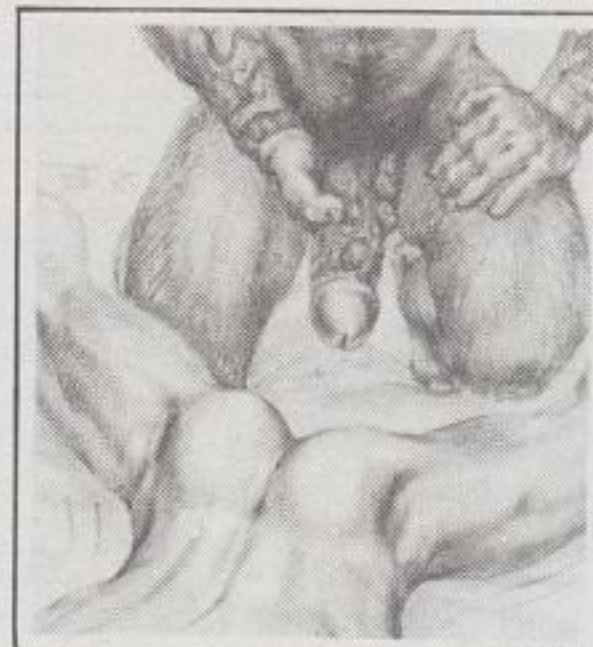
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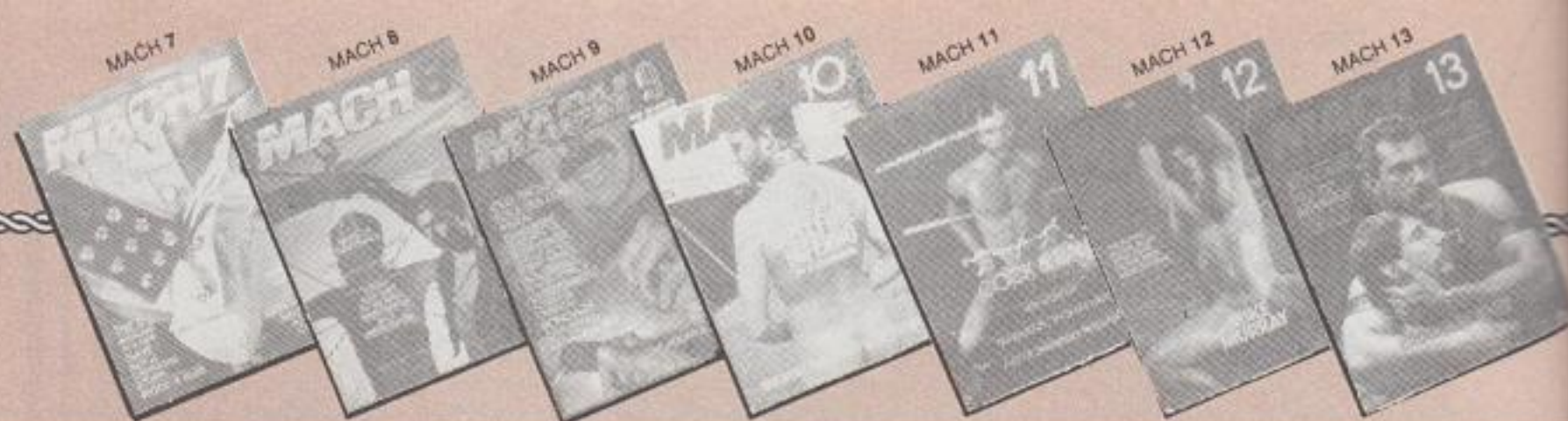
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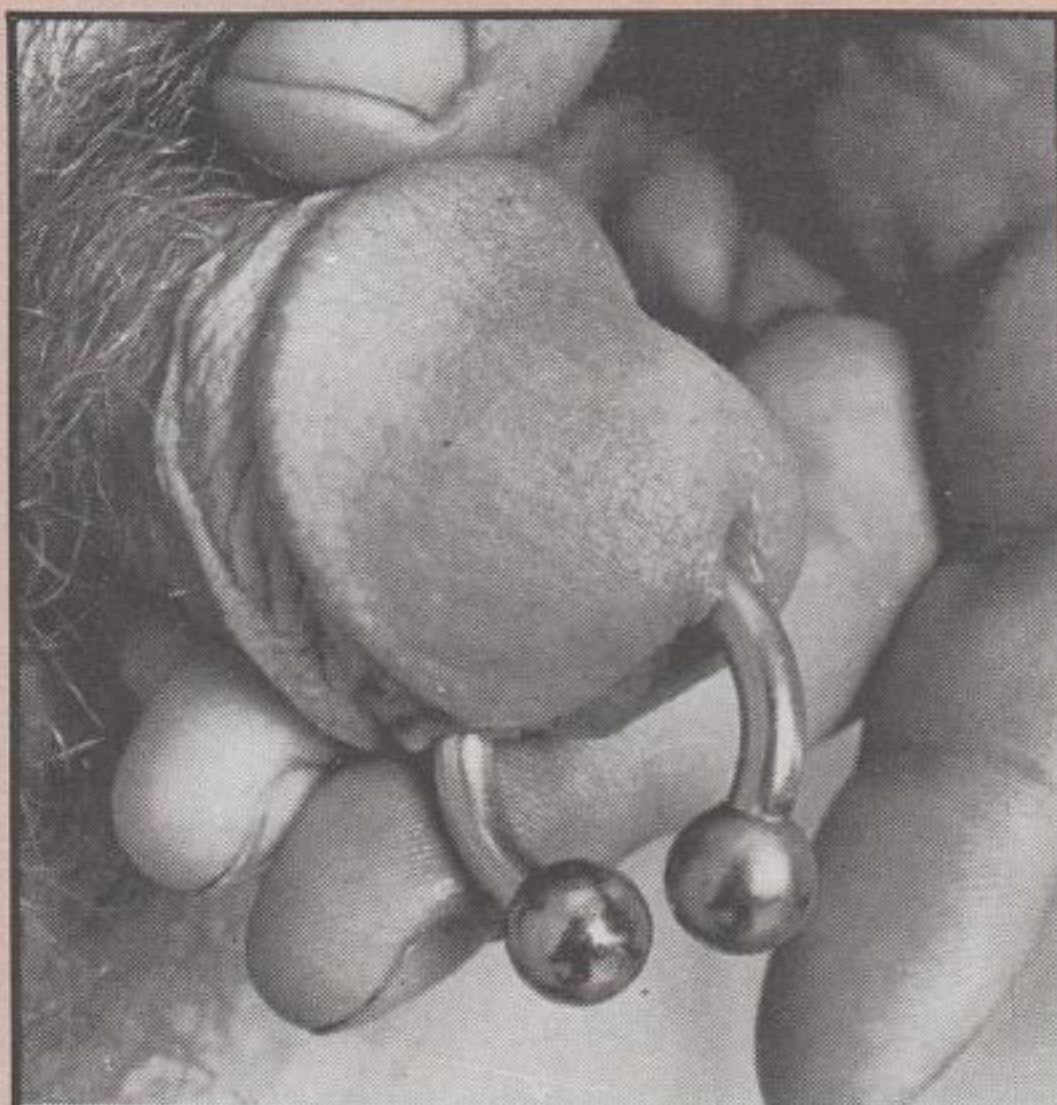
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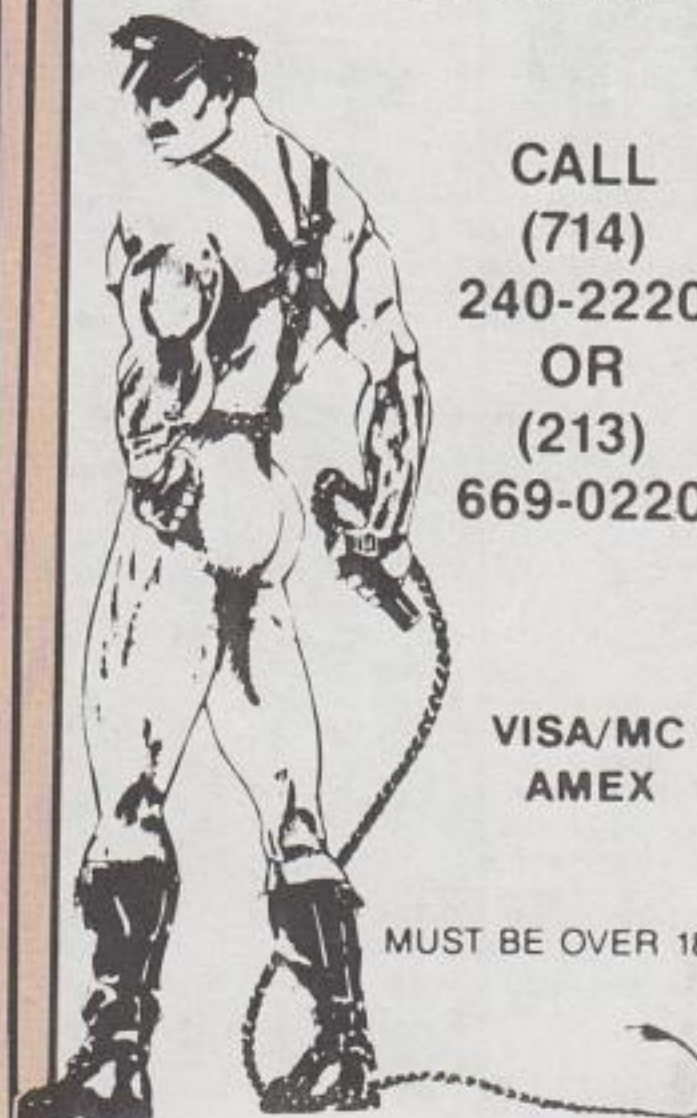
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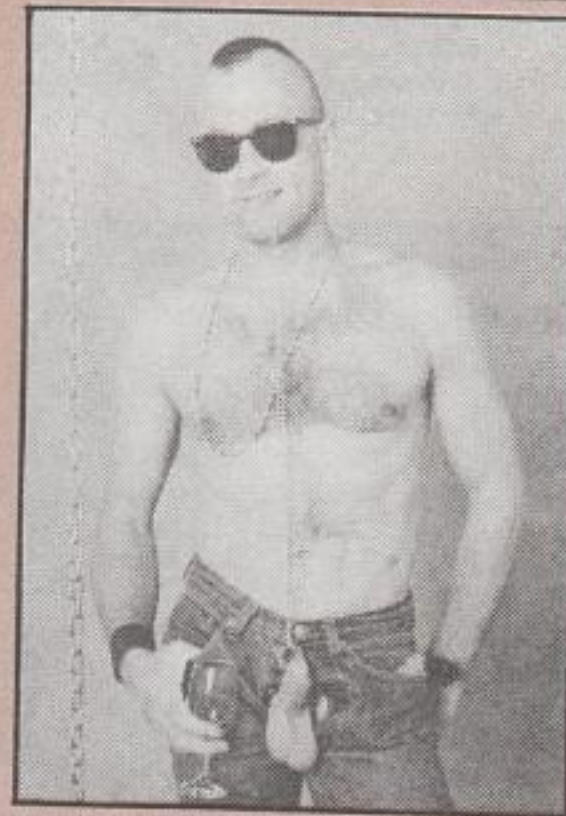
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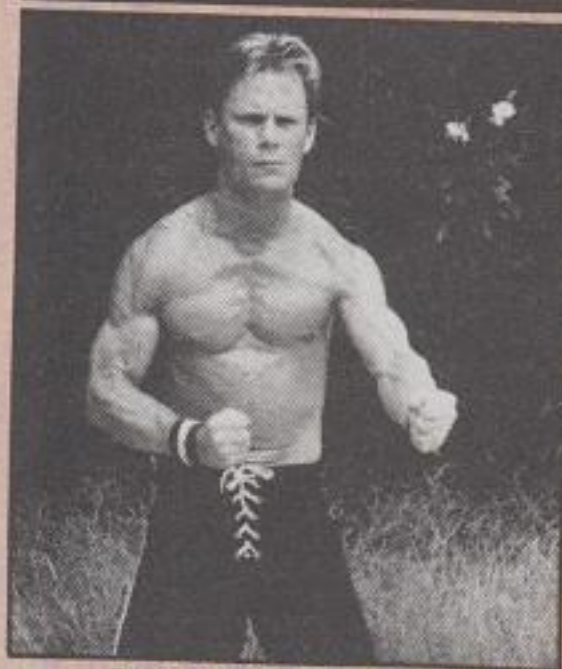
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IS TOO  
MUCH  
TALENT  
HERE!



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SAID SOMETHING  
ABOUT BEING  
ABLE TO RESIST  
ANYTHING BUT  
TEMPTATION...  
ME, TOO!

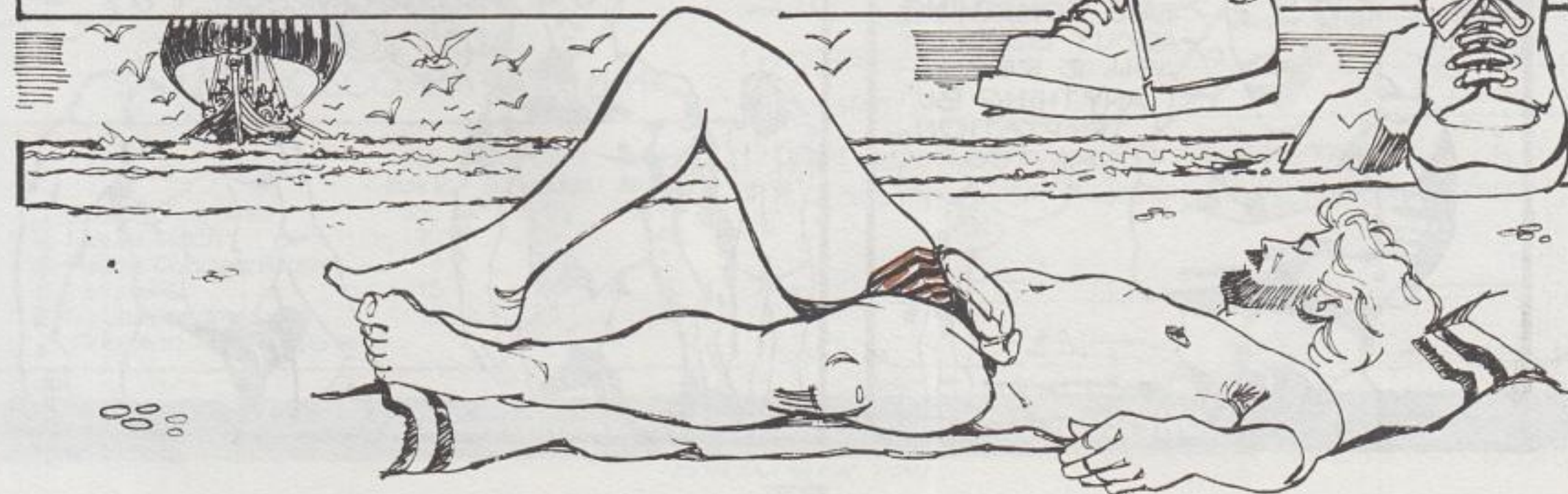
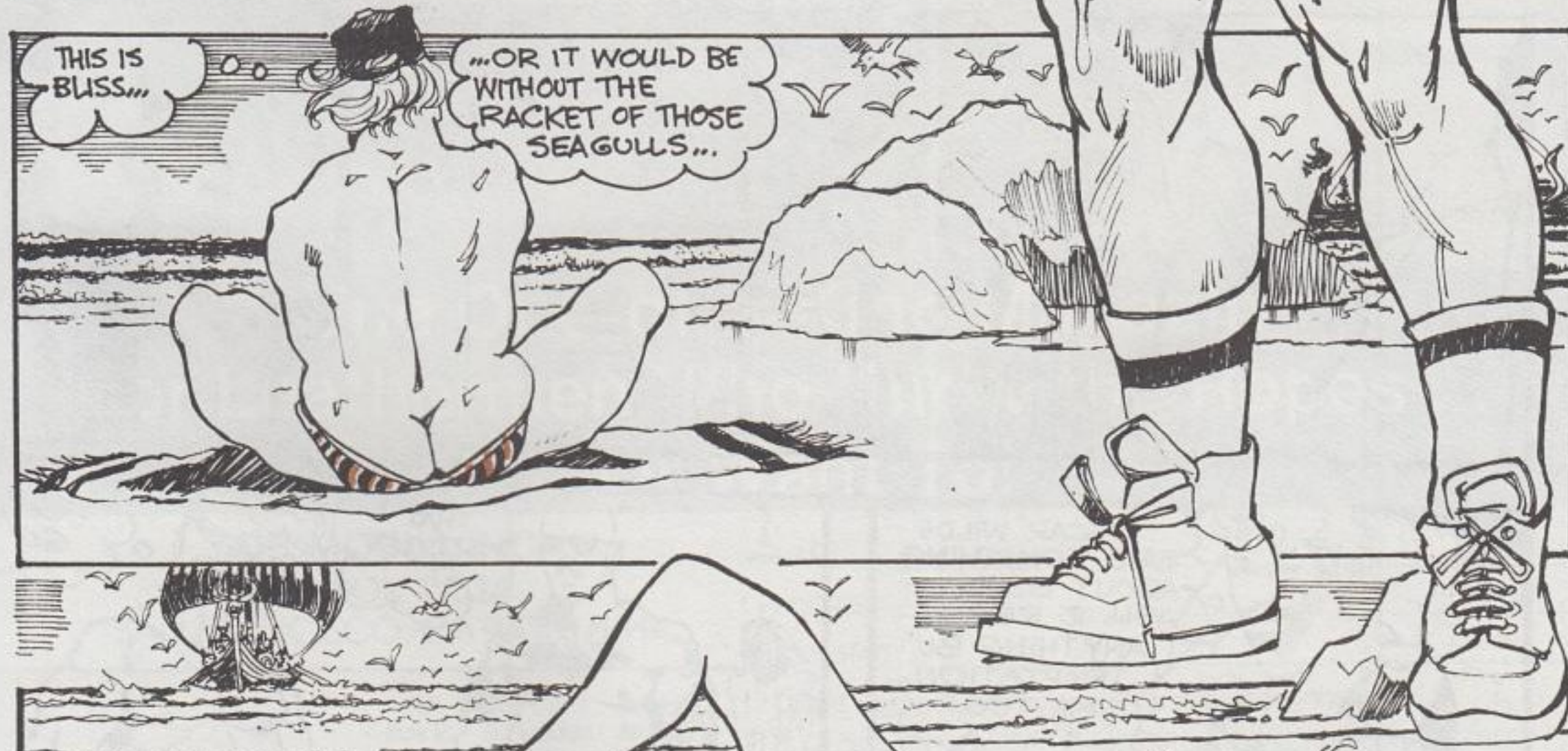


THAT  
SETTLES  
IT!

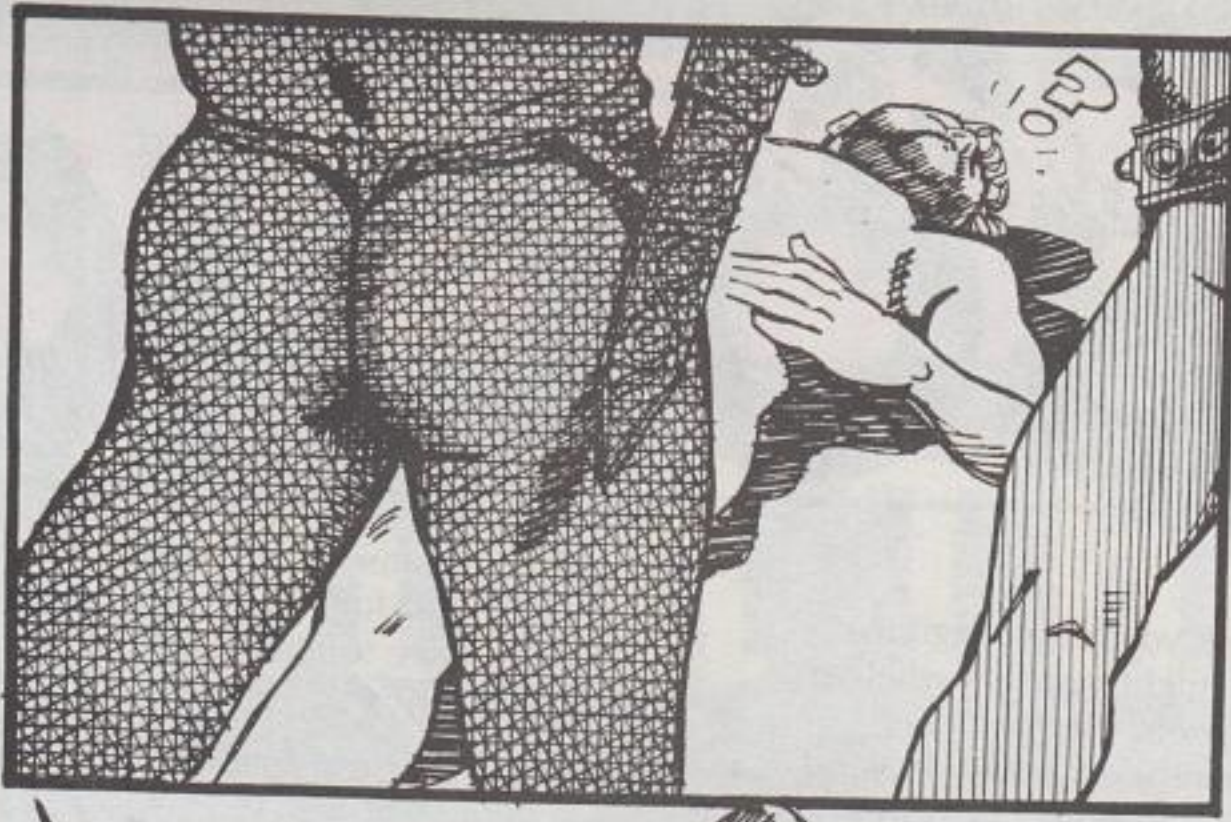


I GOTTA  
GO!











# LEATHER *Larry Townsend* NOTEBOOK

Dear Larry,

I have a slight physical problem, and there probably isn't anything to be done about it. I thought I'd ask, though, since you may have run into it before. I have about an average size cock, but my balls hang very low—always, even in cold weather or under circumstances where you would expect them to pull up. For this reason, I can't seem to wear one of those heavier metal cockrings that have gotten so popular. Even if it seems tight when I put it on, the weight makes it slip down so that it rides low enough to cause the skin of my dick to fold over. Eventually, I end up with an abrasion. Is there any solution?

Randy, Phoenix AZ

Dear Randy,

Nice, low-hanging balls are certainly set off beautifully by a heavy metal ring, so I can appreciate your dilemma. A friend of mine had a similar problem, and solved it by putting on the metal ring first, then pulling on a fairly narrow latex ring beneath it. The rubber tends not to slip and (at least for him) it held the metal ring in place. Give it a try.

Dear Larry,

From your past comments I know that you have strong feelings about the difference in status between a true slave and a bottom, even if he is in a permanent relationship. I am, in my opinion, a true slave. I have lived with my Master for three years, and he has completely taken over my life. It is a situation I like very much, and do not want to lose. However, my Master has allowed me to continue working full time, and I have been doing this for most of the time we have been together. I make very good money—more than he does, in fact. But he takes my paycheck and puts it in his own bank account, then uses any excess to make investments which are completely in his name. I don't object to any of this, except that I also know he has not made any financial provisions for me in the event he should die, or decide to kick me out. (He's late forties and I'm 20 years younger.) Although I don't want to sever the relationship—not by any stretch of the imagination—I also don't want to end up a homeless bum on the street, when I've been bringing home a good paycheck all these years. What would you suggest?

Name & area withheld

Dear slave,

It is obvious that you have a legitimate concern. While I might question whether you are a true slave or a bottom in a permanent relationship, I cannot in good conscience advise you simply to "obey your Master." If all you say is true, he appears to be taking unfair advantage of you. On the other hand, he may have done something to protect you that you are unaware of—such as making a will in your favor, buying securities jointly in both your names, or whatever. In this case, he could be said to be testing you. If that isn't the case, you simply must order your priorities and take whatever action is going to be most appropriate for you. A Master does have the obligation to look after his slave, and on this basis—if everything you believe is true—he is not fulfilling his end of the bargain. You'll have to let him know your feelings, even if you get severely punished for it. But that wouldn't be so bad, would it?

Dear Larry,

In reading a number of your things, including the two Handbooks, I get the impression that you feel it is okay to mistreat another human being, but not an animal. Am I reading you correctly? If so, how do you justify this?

Martin, Los Angeles CA

Dear Martin,

I do not feel that it is okay to mistreat another human being unless that person wants to be mistreated. There is a great deal of difference between consensual SM and rape, and if you are not able to distinguish the difference, you don't belong in the scene. Animals, like children, are unable to perceive the finer points which make it possible for one adult to enjoy dominating or submitting to another.

Dear Larry,

I want to take issue with your comment about wanting to see the bathhouses shut down, if not by the law then by us "because we have enough sense not to go there." I have spent years of my life as a gay activist, and being able to go freely into our own bars and baths has been the surest mark of our having gained the freedom of self-determination. Now you want to voluntarily surrender this hard-won right, and allow the bigots of the Right to impose their restrictions on us

all over again. After all, this health crisis isn't going to last forever, and then we are going to have to fight the old battles all over again.

Paul, Seattle WA

Dear Paul,

Although I stepped out of the limelight of the Movement a number of years ago—mostly because I got tired of wasting my energies scrapping with other gay men and women—I also have a considerable investment of time, emotion, etc., in the achievement of our civil rights. I feel no less strongly about this today than I did in the height of my Movement activities. However, I cannot condone the potential danger a man faces in a bathhouse on the basis of these previous activities and beliefs. When the health crisis is over, I'll be right there demanding that the baths be open again. Right now, I see them as a terrible danger to the lives of the very people we are supposed to be "leading." As I stated before, I don't like to see the authorities shutting down any of our businesses; we should be doing it ourselves by refusing to patronize them.

Dear Larry,

Although I try to observe the rules of safe sex, I am still getting my share of action. I've found, however, that most guys I have gone with are only interested in having one ejaculation. Then, as far as they are concerned, the scene is over. I am good for at least a couple more shots, and often come home and jack off afterward, because I'm not fully satisfied. Am I over-sexed or what? Shit, I sometimes leave to go home with my cock still hard and ready, while my partner has pooped out and fallen asleep.

C.H., Atlanta GA

Dear C.H.,

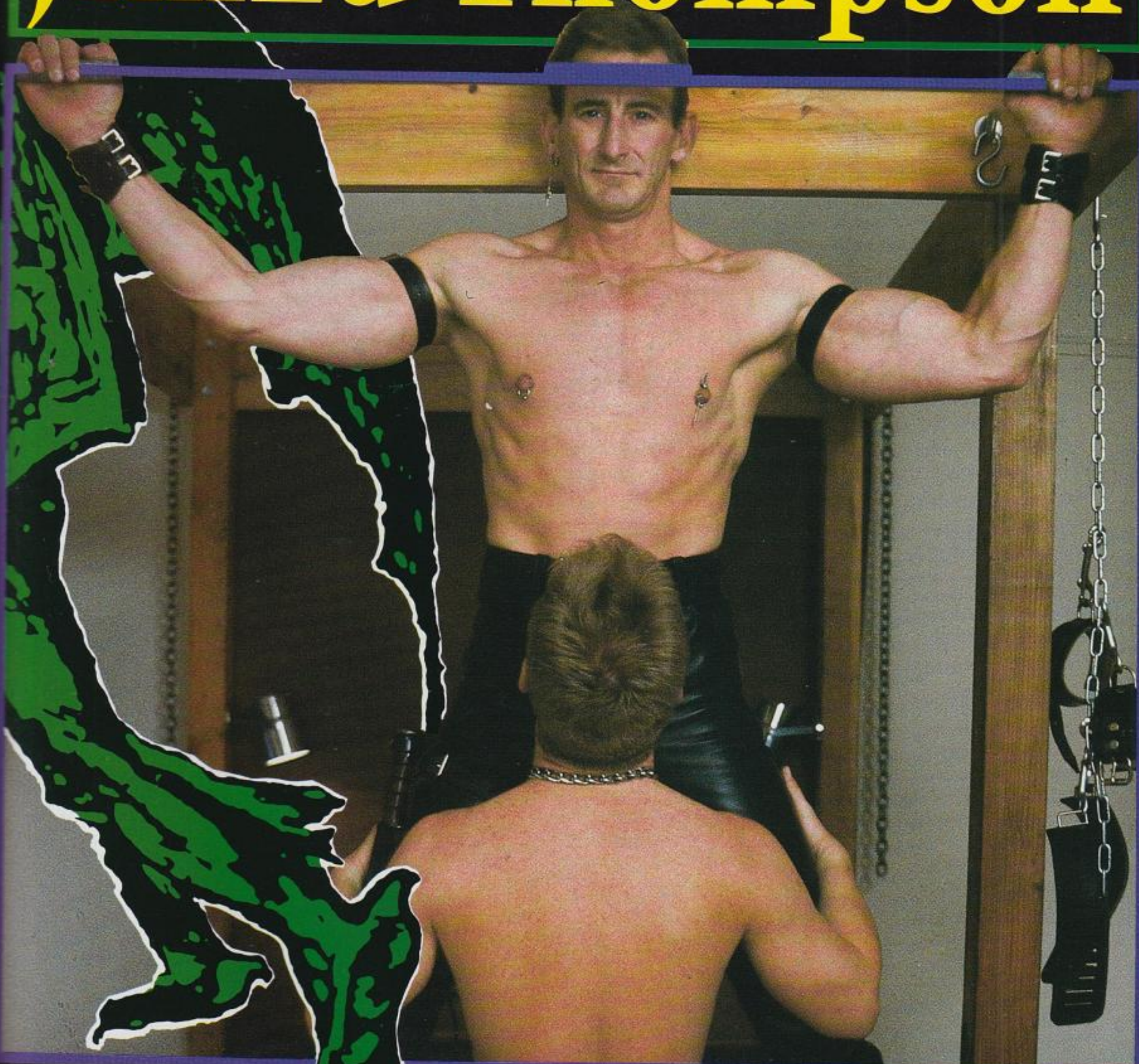
You are apparently what Kinsey called a "high performance male." There's nothing wrong with you, nor with your partners. I'd suggest you let your partner know that you like to cum more than once, and get yourself off an extra time or two before he does. I doubt anyone is going to have serious objections.

**If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him c/o Leather Notebook, Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.**



# DRUMMER MEN

## Remembering JimEd Thompson



9/18/46

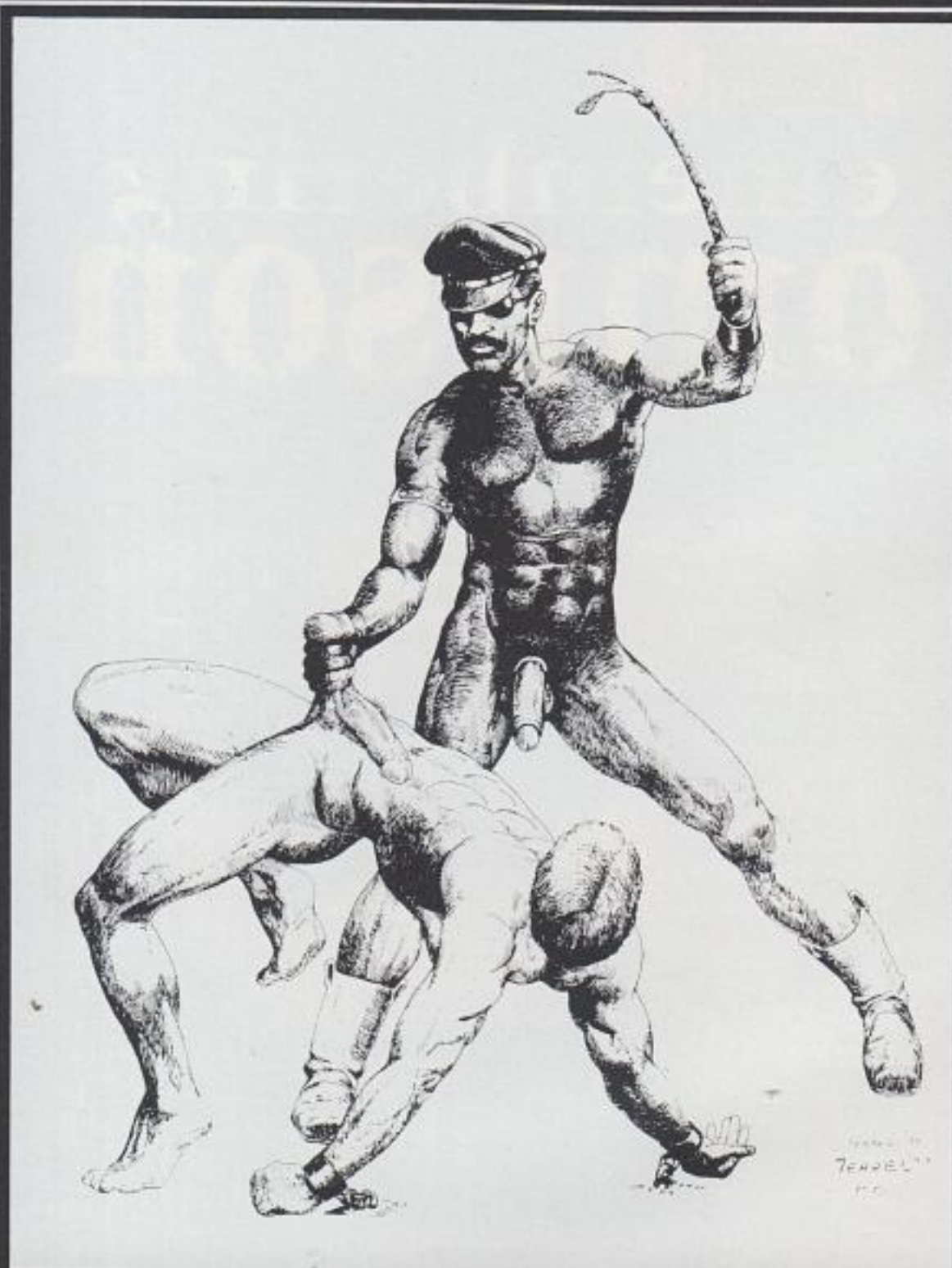
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The word *respect* immediately comes to mind when visualizing the leather, the commitment, and the spirits of the proud souls who've been featured as DRUMMERMEN over the years. DRUMMERMEN have been a contributing—*force*—within the contest of the leather community. And certainly the memory of JimEd Thompson shines as an outstanding example of individuality and leather well-worn. And respect...

The people who knew this intense amazing leatherman now visualize his soaring spirit with their love and their words.

—Tim Barrus





**MEN OF ACTION:** This poster by Terrell was originally a publicity piece for *Action Male* magazine, the less specialized successor to *Gay Bondage*, which JimEd produced for House of Milan. I had always been intrigued by the action but doubted its authenticity. JimEd assured me that it was indeed authentic. Terrell was at the time his lover and bottom and it shows a scene they frequently did together. JimEd was the model for the Top in the drawing. He also ended up being the model for the bottom, since Terrell and JimEd were the only two men they knew who could get into that position, and Terrell obviously found it difficult to do a self-portrait while hanging from his balls! Print #001 was a gift from JimEd after he understood just how much I really had appreciated his earlier publishing efforts.

Fledermaus

It was a Rope Fetish Night at Touche in Chicago and Patrick was near the door. Sudsy came in wearing a rope body harness and Patrick asked him who had done it. "Your grandfather," was the response. Patrick was puzzled and Sudsy grinned. Patrick had learned most of his ropework from me, and I had learned much of what I know about body harnesses from Gordon. Gordon, of course, had done Sudsy's harness. Genealogies in academia are not uncommon, and it is a common pastime among graduate students to study the genealogical relationships of various student/teacher influence patterns. The practice is not uncommon, either, in SM and related "sciences." Gordon had indeed been my "father" for body harnesses. I had heard about his harnesses and had been trying to create them for over a year before I finally met him and received lessons. He was also interested in learning the variations I had come up with on my own before meeting him. Gordon taught me body harnesses, but another man had definitely been my "father/tutor/mentor" for basic ropework.

I was a novice Top when, on December 31, 1975, a few minutes before midnight, I spotted someone I very much wanted to work on. After welcoming the new year, we went home and I tried everything I then knew how to do. It was obvious my new friend was mainly interested in bondage, so when we parted around noon on January 1, planning to get together again that evening, I pulled out every book I had and studied the bondage photos. The focus of my study that day, and for many years after—*Gay Bondage* 1, 2, & 3. These marvelous issues from House of Milan, credited to "Master Tau" provided step by step instructions in HOW-TO tie a guy up. Clear, detailed photos were both hot and instructive. And the accompanying text was clear and concise. On January 2, 1976 I tried many different bondage positions and my newfound friend was impressed. After more than 12 years together I am running out of ways to tie him up, and I impress him more these days with my cooking than my ropework. But it was Master Tau's instructions that really helped get it all started.

A few years later, it was again Master Tau's example that I followed in starting my own publication, *DungeonMaster*. I wanted a publication that would be instructive in basic S&M, something people could study and learn from. I was greatly indebted to Master Tau, for many reasons.

Over ten years after that fateful New Year's Eve I was finally able to express my gratitude in person. JimEd Thompson was Mr. San Francisco Leather 1986 and a contestant in the International Mr. Leather Contest. Andy and I were the new owners of *Drummer* and I was an IML judge. Andy and I met JimEd and Chris at the precontest press party. I expressed my long-felt appreciation for the influence he had had on my own development, and was continually impressed by his performance over the weekend.

When we announced an opening for Associate Editor of *Drummer*, *DungeonMaster*, and the other magazines, JimEd was one of the first applicants and his background made him an obvious choice. It was a hiring decision I have never regretted. We worked very well together and I came to admire him even more. His muscular body, his "wing nut" ears, his sharp chiseled features, his often stern "public" facade, concealed a man who was not just intelligent but wise; not just caring but compassionate; a man who was witty and warm.

I appreciated him years before I met him. After we began to work together on a day-by-day basis, I also came to respect him, admire him and love him. In the all too brief time we had together, I never stopped learning from my mentor.

Tony DeBlase/Fledermaus





Photo ROBERT PRUZAN

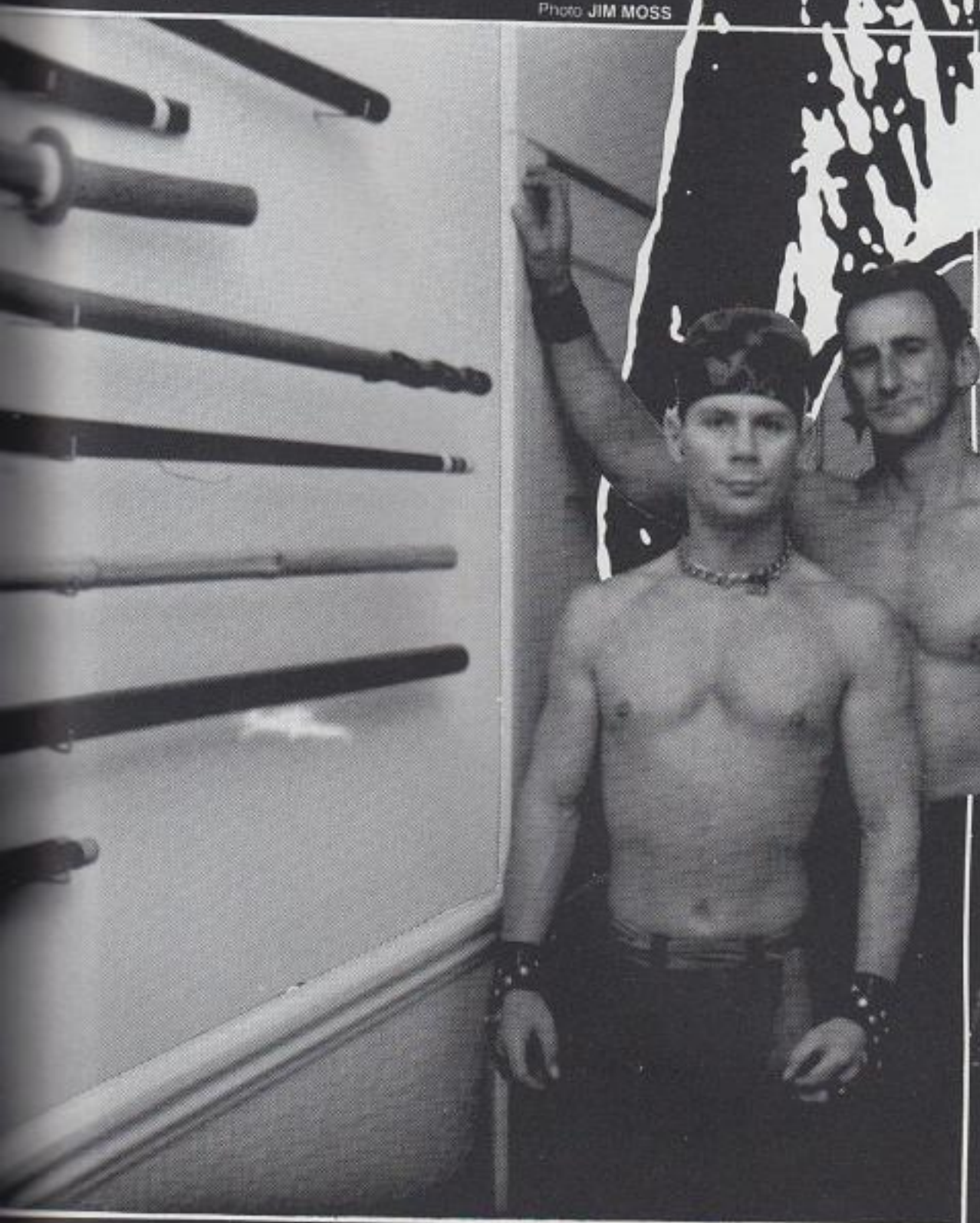


Photo JIM MOSS







I was first introduced to JimEd in late 1969 by a mutual friend, Candy, in Honolulu. She introduced him as a "brother she had adopted." At the time he was working as bouncer in a gay bar called the Clouds. Being a straight man, I was at first uncomfortable (JimEd was the first gay man I had ever met), but his charm and good humor soon put me at ease and we became friends. He told me that I was the only straight man who could tell him a gay joke without him being offended. Later, JimEd, his lover Bobby, Candy and I shared a house in Volcano, Hawaii. Those were good times.

They eventually moved to L.A. and about a year later (1971) we reconnected. I had been working as a layout artist for a bondage publishing company, House of Milan, and was learning bondage photography. In 1974, I got him a job doing layout art at H.O.M. and taught him how to use a camera. His first solo project was a magazine called *Gay Bondage*. This was H.O.M.'s first gay publication. It was pretty good for a first try and soon JimEd had developed a real talent. He did some great work such as "Action Male" and "Men of Action" before he moved up to San Francisco.

In 1981, I moved up and started Loving SM Productions. JimEd worked with me on several film projects and starred in my first video production, *Journey into Pain*, and later, *Pain Suite*. These videos attest to his acting skill, and his skill and sensi-

tivity as a dominant. The success of these productions is due in a large part to JimEd.

In our discussions, JimEd told me of sexual activities I hadn't even thought were possible, such as fisting. Though I am still straight, he helped me to expand my sexual awareness and not to fear the realization of my fantasies. He took me to see the stage version of *The Rocky Horror Show*. My favorite line was, *Don't dream it, be it!*

In recent years, our lives followed different paths and we saw very little of each other. In a conversation we had on a visit a few months before his death, he told me that he felt very lucky. He had found the lover he had always wanted, had won the title "Mr. Leather, San Francisco, 1986," and had edited *Drummer*, which had been a longtime ambition. (When JimEd was working for H.O.M. in the mid-70s, he said that someday he hoped to be good enough to work for *Drummer*.) He said it was good to know in advance he was going to die so he could put his affairs in order and prepare.

JimEd believed in reincarnation. A painting he gave me in 1974 shows his feelings towards death. It is a hand outstretched. Flying into the moonlight from that hand is a man shape with colorful butterfly wings. It is captioned, "Butterflies are free..."

Goodbye, JimEd, the world is a poorer place without you.

— Russell Bud



"I have heard the mermaids singing,  
each to each other."

—T.S. Eliot

In the summer of '77, I set up a scene between JimEd and my then lover as my birthday present to my main man. JimEd met him at a bar, put an eyeless hood on my lover, drove him around a while, and then drove him to my house. JimEd threw him over one shoulder and carried him into my playroom for a hot scene. My lover had no idea where he was, and I got to watch JimEd play with him for several hours. Later, JimEd and I ate birthday pie off my lover's chest with great relish—candles burning all the while. I shall never forget . . . never.

Today, I learned of JimEd's death, and a part of me went with him, for he has been one of the village elders—a keeper of the sacred flame. I took my Harley up through Griffith Park earlier on a sort of memorial ride. I listened to the wind whistling past my ears—listened for any whispering that may have been there, rather like the oracles at Delphi, leaning over that crack in the earth, inhaling the vapors—hopeful of some sign.

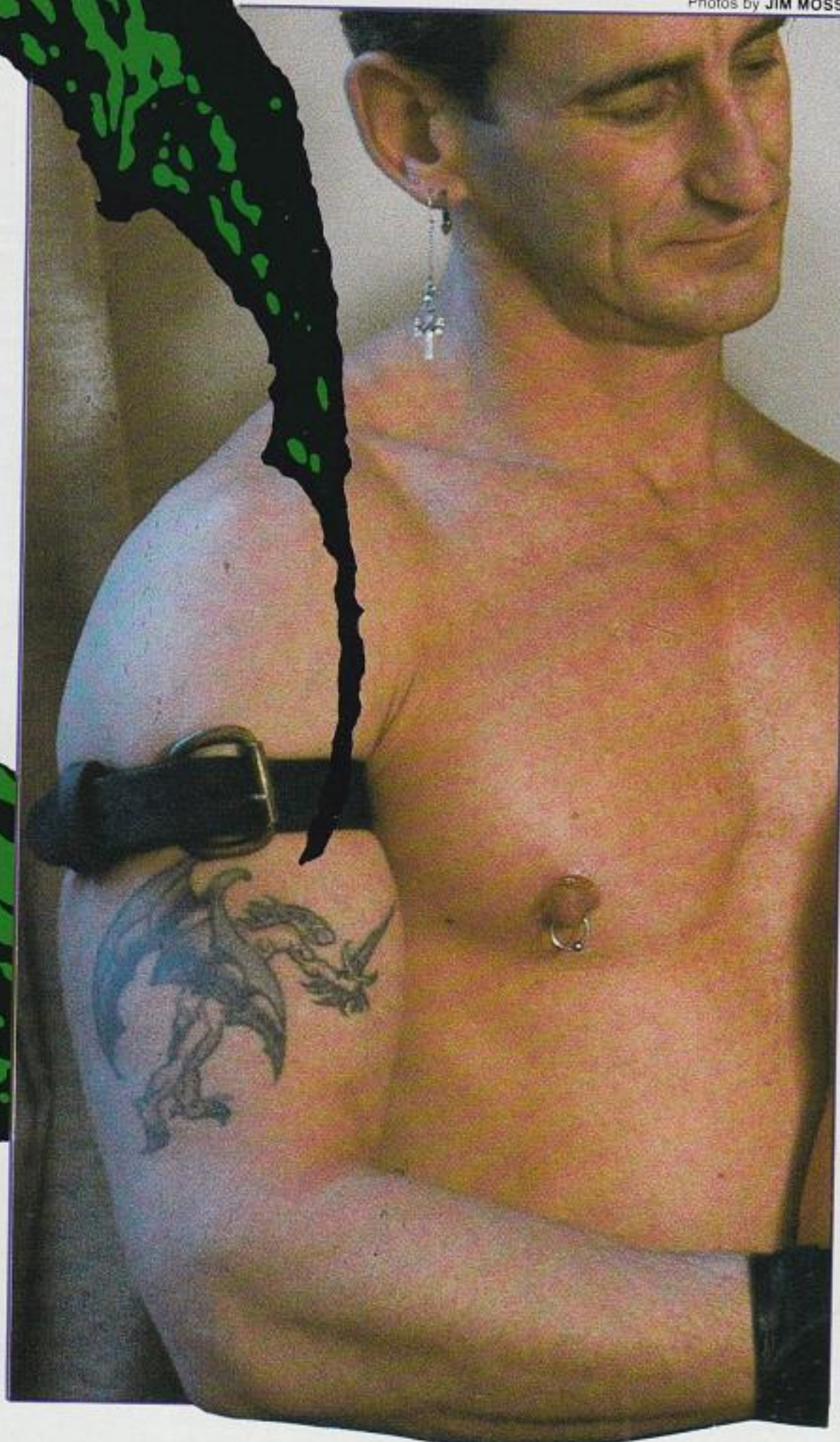
I heard sounds, but I do not know what they meant.

I tried to think on what might make my sorrow lighter, and suddenly, I thought of JimEd playing with my friends Larry Hunt, Bruce Rapp, Mike Cahalin and other village elders who have also left, and lo—a smile graced my sad, wet lips.

I shall do Thirteen Strokes, and smartly, in your honor this year at Inferno.  
Goodbye, my Friend.

—Guy Baldwin

Photos by JIM MOSS





Photos from MR. DRUMMER VIDEO 1986 (see page 48 to order)



"That's your competition," I was told when someone handed me a newspaper photograph of JimEd Thompson in a leather harness. Taking in his stature, physique, and dramatic style at a glance, I answered, "There's no competition—he's the winner." Dozens of leathersguys were still checking into the hotel in Chicago, the city where the International Mr. Leather contest occurs each year, and many of the contestants had never crossed paths. Much of the leather world was still new to me, but JimEd struck me as being an archetypal Leatherman in image.

And in person he and his lover, Chris Burns, were quite as striking. At a leather party the night before the contest, both parted the crowd like Moses parting the water, leaving a wake of astonished admirers. Oh, and maybe a few envious twits—JimEd and Chris later told me that they'd overheard one person say as they passed, "Those guys are not nice." Their mean and obscene reputation had obviously preceded them once again.

I'm looking now at a photo of them taken at that party, and it's clear why they provoked strong reactions—they pioneered, for example, a leather image I can only describe as a wild mix of Pumped-Up Punk, Samurai Swordsman, and Road Warrior. Both stood side by side, proud of each other, sporting slightly spiked brush-cut hair and just enough oil on their skins to catch the light. Chris wore a padlocked chain round his throat, chains on his arms, and tit-rings. JimEd wore knives, a miniature sword piercing his nipple, and a spiked harness; a leather arm-guard had a window cut away to reveal a dragon tattoo. In one hand, JimEd clutched a leather jacket with these words emblazoned on the back: EXPECT NO MERCY.

These guys were so beyond-the-beyond that I immediately took a liking to them before being introduced. At the contest itself, JimEd Thompson, Peter Gallo, and I were judged the winners—and the voting was so close as to make the ranking academic. The three of us went on to enjoy the glory and endure the headaches as much like a team as possible, traveling together to our home cities, and riding floats near-naked in gay pride parades. We fried our butts sitting on the hood of a parade truck in San Francisco, dressed only in boots and leather jocks. On these occasions, as Fundamentalists were waving banners such as *AIDS Is the Wrath of God*, I had the pleasure of mooning them in return. Curiously, this shocked a few leathersguys, who felt that an International Mr. Leather should conduct himself with the dignity of the Pope or the President. But JimEd, who had grown accustomed to my usually reserved behavior, simply widened his eyes

and then roared. JimEd was a strong individualist, with an equally strong sense of community. He had no patience with any would-be dictators of leather conformity. If we join the leather community to break the mold of the asexual Dress for Success fashion show, then why not be free to break even the molds of the leather world? That's the daring and critical spirit I admired in him, though my own leather gear is fairly conventional. JimEd was "apolitical," in the sense that he had no strong loyalties to the Two-Party System. But he was deeply political in the ancient Greek sense of "polis"—the public world of citizens. In that public world of the gay and leather communities of San Francisco, he shouldered his share of responsibilities.

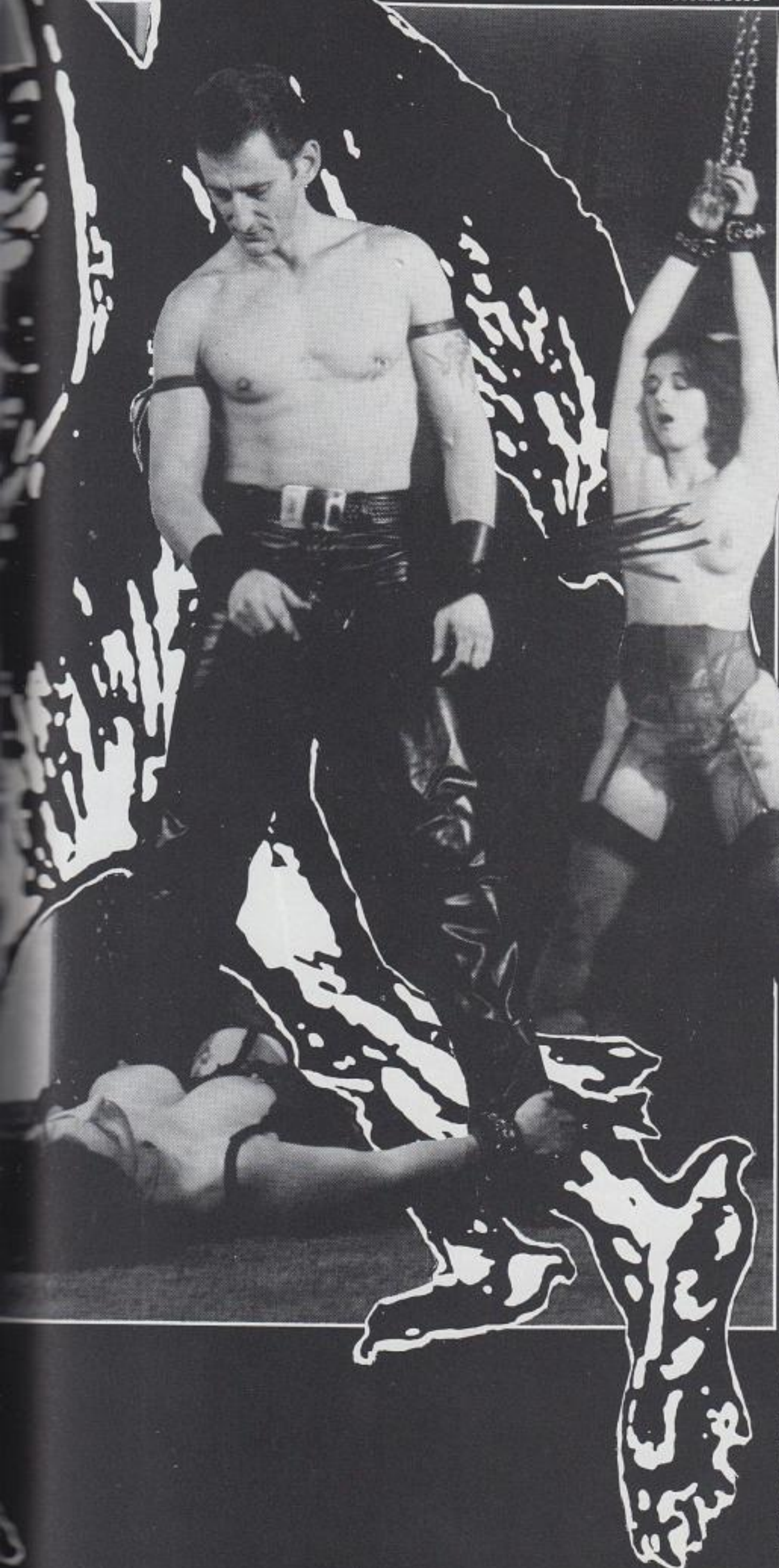
He lived many lives in one, and had many stories to tell. Not once do I recall him engaging in any mean-spirited gossip in my presence. Of course he knew some deep dish about various characters in the leather scene, coast to coast, and even worldwide. But he presented this information like a philosopher, searching for the inner gem of meaning, whether sad or humorous. There were times when I felt out of my depth in the sudden publicity and fantasy lives of strangers after the contest, and then JimEd helped me regain my bearings with a few choice words. He loved the limelight, but he was not an egomaniac. He enjoyed the friction and athleticism of SM, but he was also a tender man. He and Chris Burns made an extraordinary couple.

In the continuing medical and political crisis of AIDS, I lost my chance to visit JimEd one more time before he died. Here in Philadelphia, City Councilman Francis Rafferty has been spreading misinformation about AIDS, as well as encouraging a climate of hatred against gay people. I myself was recently beaten by two thugs who announced, "We're for Rafferty and we're for the majority!" Members of our community have been arrested for protesting a criminally negligent state AIDS budget, and over a thousand of us protested at City Hall. But in the midst of these events, I had the sudden impulse to call JimEd shortly before he died, and even though his voice was weaker than I had ever heard it, I also took strength from his own spirit to continue the fight here at home. By remembering his generosity, his integrity, his sexual pride and playful spirit, we also remember him into our daring and diverse community, and reclaim him for our past, present, and future.

—Scott Tucker



Photo RUSSELL BUDD



I was even less than a "baby bottom" when I was first introduced to JimEd by his old friend and colleague from the H.O.M. days, photographer Russell Budd. Budd was staying with mutual friends in San Francisco, recuperating from a back injury and JimEd was managing their apartment house.

JimEd was one of the most beautiful men I'd ever seen, soft-spoken, with just a trace of what sounded like Southern drawl. We talked casually of this and that, neither of which was SM-related in the least. After all, I wasn't even sure I was interested in SM, let alone that he was.

Several months later, after much persuasion and more fear to be acknowledged, I agreed to watch *Journey into Pain*, a visually-hetero SM video, with JimEd as The Top, and said to be one of the hottest ever made. It was the first real (or even fake) SM I had ever seen, and I was utterly blown away, terrified and totally turned on.

My dreams that night were hot, scary and VERY rude. My fantasies, such as they were, have ever since almost always included JimEd.

Fortunately, my real life has also included him, but in very different terms. After all, there was no possibility that the part of me that's a seriously submissive masochist was going to get JimEd to help her live out her outrageous fantasies. And I think it was precisely that fact, that part of me was irretrievably in love with a man who was not the least bit interested in me in that way, that helped me learn one of my most important life lessons. I couldn't, can't, won't deny the wonderful feeling of being insanely in love with JimEd, but somehow I was able to move that emotion entirely into the realm that belongs to the submissive masochist, who understands deep in her soul that she's lucky to get a smile, that there was no way in the world she could get her hottest fantasies fulfilled by that man, and that, because she is submissive, that's exactly the way it SHOULD be. That part of me is able to luxuriate in the wonderful feeling of being in love and/or lust without any expectation of response from the person she's in love with.

The outcome is that I can allow myself the fullest range of feelings toward people I meet without allowing the ones that could create awkwardness to intrude between us. What am I talking about?

A few months after I saw *Journey into Pain*, I gave a carte blanche to the person who is sometimes my Master. I allowed myself to begin exploring deeply into the submissive masochist part of me I had not known existed only a little while before. I became involved in SM organizations and met more people like myself: smart, exciting, some of them conventionally pretty to look at, some of them not, but all of them sharing an interest, to whatever degree, in this beautiful way of relating to others. Among the people I met were more leathersmen, gay men who did not, probably never would, have any sexual interest in me. I was able to allow myself to feel all the emotions I had toward them, including the wildest of SM lust, but channeling the awkward ones (that wild SM lust) into the submissive masochist, where it stays, not intruding on what have become some of the friendships I cherish most of all.

JimEd and I stayed loosely in touch. We started out working together on the 1987 International Ms Leather activities and wound up with serious disagreements and pain on both sides. But when I was invited to edit *The Sandmootopia Guardian and Dungeon Journal*, JimEd greeted me as a valued colleague, an equal, laying aside previous differences of opinion in favor of working side by side on our respective publications.

I never really knew where I fitted into JimEd's life. I never knew how he valued his friendship with me. What I do know is being exactly who he is, he helped me find a very important part of myself, encouraged me at fingertip distance, was a role model in some ways as I have grown. Some of who I am is the result of having had JimEd Thompson in my life, and as long as I live, and as long as people whose lives I've touched live, just so long will JimEd live.

—Carol Truscott



## JimEd Thompson

was a guy like no other. I've known and loved him for many years, and was always glad when our paths crossed once again.

His warm and caring ways were combined with a genuinely masculine presence. On the most personal level he was always intense, always creative, and with wonderful self-confidence. He was one of the rare individuals who managed to live the fantasy.

Those of you who didn't know him personally most likely knew him to one degree or another through his work at *Drummer* and other publications over the years. He's given us all a lot of pleasure, a lot of himself. And if I might add, he was instrumental in getting me to print up my current collection of drawings.

It saddens me that he died at such a young age, like so many other fine men. Let this remind us all to be aware NEVER to let our guard down, even for a moment.

You may not be here with us now, JimEd, but know that I, for one, will not forget you.  
—Your friend, Jakal

Do you know someone who deserves to be a DRUMMERMAN? We're talking respect, dedication, involvement, and how it all comes together as leathercelebration. Send your nominations to DRUMMER, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

It has always been those men who have, against the grain of both homo and hetero public understanding and acceptance, made realities of their fantasies that I admire most. Perhaps more specifically, from my personal understanding and acceptance, those men who have practiced reality in the dungeons formed of their fantasies.

In the early seventies, before there was a Zeus Studios, and before he became a friend, JimEd Thompson was a champion of that fantasy closest to my closeted nut—masculine men in bondage. When he was House of Milan's series editor of male bondage publications, entitled "Action Male," I wrote Mr. Thompson a fan letter thanking him for putting leatherbound Gregg Strom in my grateful left hand, leaving free my very determined right hand for extended and spirited auto-phallic abuse. I thought JimEd Thompson's vision was the second cumming. And in the early months of our friendship, I helped ensconce JimEd as my across-the-hall neighbor in an old and architecturally "Hollywood Castle" apartment building that just begged for a dungeon.

During the first few days of his residence I nearly cauli-flowered my ear, pressing it against a glass pressed against the common wall that separated our apartments . . . listening. Listening to chains and heavy metal accoutrements clanking. Massive beams being dragged across the floor, chain-hoisted, and pounded into position. Could it be? Would he dare? Yes. JimEd Thompson was installing a dungeon in Mary Pickford's very own pre-Pickfair pad—the venerable Trianon. A Hollywood landmark. A historical architectural monument to excess. Wow!

To me, the sexiest of JimEd's qualities was his mystery. Deep, dark mystery. And despite his audacious public image, JimEd honed his private mystery to a fine art and wore it like armor. It drove me crazy that he kept his Trianon dungeon a mystery, sharing only the sounds of his technique, equipment, and muffled moans through our common wall. Late one night, or rather early that same morning, as I lay awake estimating the pounds of beefcake being hoisted off the floor in the mystery room next to mine, there came a knock at my door. It was JimEd . . . booted, bare-assed, harnessed, and awesome in the reality of his fantasy. Every muscle buzzing. Every ripple glistening with sweat. Every inch the Top I wanted to become, and in every commanding detail the Top he chose to be that night.

"Good morning, Mikal. I knew you were awake. I'd like to show you something."

At that very instant, the front door of my apartment became the closet door of my fantasies. When I walked through it and into the reality of JimEd's fantasies, those few steps changed my life completely. Suspended by his wrists in the center of the room (which was, by the way, exactly as I had imagined it would be) was a hooded bodybuilder of impressive proportions twisting slowly in the half light. JimEd had obviously been hard at work. No wonder he said, "I'm bushed. I've gotta crash for a few hours. He's yours." My immediate concern was that my knees would buckle before my first lesson-session commenced. My knees didn't and don't . . . but every session is still a learning experience.

There are five men responsible for the inception of Zeus Studios & Publications: my friend and partner Jim Hawkins for his honesty and business acumen; author Harold Robbins for his gritty world-wise advice; my father for his understanding, acceptance, and financial backing; Colt's Jim French because he never tied 'em up; and JimEd Thompson for his teachings, vision, and encouragement. Thank you, JimEd. I miss you.

—Mikal Bales/Zeus

Photo JIM MOSS



# Mr. Drummer Contest Update

## Contest Finals and Show September 24th, 1988

by Ken Lackey

### PAST WINNERS

There are some advantages to having spent a large hunk of one's life sniffing around Folsom Street. Eventually, you meet the MEN. If you're patient and observant, the leathergods who populate the pages of *Drummer* can be seen making the scene, and you find yourself smack in the middle of your own fantasy. If you're lucky and a little bold, you can approach these superstud and know them for what they are: your brothers.

It has been my good fortune to get to know the men who have held the Mr. Drummer title, with the exception of VAL MARTIN, the original Mr. Drummer and JOHN GARGER, who was chosen in 1983. Considered collectively or individually, the past Mr. Drummers are much more than mere prettyboy pin-up models. They are hot fucking MEN in leather, living this lifestyle in a public sense and thereby making it easier for their brothers to follow their example. Trailblazers, innovators, warriors and mighty masculine men . . .

In 1982 LUKE DANIEL not only captured the Mr. Drummer title, but also represented *Drummer* at International Mr. Leather, and was victorious there as well. SONNY CLINE, Mr. Drummer 1984, ended the long-standing "Can a bottom win a leather title?" controversy. His fantasy was not only very exciting and theatrical (See the MEN Mr. Drummer '84 video), it was also revolutionary in that Sonny was the first to have things done TO him onstage, as opposed to controlling all the action himself. STEVE REISWIG, who walked off with the title in '85, also broke new ground with his fantasy presentation. In addition to showing off Steve's erotic physicality, his fantasy also had a serious theme, in which Steve, representing the Spirit of Leathermen everywhere, rescues his lover from the spectre of AIDS. This is one case where we fervently wish life would imitate art. MIKE MURRAY, Mr. Drummer '86, will co-emcee this year's event along with Marga Gomez. Mike is a man of rare warmth, charm and affability. He confides that his secret fantasy involves *Drummer* readers beating off all over him. We're sure our obliging readers will jump at the chance to make Mike's fantasy a reality. What do you mean, you already have? The reigning Mr. Drummer, MARK ALEXANDER is a leather showman par excellence. Besides being featured in the pages of *Drummer*, Mark has also appeared in videos from Buckshot Productions, most notably the recent "Leather Report."



### JUDGES

As we go to press, the judging panel for Mr. Drummer 1988 stacks up as follows:

Affectionately known as "Daddy Tight Ropes," MIKAL BALES is, with his partner Jim Hawkins, the genius behind Zeus Studios. Mikal was the Master of Ceremonies at the 1987 Mr. Drummer contest. He is the author of the classic *Sado Island*.

As the internationally renowned erotic artist Etienne, DOM OREJUDOS has been an acknowledged expert on the symbolism of masculinity since designing the murals of Chicago's famous Gold Coast bar. Dom has been associated with the International Mr. Leather contest, serving as dean of judges since its inception.

International Mr. Leather 1988, MICHAEL PEREYRA is making friends, headlines and money for charity wherever he goes. And since being selected as IML in May, Mike has traveled all over the country with a dazzling smile for everyone he meets.

The kinkoid king of the camcorder, JACK FRITSCHER is a name that is indelibly associated with *Drummer* magazine. As a former editor of *Drummer*, as a frequent contributor to its pages, and as the driving force behind the innovative Palm Drive Video line, Jack knows exactly what DrummerMen are all about.

The reigning Mr. Drummer, MARK ALEXANDER is an erotic performance artist of rare power and has been featured as coverman of *Drummer* 108 and 115. We congratulate Mark on a fine year as Mr. Drummer.

Mr. New York Leather 1985, HENRY ROMANOWSKI is an officer of the Artry Foundation and is active in the production of the Mr. New York Leather contest. Henry's tantalizing form has graced the pages of several Desmodus and Zeus publications, often in the company of his very significant other, Mr. FRED KATZ, frequent *DungeonMaster* coverman, who will again serve as Tally Master for the 1988 Mr. Drummer contest.

### Schedule of Remaining Regional Events:

**Mr. Great Lakes Drummer**  
Aug. 19  
Detroit Eagle, Detroit, MI

**Mr. Midwest Drummer**  
Aug. 21  
The Dock, Cincinnati, OH  
**Mr. Great Plains Drummer**  
Aug. 26-27  
Windjammer, Kansas City, MO

**Mr. Northwest Drummer**  
Sept. 4  
Celebrities, Vancouver, BC  
**Mr. East Canada Drummer**  
MC Faucon, Montreal, PQ



# A HOT DRUMMER NIGHT

MR. DRUMMER 1988 FINALS

SEPTEMBER 24

8:00 PM

THE GALLERIA

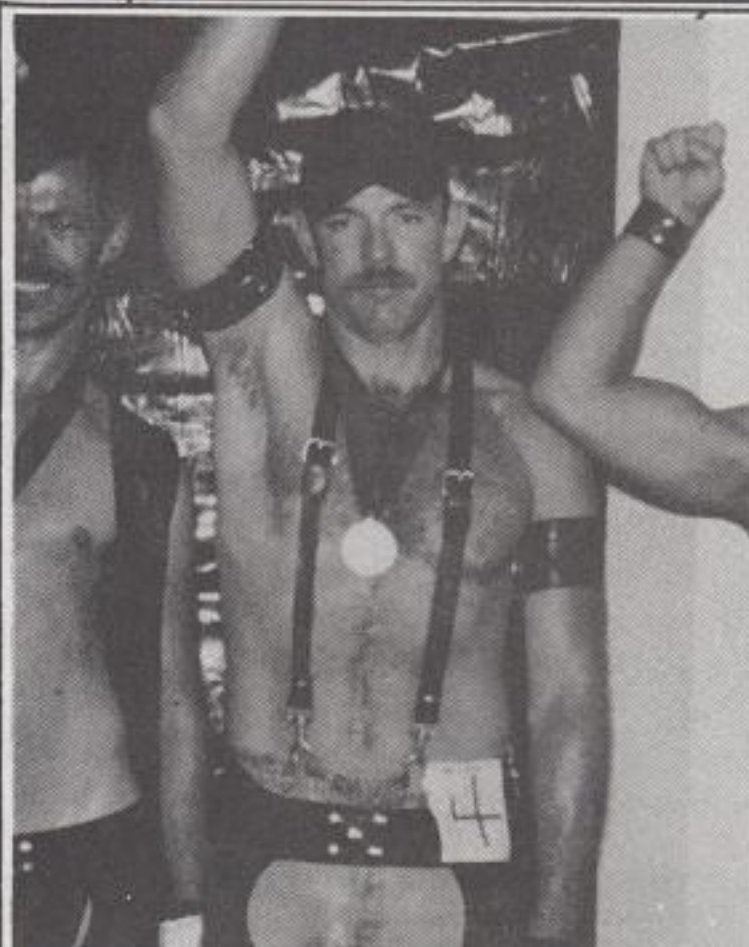
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Illustration courtesy Galerie Leon

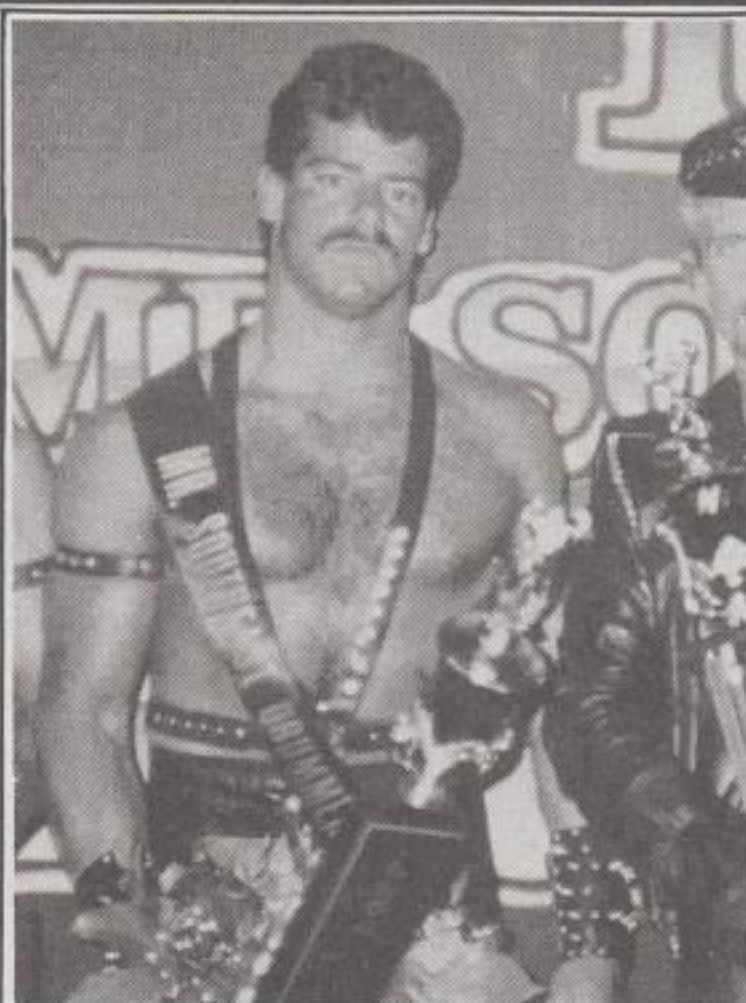


**Mr. Southern California Drummer  
Mark Klein**

Photo by Michael Vukelich

Local Sponsor: Der Wolf, San Diego, CA  
Regional Sponsor: Probe, Hollywood, CA

30-year-old Mark Klein, a bartender at San Diego's Der Wolf, hopes to be the third consecutive Mr. Drummer to hail from Southern California. A well-proportioned (6'2", 210 lbs.) bodybuilding stud, Mark is also very well-known for his activity in San Diego's leather community. To see just how active Mark can be, you'll have to attend the finals at the Galleria in SF!

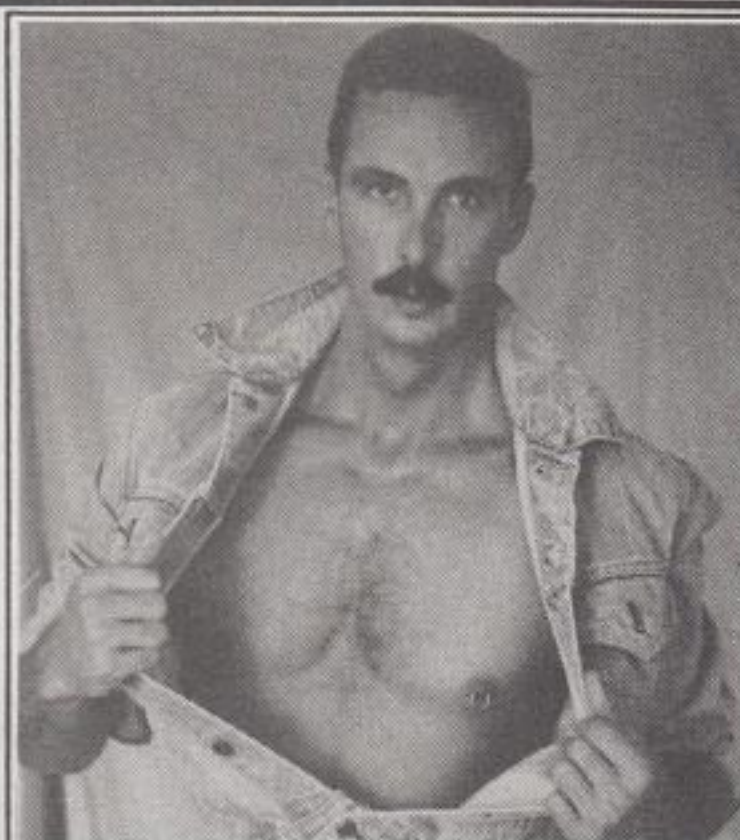


**Mr. Southeast Drummer  
Marcos**

Photo courtesy Tacky's

Regional Sponsor: Tacky's, Ft. Lauderdale, FL

Forget Ferdinand and Imelda! *The Marcos* to look for will be representing the Southeast as the sixth candidate sponsored by Tacky's in the Mr. Drummer finals. Tacky's is the only sponsor to participate in every Mr. Drummer contest, and we're sure Marcos will be an exciting entrant. From his beefy tits to his elegant sneer, he looks ready to . . . perform.



**Mr. Northern California Drummer  
Jim Kahl**

Photo courtesy Up Your Alley Productions

Regional Sponsor: Up Your Alley Productions, San Francisco, CA

Long and lean Jim Kahl has become a familiar face around Folsom Street. Since he won his title on June 10, Jim has been working his butch ass off for charity fundraisers in innovative ways. As the representative of the host city, Jim is organizing a special auction of all fifteen regional Mr. Drummers to be held on Wednesday, September 21 at the SF Eagle, beginning at 8:00 pm. Bid on a dinner date with your favorite stud! Proceeds from the auction will go to the AIDS Emergency Fund.



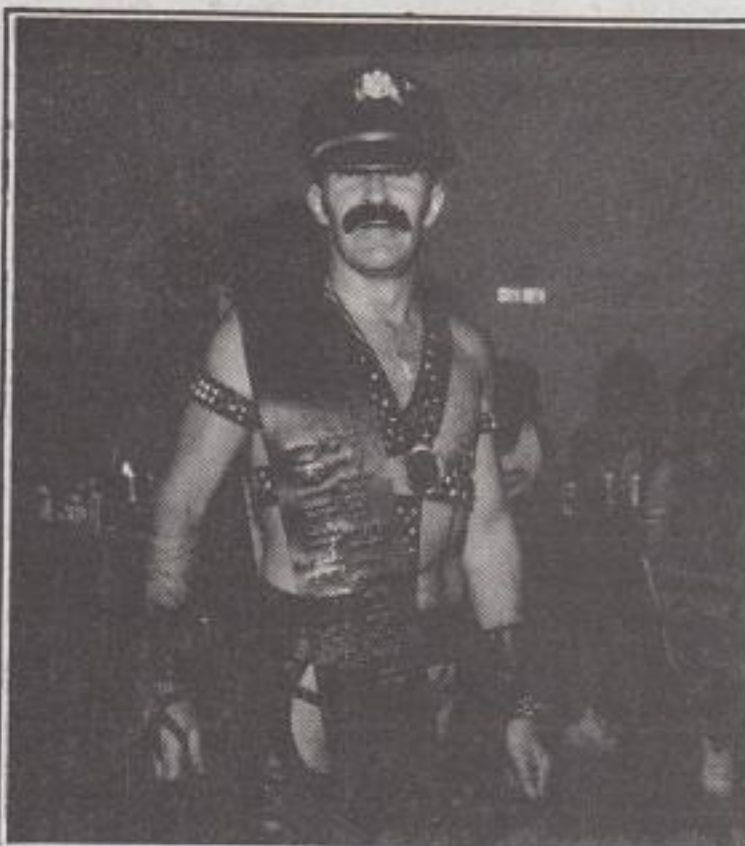


**Mr. Northeast Drummer  
John Scancarella**

Photo by John P. Kenny

Local Sponsor: Artry Foundation,  
New York City, NY  
Regional Sponsor: Shaftway Productions,  
New York City, NY

If you attended this year's International Mr. Leather contest in Chicago, you'll remember John as a semi-finalist, and we're proud to have him competing for Mr. Drummer as well. John hails from Passaic Park, NJ, where he runs his own floral business. Drummer looks forward to seeing him strut his (5'8", 140 juicy lbs.) stuff in September.

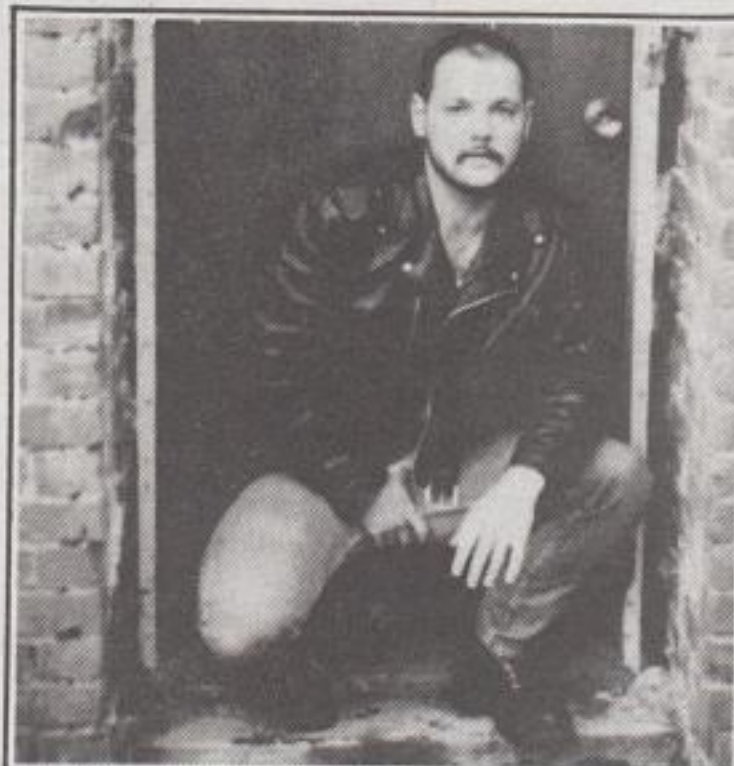


**Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer  
Ric Turner**

Photo by M. Pratt

Local Sponsors: Vanguards MC and the  
Bikestop, Philadelphia, PA  
Regional Sponsor: RES Productions,  
Charlotte, NC

As we told you last month, Ric won his title by undergoing the intense personal scrutiny of a celebrity-studded judging panel, including one Mr. Drummer, two IML's, and that infamous erotic artist, the Hun. Nice work if you can get it! We applaud their choice—Ric seems to be every inch a Drummer Daddy—and again give special thanks to Robert Sheets, who produced the event in Charlotte.

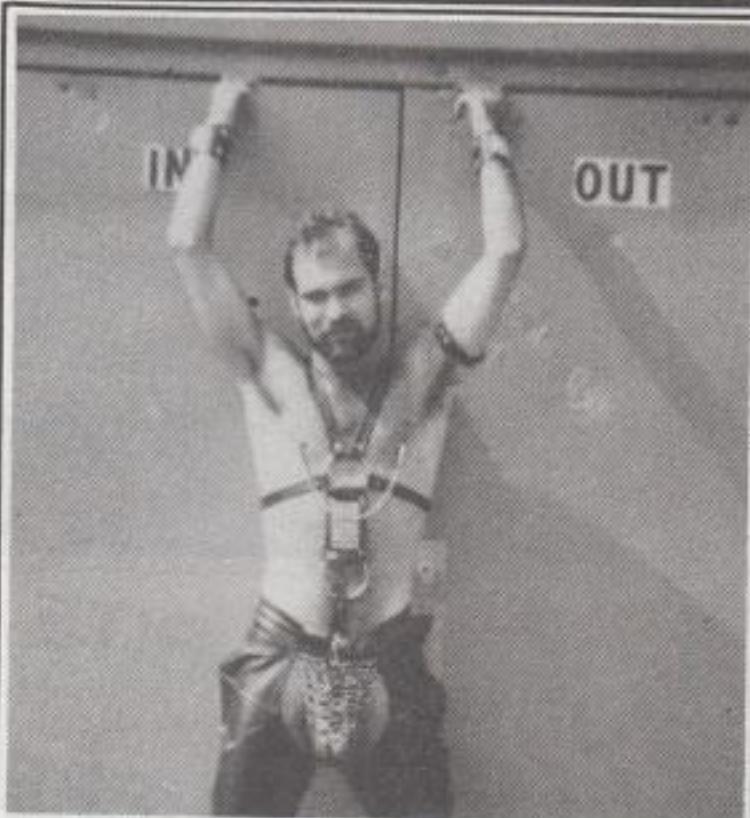


**Mr. New England Drummer  
Joe Mancini**

Photo courtesy The Underground

Regional Sponsor: The Underground, Portland,  
ME

A 23-year-old Shipping Supervisor, Joe is our youngest candidate chosen this year to date. However, his sponsor assures us he has been into leather for several years, and is very experienced (uh huh) and motivated. Joe was second-runner-up to Mitch Davis in last year's Mr. New England Drummer contest, and this year he succeeds Mitch in fine form (I'd love to succeed with Mitch, but that's another story . . .). Joe stands 5'9" tall and weighs in at 170 well-rounded lbs. Presently, Joe has no tattoos or permanent piercings, but wait till we get our hands on him in September!

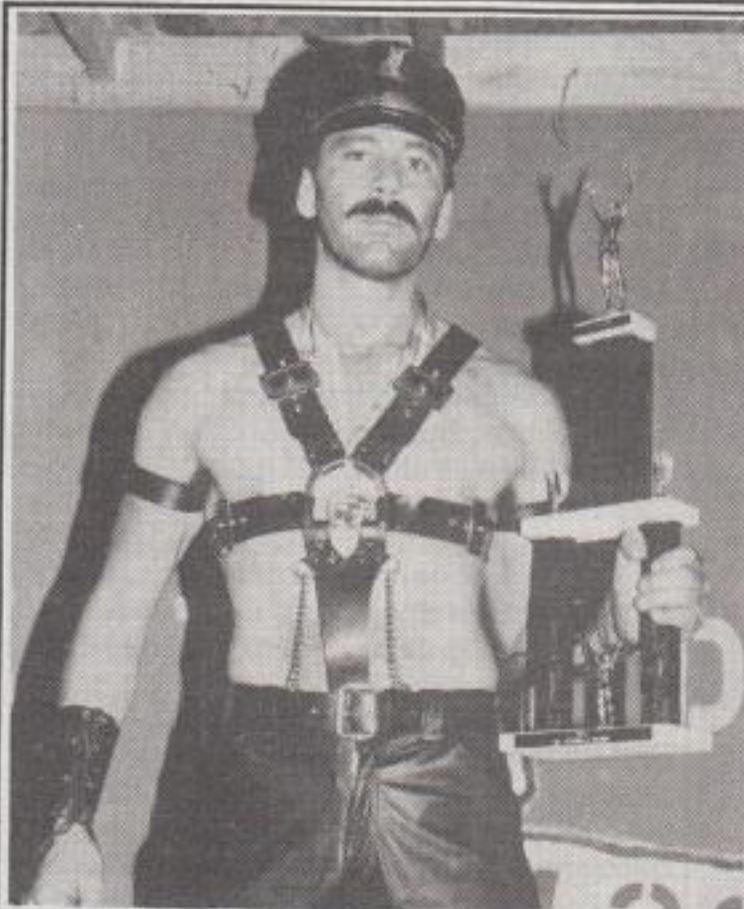


**Mr. Dixie Drummer  
Chris Minor**

Photo courtesy The Eagle, Atlanta

Regional Sponsor: The Eagle, Atlanta, GA

An Atlanta native and a six-footer, Chris Minor is a politically active leatherman who has been involved in fundraising for local AIDS service organizations, as well as for the Names Project and other worthy causes. Chris divides his professional time between construction work and bartending, and plans a career in law enforcement. What's more, he still finds time to look edible, whether lounging on a fire hydrant or hanging from a chain-link fence. We're sure that Chris will more than live up to his steamy photos.



**Mr. Southwest Drummer  
Wes Decker**

Photo by Ted Lenz

Regional Sponsors: Chutes and Falcon  
Leathers, Houston, TX

The pride of Houston, OK, Wes is a bartender at the Ripcord in Houston, TX. Wes rode off victoriously on his second attempt after placing third in last year's Mr. Southwest Drummer contest, proving that perseverance does pay off. Wes has a background in Social Work (I'll just bet), wears a size 11-D boot (you know what they say about that), and looks like one tough tumbleweed indeed.



**Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer  
Chuck Smuckler**

Photo by Leon Groves

Regional Sponsor: Galerie Leon, Denver, CO

Our very hairy rock-hard mountain of a man, Chuck Smuckler was just chosen at an event held at Tracks in Denver sponsored by Galerie Leon. *Drummer* is very glad to have this area of the country represented again and we can't imagine a better choice than Chuck, who is a former Mr. Leather Colorado and competed at IML in 1986. A landscaper by trade, Chuck is 35 years old, stands 5'10", and is a Top! He lists tit clamps, ropes and belts among his favorite toys and says he likes a man "with a strong chest."





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Help us alert *Drummer* readers and travelers to the RIGHT place to go to meet Leathermen in your part of the world. Send us your recommendations and talk to the right bar owners and managers about placing one of these low-priced ads. If you see a business listed here that you think shouldn't be, let us know about that, too. -Fiedermaus



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**SAN DIEGO**



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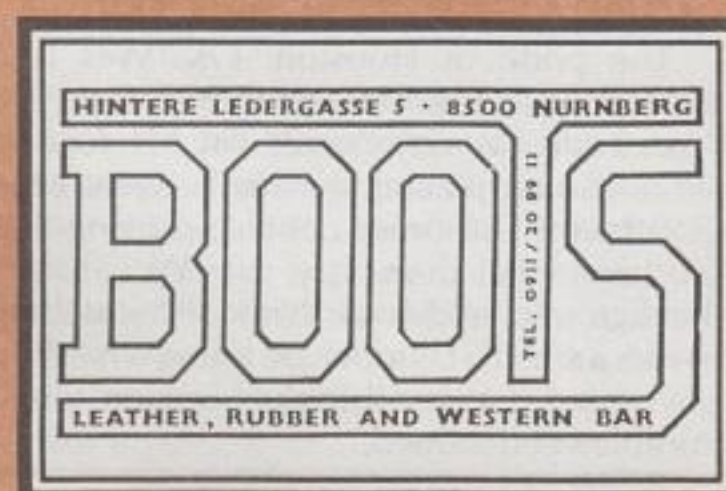
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## USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS M-Z

Club names marked with an asterisk (\*) are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type, not bold face, have had mail returned from the address listed; if you can provide a correction, please do so.

(S/M) indicates a men's club with a primary interest in S/M; (W) indicates a women's leather-S/M club; (Mixed S/M) indicates an S/M club that includes men and women, hetero-, homo- and bi-sexual; (JO) indicates men's jerk-off or masturbation clubs; (F) indicates a special interest (or fetish) club, such as ones specializing in fisting, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc.; (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national or international, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster—they may or may not have periodic meetings; (FL) is used for

clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national or international membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside men's Leather-Levi-motorcycle or social clubs; (X) indicates those organizations that we want to list, yet which do not fit into any of the above categories.

If any club wishes to change its listing, please let us know. Send new listings or updates to Club Lists, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. Notifications of incorrect addresses or defunct organizations will be appreciated.

US & CANADA Clubs have been broken into two parts: A-L will be listed in the next issue and M-Z will be listed in #120.

# DRUMMER

TACKYS

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Men of Dungeons (SM)  
PO Box 780242  
Dallas, TX 75378

Men of Leather  
1268 Madison Ave.  
Memphis, TN 38104

M.L.L.A.  
6204 Magnolia Lane  
Lakeland, FL 33805

Motorcyclen  
of New Mexico  
PO Box 35844  
Albuquerque, NM 87176-5844

Muscle Mates (FN)  
c/o RS Enterprises  
496A Hudson  
New York, NY 10014

National Coalition Against  
Censorship (X)  
123 W 43rd St.  
New York, NY 10036

National Leather Association  
(Mixed S/M) (NLA: National  
& NLA: Seattle)  
PO Box 17436  
Seattle, WA 98107-0463

National Leather Association  
(Mixed S/M) (NLA: BC)  
PO Box 76827 Station S  
Vancouver, BC  
V5R 5S7 Canada

\*The New Tribe MC (TNT MC)  
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Columbia, SC 29209-0641

New World Rubber Men (FL)  
c/o Bill Bailey  
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San Diego, CA 92102

New York Bondage Club (FL)  
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New York, NY 10028

New York Wrestling Club (FN)  
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New York, NY 10011

Nimbus MC  
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Grand Rapids, MI 49516

Nine Plus Club, Inc.  
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New York, NY 10023

Oberons  
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Milwaukee, WI 53207

Oedipus MC  
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Oklahoma Linemen  
PO Box 42391  
Oklahoma City, OK 73123

\*O'Leather  
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Oakland, CA 94610

Omaha Meatpackers  
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Omaha, NE 68104

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The Chevalier (S/M)  
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Novi, MI 48050-5014

The Original Leathermasters  
Club of Los Angeles (S/M)  
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Los Angeles, CA 90093

O.R.R.O.C.  
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Chicago, IL 60614

Outcasts (W)  
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Pacific Coast MC  
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Los Angeles, CA 90028

Pacific Northwest Wrestling  
Club (FL)  
432 Dewey Place E.  
Seattle, WA 98112

Pegasus MC  
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Wichita, KS 67201

Pennsmen  
PO box 401  
Harrisburg, PA 17108

People Exchanging Power  
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Washington DC Chapter  
PO Box 1161  
Arlington, VA 22210-1161

People Exchanging Power  
(Mixed S/M)  
Albuquerque Chapter  
PO Box 332  
Edgewood, NM 87015

\*People Exchanging Power  
(Mixed S/M)  
Phoenix/Tucson Chapter  
3906 W. Ina Rd. #200-314  
Tucson, AZ 85741  
(602) 744-3422

Philadelphians MC  
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Philadelphia, PA 19138

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Miami, FL 33138

Pittsburgh Bondage Club  
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Verona, PA 15147

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Reading Railmen  
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The Recruits (W)  
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Tans (FL)  
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#### Tribe MC

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#### Trident-Detroit

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V3L 5A5 Canada  
or  
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M4Y 2L4 Canada

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#### Womanlink (W/FN)

2124 Kittredge #257  
Berkeley, CA 94704

#### Zodiacs MC

PO Box 48144  
Vancouver, BC  
V7X 1N8 Canada



# LEATHER CALENDAR

If you'd like your organization's events listed here, send us the appropriate information at least two months in advance.

## SEPTEMBER

- 1-5 •Ft. Waldorf IV—Copperstate Leathermen; Phoenix, AZ.
- 10th A.M.G./Summerfest—M.A.F.I.A.; Chicago.
- 2-4 •Flight 4 & Mr. Southern Leather Contest—Wings MC; Admiral Benbow Inn, Memphis, TN.
- 2-5 •20th. Anniversary Run—The Texas Riders; Buzzards Peak.
- Leif Erikson Run in New Hampshire—Vikings MC; Boston.
- Firedance II—Firedancers; Dallas.
- 3 •Workout—SF Wrestling Club; San Francisco.
- 4 •**Mr. Northwest Drummer Contest**—Mack's Leathers; Celebrities, Vancouver, BC.
- 7 •Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
- Program—NLA: Seattle; Timberline, Seattle, WA.
- 8-11 •INFERNO XVII—Chicago Hellfire Club; Douglas, MI.
- 8 •M.A.F.I.A. Social; Chicago.
- 10 •Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
- 11 •Potluck—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
- 14 •Meeting—Dreizehn; Paradise, Cambridge, MA.
- 16-18 •Kumpeltreffen—LFRR Essen; Essen.
- 18th Birthday Party—MS Amsterdam; Amsterdam.
- Conquest '88—Conquistadors; Orlando, FL.
- 5th Anniv. Celebration—Cowtown Leathermen; Ft. Worth, TX.
- 17 •Spank, Belt, Strap & Paddle—The 15; SF.
- Workout—SF Wrestling Club; San Francisco.
- 17-18 •Ride/Bar Night—Thunderbolts MC; Bike Stop, Philadelphia.
- 21 •Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
- 21-25 •Leather Pride Weekend; San Francisco.
- IFMA Internationale Fahrrad und Motorrad—MS Panther; Koln, West Germany.
- 22 •Fetish & Fantasy Party—various clubs; The Powerhouse, SF.
- 23-24 •2nd Conference on Sexual Liberty & Social Repression—Committee to Preserve our Sexual & Civil Liberties; San Francisco.
- 23-26 •Oktoberfesttreffen—MLC Munchen; Munich.
- 23 •Leather Pride Party—Up Your Alley Productions; San Francisco.
- 24 •**Mr. Drummer '88 Contest Finals**; The Galleria, SF.
- Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
- 5th Anniv. Party—Illustrated Men; North Hollywood, CA.
- 25 •Folsom Street Fair; SF.
- 19th Annual Aspen Run—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.
- 30-2 •14th Anniv.—Knights d'Orleans; New Orleans.
- Copenhagen Black Touch 1988—Scandinavian Leather Men & others; Copenhagen, Denmark.

## OCTOBER

- 1-2 •Anniversary VI—VASM; Vancouver, BC.
- Commander's Mystery Ride—Batallion MC; Dallas.
- 5 •Gay Men's SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
- 7-9 •Bunkhouse I—Cincinnati Chaps; Cincinnati, OH.
- Fountain of Youth, 1988—Adventurers-Sun-coast MC; St. Petersburg, FL.
- 7-10 •Living In Leather III—National Leather Association; Seattle.
- Annual Review—American Uniform Association; Atlanta.
- 8 •Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
- 8-9 •Fall Foliage Ride—Thunderbolts MC; Whitcomb's Summit, MA.
- 8-10 •NAMES Project Quilt on the Mall—Washington, DC.
- 9 •Potluck—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
- 12 •Meeting—Dreizehn; Paradise, Cambridge, MA.
- 14-16 •Birthday Event—MSC London; London.
- 15 •Mad Doctors Party—The 15; SF.
- Octoberfest '88/19th Anniv.—Vanguards MC; Philadelphia.
- 17-23 •20th Anniversary—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.
- 19 •Gay Men's SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
- 22 •Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
- 31 •Fetish & Fantasy Ball II—NLA: BC; Celebrities, Vancouver.

## NOVEMBER

- 2 •Program—NLA: Seattle; Timberline, Seattle.
- Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
- 4-6 •Discipline IV—Disciples of de Sade; Dallas.
- Fox Hunt—The Rurals MC; Roermond, The Netherlands.
- 9 •Meeting—Dreizehn; Paradise, Cambridge, MA.
- 11-13 •ECMC AGM—LM Dusseldorf; Dusseldorf.
- 12 •Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
- 16 •Gay Men S/M Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
- 19 •Jail House Party—The 15; SF.
- 24-27 •Arizona Brotherhood Run—Arizona Brotherhood Committee.

## DECEMBER

- 7 •Program—NLA: Seattle; Timberline, Seattle, WA.
- Gay Men S/M Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
- 9-11 •Christkindelsmarkt—NLC Franken; Nuremburg.
- 10 •Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
- Christmas Party—Batallion MC; Dallas.
- 11 •Christmas Party—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.
- 14 •Meeting—Dreizehn; Paradise, Cambridge, MA.
- 17 •Christmas Party—City Bikers; Denver.
- Christmas Party—Copperstate Leathermen; Phoenix.



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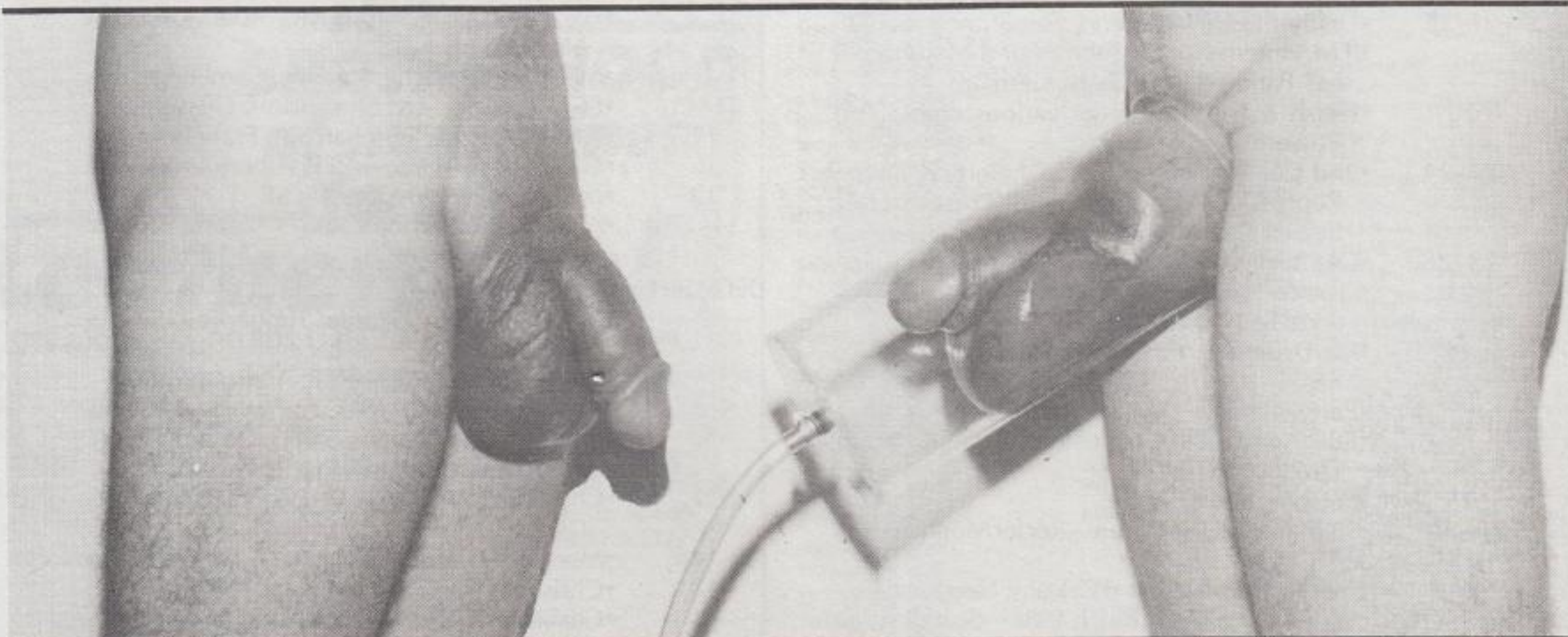


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photo by Scott O'Hara

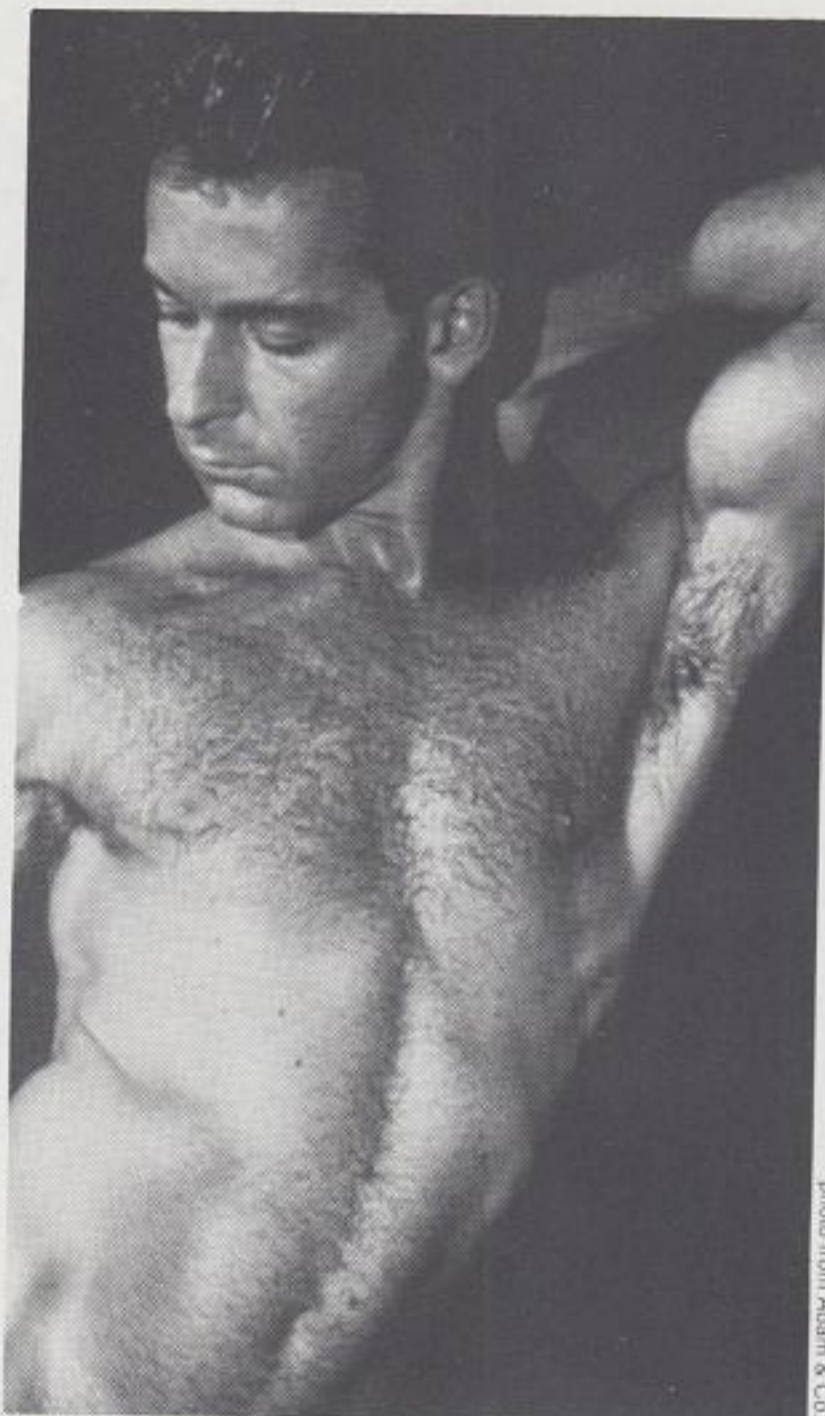


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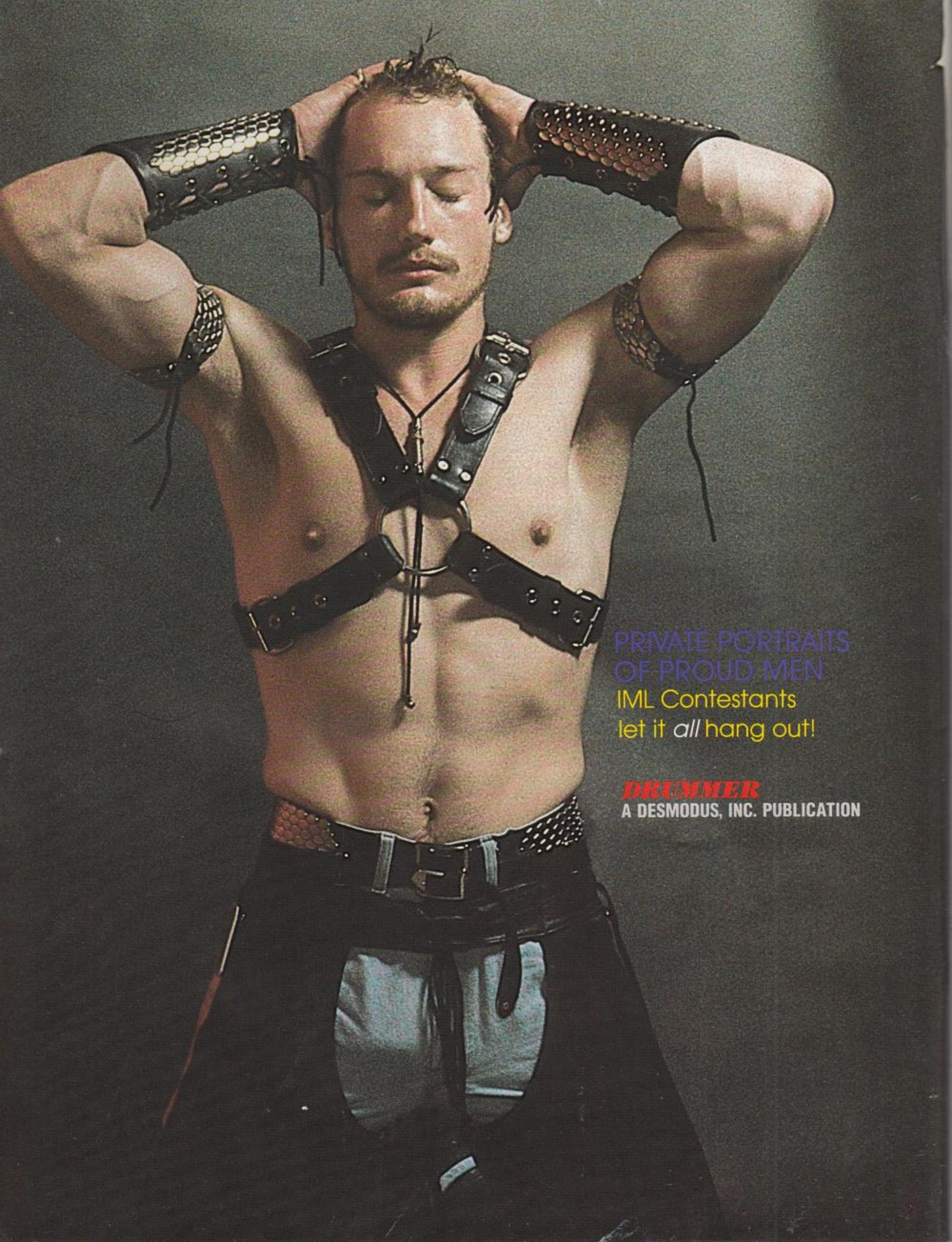
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Cumming Up  
ISSUE THREE





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